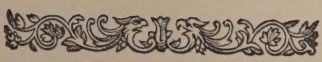
Owen Meredith's
Poems



OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS.

POEMS

BY

OWEN MEREDITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE WANDERER AND TANNHÄUSER

BOSTON:
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THE WANDERER.

DEDICATION.

TO J. F.

As, in the laurel's murmurous leaves
'Twas fabled, once, a Virgin dwelt;
Within the poet's page yet heaves
The poet's Heart, and loves or grieves
Or triumphs, as it felt.

A human spirit here records
The annals of its human strife.
A human hand hath touch'd these chords.
These songs may all be idle words:
And yet — they once were life.

I gave my harp to Memory.
She sung of hope, when hope was young,
Of youth, as youth no more may be;
And, since she sung of youth, to thee,
Friend of my youth, she sung.

For all youth seeks, all manhood needs,
All youth and manhood rarely find:
A strength more strong than codes or creeds,
In lofty thoughts and lovely deeds
Reveal'd to heart and mind;

A staff to stay, a star to guide;
A spell to soothe, a power to raise;
A faith by fortune firmly tried;
A judgment resolute to preside
O'er days at strife with days.

O large in lore, in nature sound!
O man to me, of all men, dear!
All these in thine my life hath found,
And force to tread the rugged ground
Of daily toil, with cheer.

Accept — not these, the broken cries
Of days receding far from me —
But all the love that in them lies,
The man's heart in the melodies,
The man's heart honouring thee!

Sighing I sung; for some sublime
Emotion made my music jar:
The forehead of this restless time
Pales in a fervid, passionate clime,
Lit by a changeful star;

And o'er the Age's threshold, traced
In characters of hectic fire,
The name of that keen, fervent-faced
And toiling seraph, hath been placed,
Which men have call'd Desire.

But thou art strong where, even of old,
The old heroic strength was rare,
In high emotions self-controll'd,
And insight keen, but never cold,
To lay all falsehood bare;

Despising all those glittering lies
Which in these days can fool mankind;
But full of noble sympathies
For what is genuinely wise,
And beautiful, and kind.

And thou wilt pardon all the much
Of weakness which doth here abound,
Till music, little prized as such,
With thee find worth from one true touch
Of nature in its sound.

Tho' mighty spirits are no more,
Yet spirits of beauty still remain.
Gone is the Seer that, by the shore
Of lakes as limpid as his lore,
Lived to one ceaseless strain

And strenuous melody of mind.
But one there rests that hath the power
To charm the midnight moon, and bind
All spirits of the sweet south wind,
And steal from every shower

That sweeps green England cool and clear,
  The violet of tender song.
Great Alfred! long may England's ear
His music fill, his name be dear
  To English bosoms long!

And one . . . in sacred silence sheathed
  That name I keep, my verse would shame.
The name my lips in prayer first breathed
Was his: and prayer hath yet bequeath'd
  Its silence to that name;—

Which yet an age remote shall hear,
  Borne on the fourfold wind sublime
By Fame, where, with some faded year
These songs shall sink, like leaflets sere,
  In avenues of Time.

Love on my harp his finger lays;
  His hand is held against the chords.
My heart upon the music weighs,
And, beating, hushes foolish praise
  From desultory words:

And Childhood steals, with wistful grace,
  'Twixt him and me; an infant hand
Chides gently back the thoughts that chase
The forward hour, and turns my face
  To that remember'd land

Of legend, and the Summer sky,
  And all the wild Welsh waterfalls,
And haunts where he, and thou, and I
Once wander'd with the wandering Wye,
  And scaled the airy walls

Of Chepstow, from whose ancient height
  We watch'd the liberal sun go down;
Then onward, thro' the gradual night,
Till, ere the moon was fully bright,
  We supp'd in Monmouth Town.

And tho', dear friend, thy love retains
  The choicest sons of song in fee,
To thee not less I pour these strains,
Knowing that in thy heart remains
  A little place for me.

Nor wilt thou all forget the time
  Tho' it be past, in which together,
On many an eve, with many a rhyme
Of old and modern bards sublime
  We soothed the summer weather:

  And, citing all he said or sung
With praise reserved for bards like him,
Spake of that friend who dwells among
The Apennine, and there hath strung
  A harp of Anakim;

Than whom a mightier master never
  Touch'd the deep chords of hidden things;
Nor error did from truth dissever
With keener glance; nor made endeavour
  To rise on bolder wings

In those high regions of the soul
  Where thought itself grows dim with awe
But now the star of eve hath stole
Thro' the deep sunset, and the whole
  Of heaven begins to draw

The darkness round me, and the dew.
  And my pale Muse doth fold her eyes.
Adieu, my friend; my guide, adieu!
May never night, 'twixt me and you,
  With thoughts less fond arise!

THE AUTHOR

FLORENCE, *Sept.* 24, 1857.

THE WANDERER.

PROLOGUE.

PART I.

SWEET are the rosy memories of the lips,
That first kiss'd ours, albeit they kiss no more:
Sweet is the sight of sunset-sailing ships,
Altho' they leave us on a lonely shore:
Sweet are familiar songs, tho' Music dips
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells:
And sweet, tho' sad, the sound of midnight bells,
When the oped casement with the night-rain drips.

There is a pleasure which is born of pain:
The grave of all things hath its violet.
Else why, thro' days which never come again,
Roams Hope with that strange longing, like Regret?
Why put the posy in the cold dead hand?
Why plant the rose above the lonely grave?
Why bring the corpse across the salt sea-wave?
Why deem the dead more near in native land?

Thy name hath been a silence in my life
So long, it falters upon language now,
O more to me than sister or than wife
Once ... and now—nothing! It is hard to know

That such things have been, and are not, and yet
Life loiters, keeps a pulse at even measure,
And goes upon its business and its pleasure,
And knows not all the depths of its regret.

Thou art not in thy picture, O my friend!
The years are sad and many since I saw thee,
And seem with me to have survived their end.
Far otherwise than thus did memory draw thee
I ne'er shall know thee other than thou wast.
Yet save, indeed, the same sad eyes of old,
And that abundant hair's warm silken gold,
Thou art changed, if this be like the look thou hast

Changed! There the epitaph of all the years
Was sounded! I am changed too. Let it be
Yet is it sad to know my latest tears
Were faithful to a memory, — not to thee.
Nothing is left us! nothing — save the soul.
Yet even the immortal in us alters too.
Who is it his old sensations can renew?
Slowly the seas are changed. Slow ages roll

The mountains to a level. Nature sleeps,
And dreams her dream, and to new work awakes
After a hundred years are in the deeps.
But Man is changed before a wrinkle breaks
The brow's sereneness, or the curls are gray.
We stand within the flux of sense: the near
And far change place: and we see nothing clear
That's false to-morrow which was true to-day.

Ah, could the memory cast her spots, as do
The snake's brood theirs in spring! and be once more
Wholly renew'd, to dwell i' the time that's new,
With no reiterance of those pangs of yore.
Peace, peace! My wild song will go wandering
Too wantonly, down paths a private pain

Hath trodden bare. What was it jarr'd the strain?
Some crusht illusion, left with crumpled wing

Tangled in Music's web of twinéd strings —
That started that false note, and crack'd the tune
In its beginning. Ah, forgotten things
Stumble back strangely! and the ghost of June
Stands by December's fire, cold, cold! and puts
The last spark out.
How could I sing aright
With those old airs haunting me all the night
And those old steps that sound when daylight shuts?

For back she comes, and moves reproachfully,
The mistress of my moods, and looks bereft
(Cruel to the last!) as tho' 'twere I, not she,
That did the wrong, and broke the spell, and left
Memory comfortless.
Away! away!
Phantoms, about whose brows the bindweed clings,
Hopeless regret!
In thinking of these things
Some men have lost their minds, and other may.

Yet, oh, for one deep draught in this dull hour!
One deep, deep draught of the departed time
Oh, for one brief strong pulse of ancient power,
To beat and breathe thro' all the valves of rhyme!
Thou, Memory, with the downward eyes, that art
The cupbearer of gods, pour deep and long,

Brim all the vacant chalices of song
With health! Droop down thine urn. I hold my heart.

One draught of what I shall not taste again,
Save when my brain with thy dark wine is brimm'd, —
One draught! and then straight onward, spite of pain,
And spite of all things changed, with gaze undimm'd,
Love's footsteps thro' the waning Past to explore
Undaunted; and to carve, in the wan light
Of Hope's last outposts, on Song's utmost height
The sad resemblance of an hour no more.

Midnight, and love, and youth, and Italy!
Love in the land where love most lovely seems!
Land of my love, tho' I be far from thee,
Lend, for love's sake, the light of thy moonbeams,
The spirit of thy cypress-groves, and all
Thy dark-eyed beauty, for a little while
To my desire. Yet once more let her smile
Fall o'er me: o'er me let her long hair fall,

The lady of my life, whose lovely eyes
Dreaming, or waking, lure me. I shall know her
By Love's own planet o'er her in the skies,
And Beauty's blossom in the grass below her!
Dreaming, or waking, in her soft, sad gaze
Let my heart bathe, as on that fated night
I saw her, when my life took in the sight
Of her sweet face for all its nights and days.

Her winsome head was bare: and she had twined
Thro' its rich curls wild red anemones.

One stream of her soft hair stray'd unconfined
Down her ripe cheek, and shadow'd her deep eyes.
The bunch of sword-grass fell from her loose hand.
Her modest foot beneath its snowy skirt
Peep'd, and the golden daisy was not hurt.
Stately, yet slight, she stood, as fairies stand.

Under the blessèd darkness unreproved
We were alone, in that blest hour of time,
Which first reveal'd to us how much we loved,
'Neath the thick starlight. The young night sublime
Hung trembling o'er us. At her feet I knelt,
And gazed up from her feet into her eyes.
Her face was bow'd: we breath'd each other's sighs:
We did not speak: not move: we look'd: we felt.

The night said not a word. The breeze was dead.
The leaf lay without whispering on the tree,
As I lay at her feet. Droopt was her head:
One hand in mine: and one still pensively
Went wandering through my hair. We were together.
How? Where? What matter? Somewhere in a dream,
Drifting, slow drifting, down a wizard stream:
Whither? Together: then what matter whither?

It was enough for me to clasp her hand:
To blend with her love-looks my own: no more.
Enough (with thoughts like ships that cannot land,
Blown by faint winds about a magic shore)

To realize, in each mysterious feeling,
The droop of the warm cheek so near my own:
The cool white arm about my shoulder thrown:
Those exquisite frail feet, where I was kneeling.

How little know they life's divinest bliss,
That know not to possess and yet refrain!
Let the young Psyche roam, a fleeting kiss: —
Grasp it — a few poor grains of dust remain.
See how those floating flowers, the butterflies,
Hover the garden thro', and take no root!
Desire forever hath a flying foot.
Free pleasure comes and goes beneath the skies.

Close not thy hand upon the innocent joy
That trusts itself within thy reach. It may,
Or may not, linger. Thou canst but destroy
The wingéd wanderer. Let it go or stay.
Love thou the rose, yet leave it on its stem.
Think! Midas starved by turning all to gold.
Blesséd are those that spare, and that withhold.
Because the whole world shall be trusted them.

The foolish Faun pursues the unwilling Nymph
That culls her flowers beside the precipice,
Or dips her shining ankles in the lymph:
But, just when she must perish or be his,
Heaven puts an arm out. She is safe. The shore
Gains some new fountain; or the lilied lawn
A rarer sort of rose: but, ah, poor Faun!
To thee she shall be changed forevermore.

Chase not too close the fading rapture. Leave
To Love his long auroras, slowly seen.
Be ready to release, as to receive.
Deem those the nearest, soul to soul, between

Whose lips yet lingers reverence on a sigh.
Judge what thy sense can reach not, most thine own,
If once thy soul hath seized it. The unknown
Is life to love, religion, poetry.

The moon had set. There was not any light,
Save of the lonely legion'd watch-stars pale
In outer air, and what by fits made bright
Hot oleanders in a rosy vale
Search'd by the lamping fly, whose little spark
Went in and out, like passion's bashful hope.
Meanwhile the sleepy globe began to slope
A ponderous shoulder sunward thro' the dark,

And the night pass'd in beauty like a dream.
Aloof in those dark heavens paused Destiny,
With her last star descending in the gleam
Of the cold morrow, from the emptied sky.
The hour, the distance from her old self, all
The novelty and loneness of the place,
Had left a lovely awe on that fair face,
And all the land grew strange and magical.

As droops some billowing cloud to the crouch'd hill,
Heavy with all heaven's tears, for all earth's care,
She droop'd unto me, without force or will,
And sank upon my bosom, murmuring there
A woman's inarticulate, passionate words.
O moment of all moments upon earth!
O life's supreme! How worth, how wildly worth,
Whole worlds of flame, to know this world affords

What even Eternity cannot restore!
When all the ends of life take hands, and meet

Round centres of sweet fire. Ah, never more,
Ah never, shall the bitter with the sweet
Be mingled so in the pale after-years!
One hour of life immortal spirits possess.
This drains the world, and leaves but weariness,
And parching passion, and perplexing tears.

Sad is it, that we cannot even keep
That hour to sweeten life's last toil: but Youth
Grasps all, and leaves us: and, when we would weep,
We dare not let our tears flow lest, in truth,
They fall upon our work which must be done.
And so we bind up our torn hearts from breaking:
Our eyes from weeping, and our brows from aching:
And follow the long pathway all alone.

O moment of sweet peril, perilous sweet!
When woman joins herself to man; and man
Assumes the full-lived woman, to complete
The end of life, since human life began!
When in the perfect bliss of union,
Body and soul triumphal rapture claim,
When there's a spirit in blood, in spirit a flame,
And earth's lone hemispheres glow, fused in one!

Rare moment of rare peril! . . . . The bard's song,
The mystic's musing fancy. Did there ever
Two perfect souls, in perfect forms, belong
Perfectly to each other? Never, never!
Perilous were such moments, for a touch
Might mar their clear perfection. Exquisite
Even for the peril of their frail delight.
Such things man feigns: such seeks: but finds not such.

No! for 'tis in ourselves our love doth grow:
And, when our love is fully risen within us,
Round the first object doth it overflow,
Which, be it fair or foul, is sure to win us
Out of ourselves. We clothe with our own nature
The man or woman its first want doth find.
The leafless prop with our own buds we bind,
And hide in blossoms: fill the empty feature

With our own meanings: even prize defects
Which keep the mark of our own choice upon
The chosen: bless each fault whose spot protects
Our choice from possible confusion
With the world's other creatures: we believe them
What most we wish, the more we find they are not:
Our choice once made, with our own choice we war not:
We worship them for what ourselves we give them.

Doubt is this otherwise. . . . . When fate removes
The unworthy one from our reluctant arms,
We die with that lost love to other loves,
And turn to its defects from other charms.
And nobler forms, where moved those forms, may move
With lingering looks: our cold farewells we wave them.
We loved our lost loves for the love we gave them,
And not for anything they gave our love.

Old things return not as they were in Time.
Trust nothing to the recompense of Chance,
Which deals with novel forms. This falling rhyme

Fails from the flowery steeps of old Romance
Down that abyss which Memory droops above.
And, gazing out of hopelessness down there,
I see the shadow creep thro' Youth's gold hair
And white Death watching over red-lipp'd Love

PART II.

THE soul lives on. What lives on with the soul?
Glimpses of something better than her best;
Truer than her truest: motion to a pole
Beyond the zones of this orb's dimness guest:
And (since life dies not with the first dead bliss)
Blind notions of some meaning moved thro time,
Some purpose in the deeps of the sublime,
That stirs a pulse here, could we find out this.

Visions and noises rouse us. I discern
Even in change some comfort, O Belov'd!
Suns rise and set; stars vanish and return;
But never quite the same. And life is moved
Toward new experience. Every eve and morn
Descends and springs with increase on the world.
And what is death but life in this life furl'd?
The outward cracks, the inward life is born.

Friends pass beyond the borders of this Known,
And draw our thoughts up after them. We say
"They are: but their relations now are done
With Nature, and the plan of night and day"
If never mortal man from this world's light
Did pass away to that surrounding gloom,

'Twere well to doubt the life beyond the tomb
But now is Truth's dark side reveal'd to sight.

Father of spirits! Thine all secrets be.
I bless Thee for the light Thou hast reveal'd,
And that Thou hidest. Part of me I see,
And part of me Thy wisdom hath conceal'd,
Till the new life divulge it. Lord, imbue me
With will to work in this diurnal sphere,
Knowing myself my life's day-laborer here,
Where evening brings the day's work's wages to me.

I work my work. All its results are Thine.
I know the loyal deed becomes a fact
Which Thou wilt deal with: nor will I repine
Altho' I miss the value of the act.
Thou carest for the creatures: and the end
Thou seest. The world unto Thy hands I leave:
And to Thy hands my life. I will not grieve
Because I know not all Thou dost intend.

Something I know. Oft, shall it come about
When every heart is full with hope for man
The horizon straight is darken'd, and a doubt
Clouds all. The work the world so well began
Wastes down, and by some deed of shame is finish'd.
Ah yet, I will not be dismay'd: nor tho'
The good cause flourish fair, and Freedom flow
All round, my watch beyond shall be diminish'd.

What seem'd the triumph of the Fiend at length
Might be the effort of some dying Devil,
Permitted to put forth his fullest strength
To lose it all forever. While, the evil
Whose cloven crest our pœans float above
Might have been less than what unnoticed lies

'Neath our rejoicings. Which of us is wise?
We know not what we mourn: nor why we love

But teach me, O Omnipotent, since strife,
Sorrow, and pain, are but occurrences
Of that condition thro' which flows my life,
Not part of me, the immortal, whom distress
Cannot retain, to vex not thought for these:
But to be patient, bear, forbear, restrain,
And hold my spirit pure above my pain.
No star that looks thro' life's dark lattices,

But what gives token of a world elsewhere.
I bless Thee for the loss of all things here
Which proves the gain to be: the hand of Care
That shades the eyes from earth, and beckons near
The rest which sweetens all: the shade Time throws
On Love's pale countenance, that he may gaze
Across Eternity for better days
Unblinded; and the wisdom of all woes:

I bless Thee for the life Thou gavest, albeit
It hath known sorrow: for the sorrow's self
I bless Thee; and the gift of wings to flee it,
Led by this spirit of song — this ministering elf,
That to sweet uses doth unwind my pain,
And spin his palace out of poison-flowers,
To float, an impulse, thro' the livelong hours,
From sky to sky, on Fancy's glittering skein.

Aid me, sweet Spirit, escaping from the throng
Of those that raise the Corybantic shout,
And barbarous, dissonant cymbal's clash prolong
In fear lest any hear the God cry out,
Now that the night resumes her bleak retreat

In these dear lands, footing the unwander'd
waste
Of Loss, to walk in Italy, and taste
A little while of what was once so sweet.

PART III.

NURSE of an ailing world, belovéd Night!
Our days are fretful children, weak to bear
A little pain: they wrangle, wound, and fight
Each other, weep, and sicken, and despair.
Thou, with thy motherly hand that healeth care,
Stillest our little noise: rebukest one,
Soothest another: blamest tasks undone:
Refreshest jaded hope; and teachest prayer.

Thine is the mother's sweet hush-hush, that stills
The flutterings of a plaintive heart to rest.
Thine is the mother's medicining hand that fills
Sleep's opiate: thine the mother's patient
breast:
Thine, too, the mother's mute reproachful eyes,
That gently look our angry noise to shame
When all is done: we dare not meet their
blame:
They are so silent, and they are so wise.

Thou that from this lone casement, while I write,
Seen in the shadowy upspring, swift dost post
Without a sound the polar star to light,
Not idly did the Chaldee shepherds boast
By thy stern lights man's life aright to read.
All day he hides himself from his own heart,
Swaggers and struts, and plays his foolish
part:
Thou only seest him as he is indeed.

For who could feign false worth, or give the nod
Among his fellows, or this dust disown,
With nought between him and those lights of God,
Left awfully alone with the Alone?
Who vaunt high words, whose least heart's beating jars
The hush of sentinel worlds that take mute note
Of all beneath yon judgment plains remote? —
A universal cognizance of stars!

And yet, O gentlest angel of the Lord!
Thou leadest by the hand the artisan
Away from work. Thou bringest, on ship-board,
When gleam the dead-lights, to the lonely man
That turns the wheel, a blesséd memory
Of apple-blossoms, and the mountain vales
About his little cottage in Green Wales,
Miles o'er the ridges of the rolling sea.

Thou bearest divine forgiveness amongst men.
Relenting Anger pauses by the bed
Where Sleep looks so like Death. The absent then
Return; and Memory beckons back the dead.
Thou helpest home (thy balmy hand it is!)
The hard-work'd husband to the pale-cheek'd wife,
And hushest up the poor day's household strife,
On marriage pillows, with a good-night kiss.

Thou bringest to the wretched and forlorn
Woman, that down the glimmering bye-street hovers,
A dream of better days: the gleam of corn
About her Father's field, and her first lover's
Grave, long forgotten in the green churchyard:

Voices, long-still'd, from purer hours, before
The rushlight, Hope, went out; and, thro' the door
Of the lone garret, when the nights were hard,

Hunger, the wolf, put in his paw, and found her
Sewing the winding-sheet of Youth, alone;
And grip'd away the last cold comforts round her:—
Her little bed: the mean clothes she had on:
Her mother's picture — the sole saint she knew:
Till nothing else was left for the last crust
But the poor body, and the heart's young trust
In its own courage: and so these went too.

Home from the heated Ball flusht Beauty stands,
Musing beside her costly couch alone:
But while she loosens, faint, with jewell'd hands,
The diamonds from her dark hair, one by one,
Thou whisperest in her empty heart the name
Of one that died heart-broken for her sake
Long since, and all at once the coil'd hell snake
Turns stinging in his egg, — and pomp is shame

Thou comest to the man of many pleasures
Without a joy, that, soulless, plays for souls,
Whose life's a squander'd heap of plunder'd treasures,
While, listless loitering by, the moment rolls
From nothing on to nothing. From the shelf
Perchance he takes a cynic book. Perchance
A dead flower stains the leaves. The old romance
Returns. Ere morn, perchance, he shoots himself.

Thou comest, with a touch of scorn, to me,
That o'er the broken wine-cup of my youth

Sit brooding here, and pointest silently
To thine unchanging stars. Yes! yes! in truth,
They seem more reachless now than when of yore
Above the promist land I watcht them shine,
And all among their cryptic serpentine
Went climbing Hope, new planets to explore.

Not for the flesh that fades — altho' decay
This throng'd metropolis of sense o'erspread:
Not for the joys of youth, that fleet away
When the wise swallows to the south are fled
Not that, beneath the law which fades the flower,
An earthly hope should wither in the cells
Of this poor earthly house of life, where dwells
Unseen the solitary Thinking-Power;

But that where fades the flower the weed should flourish;
For all the baffled efforts to achieve
The imperishable from the things that perish,
For broken vows, and weaken'd will, I grieve.
Knowing that night of all is creeping on
Wherein can no man work, I sorrow most
For what is gain'd, and not for what is lost;
Nor mourn alone what's undone, but what's done.

What light, from yonder windless cloud reflected
Is widening up the peaks of yon black mist
It is the full moon in the mystic east,
Whose coming half the unravisht darkness stills
Till all among the cloud light cloudlets pale,
From shore to shore of sapphrine deeps divine,
The broad splendor seems to slide and shine
Aslope the rolling vapours in the vale.

Abroad the stars majestic light is flung,
And they fade brightening up the steps of Night.
Cold mysteries of the midnight! that, among
The sleeps and pauses of this world, in sight,
Reveal a doubtful hope to wild Desire;
Which, hungering for the sources of the suns,
Makes moan beyond the blue Septentrions,
And spidery Saturn in his webs of fire;

Whether the unconscious destinies of man
Move with the motions of your spheréd lights,
And his brief course, foredoom'd ere he began,
Your shining symbols fix'd in reachless heights,
Or whether all the purpose of his pain
Be shut in his wild heart and feverish will,
He knows no more than this: — that you are still,
But he is moved: he goes, but you remain.

Fool'd was the human vanity that wrote
Strange names in astral fire on yonder pole.
Who and what were they — in what age remote —
That scrawl'd weak boasts on yon siderial scroll?
Orion shines. Now seek for Nimrod. Where?
Osiris is a fable, and no more:
But Sirius burns as brightly as of yore.
There is no shade on Berenice's hair.

You that outlast the Pyramids, as they
Outlast their founders, tell us of our doom!
You that see Love depart, and Error stray,
And Genius toiling at a splendid tomb,
Like those Egyptian slaves: and Hope deceiv'd:
And Strength still failing when the goal is near:
And Passion parcht: and Rapture claspt to Fear:
And Trust betray'd: and Memory bereav'd!

Vain question! Shall some other voice declare
What my soul knows not of herself? Ah no!
Dumb patient Monster, grieving everywhere,
Thou answerest nothing which I did not know.
The broken fragments of ourselves we seek
In alien forms, and leave our lives behind.
In our own memories our graves we find.
And when we lean upon our hearts, they break.

I seem to see 'mid yonder glimmering spheres
Another world: — not that our prayers record,
Wherein our God shall wipe away all tears,
And never voice of mourning shall be heard;
But one between the sunset and moonrise:
Near night, yet neighboring day: a twilit land,
And peopled by a melancholy band —
The souls that loved and fail'd — with hopeless eyes;

More like that Hades of the antique creeds; —
A land of vales forlorn, where Thought shall roam
Regretful, void of wholesome human deeds,
An endless, homeless, pining after home,
To which all sights and sounds shall minister
In vain: — white roses glimmering all alone
In an evening light: and, with his haunting tone,
The advancing twilight's shard-born trumpeter.

A world like this world's worst come back again;
Still groaning 'neath the burthen of a Fall:
Eternal longing with eternal pain,
Want without hope, and memory saddening all.
All congregated failure and despair
Shall wander there, thro' some old maze of wrong: —
Ophelia drowning in her own death-song,
And First-Love strangled in his golden hair.

Ah well, for those that overcome, no doubt
The crowns are ready; strength is to the strong.
But we — but we — weak hearts that grope about
In darkness, with a lamp that fails along
The lengthening midnight, dying ere we reach
The bridal doors! Oh, what for us remains,
But mortal effort with immortal pains?
And yet — God breath'd a spirit into each!

I know this miracle of the soul is more
Than all the marvels that it looks upon.
And we are kings whose heritage was before
The spheres, and owes no homage to the sun.
In my own breast a mightier world I bear
Than all those orbs on orbs about me roll'd;
Nor are you kinglier, stars, tho' throned on gold,
And given the empires of the midnight-air.

For I, too, am undying as you are.
O teach me calm, and teach me self-control: —
To sphere my spirit like yon fixéd star
That moves not ever in the utmost pole,
But whirls, and sleeps, and turns all heaven one way.
So, strong as Atlas, should the spirit stand,
And turn the great globe round in her right hand,
For recreation of her sovereign sway.

Ah yet! — For all, I shall not use my power,
Nor reign within the light of my own home,
Till speculation fades, and that strange hour
Of the departing of the soul is come;
Till all this wrinkled husk of care falls by,
And my immortal nature stands upright
In her perpetual morning, and the light
Of suns that set not on Eternity!

BOOK I.

IN ITALY.

THE MAGIC LAND.

BY woodland belt, by ocean bar,
The full south breeze our foreheads fann'd,
And, under many a yellow star,
We dropp'd into the Magic Land.

There, every sound and every sight
Means more than sight or sound elsewhere;
Each twilight star a two-fold light;
Each rose a double redness, there.

By ocean bar, by woodland belt,
Our silent course a syren led,
Till dark in dawn began to melt,
Through the wild wizard-work o'erhead.

A murmur from the violet vales!
A glory in the goblin dell!
There, Beauty all her breast unveils,
And Music pours out all her shell.

We watch'd, toward the land of dreams,
The fair moon draw the murmuring main;
A single thread of silver beams
Was made the monster's rippling chain.

We heard far off the syren's song;
We caught the gleam of sea-maid's hair.
The glimmering isles and rocks among,
We moved through sparkling purple air.

Then Morning rose, and smote from far,
Her elfin harps o'er land and sea;
And woodland belt, and ocean bar,
To one sweet note, sigh'd "Italy!"

DESIRE.

The golden Planet of the Occident
Warm from his bath comes up, i' the rosy air,
And you may tell which way the Daylight went,
Only by his last footsteps shining there:
For now he dwells
Sea-deep o' the other shore of the world,
And winds himself in the pink-mouthéd shells;
Or, with his dusky, sun-dyed Priest,
Walks in the gardens of the gorgeous East;
Or hides in Indian hills; or saileth where
Floats, curiously curl'd,
Leagues out of sight and scent of spicy trees,
The cream-white nautilus on sapphrine seas.

But here the Night from the hill-top yonder
Steals all alone, nor yet too soon;
I have sighed for, and sought for, her; sadder and fonder
(All thro' the lonely and lingering noon)
Than a maiden that sits by the lattice to ponder
On vows made in vain, long since, under the moon.
Her dusky hair she hath shaken free,
And her tender eyes are wild with love;

And her balmy bosom lies bare to me.
She hath lighted the seven sweet Pleiads above
She is breathing over the dreaming sea,
She is murmuring low in the cedar grove;
She hath put to sleep the moaning dove
In the silent cypress tree.

And there is no voice nor whisper, —
No voice nor whisper,
In the hill-side olives all at rest,
Underneath blue-lighted Hesper,
Sinking, slowly, in the liquid west:
For the night's heart knoweth best
Love by silence most exprest.
The nightingales keep mute
Each one his fairy flute,
Where the mute stars look down,
And the laurels close the green sea-side:
Only one amorous lute
Twangs in the distant town,
From some lattice open'd wide:
The climbing rose and vine are here, are there.
On the terrace, around, above me:
The lone Ledæan * lights from yon enchanted air
Look down upon my spirit, like a spirit's eyes that
love me.

How beautiful, at night, to muse on the mountain
height,
Moated in purple air, and all alone!
How beautiful, at night, to look into the light
Of loving eyes, when loving lips lean down
unto our own!
But there is no hand in mine, no hand in mine,
Nor any tender cheek against me prest:

* "How oft, unwearied, have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wonder'd at us from above." — COWLEY.

O stars that o'er me shine, I pine, I pine, I pine,
With hopeless fancies hidden in an ever-hun
gering breast!

O where, O where is she that should be here,
The spirit my spirit dreameth?
With the passionate eyes, so deep, so dear,
Where a secret sweetness beameth?
O sleepeth she, with her soft gold hair
Streaming over the fragrant pillow,
And a rich dream glowing in her ripe cheek,
Far away, I know not where,
By lonely shores, where the tumbling billow
Sounds all night in an emerald creek?

Or doth she lean o'er the casement stone
When the day's dull noise is done with,
And the sceptred spirit remounts alone
Into her long-usurpéd throne,
By the stairs the stars are won with?
Hearing the white owl call
Where the river draws thro' the meadows below,
By the beeches brown, and the broken wall,
His silvery, seaward waters, slow
To the ocean bounding all:
With, here a star on his glowing breast,
And, there a lamp down-streaming,
And a musical motion towards the west
Where the long white cliffs are gleaming;
While, far in the moonlight, lies at rest
A great ship, asleep and dreaming?

Or doth she linger yet
Among her sisters and brothers,
In the chamber where happy faces are met,
Distinct from all the others?
As my star up there, be it never so bright,
No other star resembles.
Doth she steal to the window, and strain her
sight

(While the pearl in her warm hair trembles)
Over the dark the distant night,
Feeling something changed in her home yet;
That old songs have lost their old delight,
And the true soul is not come yet?
Till the nearest star in sight
Is drown'd in a tearful light.

I would that I were nigh her,
Wherever she rest or rove!
My spirit waves as a spiral fire
In a viewless wind doth move.
Go forth, alone, go forth, wild-wing'd Desire,
Thou art the bird of Jove,
That broodest lone by the Olympian throne;
And strong to bear the thunders which destroy,
Or fetch the ravisht, flute-playing Phrygian boy;
Go forth, across the world, and find my love!

FATALITY.

I HAVE seen her, with her golden hair,
And her exquisite primrose face,
And the violet in her eyes;
And my heart received its own despair —
The thrall of a hopeless grace,
And the knowledge of how youth dies.

Live hair afloat with snakes of gold,
And a throat as white as snow,
And a stately figure and foot;
And that faint pink smile, so sweet, so cold,
Like a wood anemone, closed below
The shade of an ilex root.

And her delicate milk-white hand in mine,
And her pensive voice in my ear,

And her eyes downcast as we speak.
I am filled with a rapture, vague and fine;
For there has fallen a sparkling tear
Over her soft, pale cheek.

And I know that all is hopeless now.
And that which might have been,
Had she only waited a year or two,
Is turn'd to a wild regret, I know,
Which will haunt us both, whatever the scene,
And whatever the path we go.

Meanwhile, for one moment, hand in hand,
We gaze on each other's eyes;
And the red moon rises above us;
We linger with love in the lovely land,—
Italy with its yearning skies,
And its wild white stars that love us.

A VISION.

The hour of Hesperus! the hour when feeling
Grows likest memory, and the full heart swells
With pensive pleasure to the mellow pealing
Of mournful music upon distant bells:
The hour when it seems sweetest to be loved,
And saddest to have loved in days no more.
O love, O life, O lovely land of yore,
Thro' which, erewhile, these weary footsteps roved,

Was it a vision? Or Irene, sitting
Lone in her chamber, on her snowy bed,
With listless fingers, lingeringly unknitting
Her silken bodice; and, with bended head,
Hiding in warm hair, half-way to her knee,
Her pearl-pale shoulder, leaning on one arm,

Athwart the darkness, odorous and warm,
To watch the low, full moon set, pensively?

A fragrant lamp burn'd dimly in the room,
With scarce a gleam in either looking-glass.
The mellow moonlight, thro' the deep-blue gloom,
Did all along the dreamy chamber pass,
As tho' it were a little toucht with awe
(Being new-come into that quiet place
In such a quiet way) at the strange grace
Of that pale lady, and what else it saw;—

Rare flowers: narcissi; irises, each crown'd;
Red oleander blossoms; hyacinths
Flooding faint fragrance, richly curl'd all round,
Corinthian, cool columnar flowers on plinths;
Waxen Camelias, white and crimson ones;
And amber lilies, and the regal rose,
Which for the breast of queens full-scornful grows;
All pinnacled in urns of carven bronze:

Tables of inwrought stone, true Florentine,—
Olympian circles throng'd with Mercuries,
Minervas, little Junos dug i' the green
Of ruin'd Rome; and Juno's own rich eyes
Vivid on peacock plumes Sidonian:
A ribbon'd lute, young Music's cradle: books,
Vellum'd and clasp't: and with bewilder'd looks,
Madonna's picture,—the old smile grown wan.

From bloomed thickets, firefly-lamp'd, beneath
The terrace, fluted cool the nightingale.
In at the open window came the breath
Of many a balmy, dim blue, dreaming vale.
At intervals the howlet's note came clear,
Fluttering dark silence thro' the cypress grove
An infant breeze from the elf-land of Love,
Lured by the dewy hour, crept, lisping, near

And now is all the night her own, to make it
Or grave or gay with throngs of waking dreams.
Now grows her heart so ripe, a sigh might shake it
To showers of fruit, all golden as beseems
Hesperian growth. Why not, on nights like this,
Should Daphne out from yon green laurel slip?
A Dryad from the ilex, with white hip
Quiver'd and thong'd to hunt with Artemis?

To-night, what wonder were it, while such shadows
Are taking up such shapes on moonlit mountains,
Such star-flies kindling o'er low emerald meadows,
Such voices floating out of hill-side fountains,
If some full face should from the window greet her,
Whose eyes should be new planetary lights,
Whose voice a well of liquid love-delights,
And to the distance sighingly entreat her?

EROS.

WHAT wonder that I loved her thus, that night?
The Immortals know each other at first sight,
And Love is of them.
In the fading light
Of that delicious eve, whose stars even yet
Gild the long dreamless nights, and cannot set,
She passed me, thro' the silence: all her hair
Her waving, warm, bright hair neglectfully
Pour'd round her snowy throat as without care
Of its own beauty.
And when she turn'd on me
The sorrowing light of desolate eyes divine,

I knew in a moment what our lives must be
Henceforth. It lighten'd on me then and there
How she was irretrievably all mine,
I hers, — thro' time, become eternity.
It could not ever have been otherwise,
Gazing into those eyes.

And if, before I gazed on them, my soul,
Oblivious of her destiny, had follow'd,
In days forever silent, the control
Of any beauty less divinely hallow'd
Than that upon her beautiful white brows,
(The serene summits of all earthly sweetness!)
Straightway the records of all other vows
Of idol-worship faded silently
Out of the folding leaves of memory,
Forever and forever; and my heart became
Pure white at once, to keep in its completeness,
And perfect purity,
Her mystic name.

INDIAN LOVE SONG.

My body sleeps: my heart awakes.
  My lips to breathe thy name are moved
In slumber's ear: then slumber breaks;
  And I am drawn to thee, beloved.
Thou drawest me, thou drawest me,
  Thro' sleep, thro' night. I hear the rills,
  And hear the leopard in the hills,
And down the dark I feel to thee.

The vineyards and the villages
  Were silent in the vales, the rocks.
I followed past the myrrhy trees,
  And by the footsteps of the flocks.
Wild honey, dropt from stone to stone,

Where bees have been, my path suggests.
The winds are in the eagles' nests.
The moon is hid. I walk alone.

Thou drawest me, thou drawest me
Across the glimmering wildernesses,
And drawest me, my love, to thee,
With dove's eyes hidden in thy tresses.
The world is many: my love is one.
I find no likeness for my love.
The cinnamons grow in the grove:
The Golden Tree grows all alone.

O who hath seen her wondrous hair?
Or seen my dove's eyes in the woods?
Or found her voice upon the air?
Her steps along the solitudes?
Or where is beauty like to hers?
She draweth me, she draweth me.
I sought her by the incense-tree,
And in the aloes, and in the firs.

Where art thou, O my heart's delight,
With dove's eyes hidden in thy locks?
My hair is wet with dews of night.
My feet are torn upon the rocks.
The cedarn scents, the spices, fail
About me. Strange and stranger seems
The path. There comes a sound of streams
Above the darkness on the vale.

No trees drop gums; but poison flowers
From rifts and clefts all round me fall
The perfumes of thy midnight bowers,
The fragrance of thy chambers, all
Is drawing me, is drawing me.
Thy baths prepare; anoint thine hair:
Open the window: meet me there:
I come to thee, to thee, to thee!

Thy lattices are dark, my own.
Thy doors are still. My love look out.
Arise, my dove with tender tone.
The camphor-clusters all about
Are whitening. Dawn breaks silently.
And all my spirit, with the dawn
Expands; and, slowly slowly drawn,
Thro' mist and darkness moves toward thee.

MORNING AND MEETING.

One yellow star, the largest and the last
Of all the lovely night, was fading slow
(As fades a happy moment in the past)
Out of the changing east, when, yet aglow
With dreams her looks made magical, from sleep
I waked; and oped the lattice. Like a rose
All the red-opening morning 'gan disclose
A ripen'd light upon the distant steep.

A bell was chiming thro' the crystal air
From the high convent-church upon the hill.
The folk were loitering by to matin prayer.
The church-bell call'd me out, and seem'd to fill
The air with little hopes. I reach'd the door
Before the chaunted hymn began to rise,
And float its liquid latin melodies
O'er pious groups about the marble floor.

Breathless, I slid among the kneeling folk.
A little bell went tinkling thro' the pause
Of inward prayer. Then forth the low chaunt broke
Among the glooming aisles, that thro' a gauze
Of sunlight glimmer'd.

Thickly throbb'd my blood.
I saw, dark-tresséd in the rose-lit shade,
Many a little dusk Italian maid,
Kneeling with fervent face close where I stood

The morning, all a misty splendour, shook
Deep in the mighty window's flame-lit webs.
It touch'd the crown'd Apostle with his hook,
And brighten'd where the sea of jasper ebbs
About those Saints' white feet that stand serene
Each with his legend, each in his own hue
Attir'd: some beryl-golden: sapphire-blue
Some: and some ruby-red: some emerald-green.

Wherefrom, in rainbow-wreathes, the rich light roll'd
About the snowy altar, sparkling clean.
The organ groan'd and pined, then, growing bold,
Revell'd the cherubs' golden wings atween.
And in the light, beneath the music, kneel'd
(As pale as some stone Virgin bending solemn
Out of the red gleam of a granite column)
Irene with claspt hands and cold lips seal'd.

As one who, pausing on some mountain-height,
Above the breeze that breaks o'er vineyard walls,
Leans to the impulse of a wild delight,
Bows earthward, feels the hills bow too, and falls —
I dropt beside her. Feeling seem'd to expand
And close: a mist of music fill'd the air:
And, when it ceased in heaven, I was aware
That, thro' a rapture, I had toucht her hand.

THE CLOUD.

With shape to shape, all day,
And change to change, by foreland, firth, and bay,
The cloud comes down from wandering with the wind,
Thro' gloom and gleam across the green waste seas;
And, leaving the white cliff and lone tower bare
To empty air,
Slips down the windless west, and grows defined
In splendour by degrees.

And, blown by every wind
Of wonder thro' all regions of the mind,
From hope to fear, from doubt to sweet despite
Changing all shapes, and mingling snow with fire,
The thought of her descends, sleeps o'er the bounds
Of passion, grows, and rounds
Its golden outlines in a gradual light
Of still desire.

ROOT AND LEAF.

The love that deep within me lies
Unmoved abides in conscious power;
Yet in the heaven of thy sweet eyes
It varies every hour.

A look from thee will flush the cheek:
A word of thine awaken tears:

And, ah, in all I do and speak
How frail my love appears!

In yonder tree, Belov'd, whose boughs
Are household both to earth and heaven,
Whose leaves have murmur'd of our vows
To many a balmy even,

The branch that wears the liveliest green,
Is shaken by the restless bird;
The leaves that highest heaven are seen,
By every breeze are stirr'd:

But storms may rise, and thunders roll,
Nor move the giant roots below;
So, from the bases of the soul,
My love for thee doth grow.

It seeks the heaven, and trembles there
To every light and passing breath;
But from the heart no storm can tear
Its rooted growth beneath.

WARNINGS.

Beware, beware of witchery!
And fall not in the snare
That lurks and lies in wanton eyes,
Or hides in golden hair:
For the Witch hath sworn to catch thee,
And her spells are on the air.
"Thou art fair, fair, fatal fair,
O Irene!

What is it, what is it,
In the whispers of the leaves?

In the night wind, when its bosom,
With the shower in it, grieves?
In the breaking of the breaker,
As it breaks upon the beach
Thro' the silence of the night?
Cordelia! Cordelia!
A warning in my ear —
"Not here! not here! not here!
But seek her yet, and seek her,
Seek her ever out of reach,
Out of reach, and out of sight!"
Cordelia!
Eyes on mine, when none can view me!
And a magic murmur thro' me!
And a presence out of Fairyland,
Invisible, yet near!
Cordelia!
"In a time which hath not been:
In a land thou hast not seen:
Thou shalt find her, but not now:
Thou shalt meet her, but not here:"
Cordelia! Cordelia!
"In the falling of the snow:
In the fading of the year:
When the light of hope is low,
And the last red leaf is sere."
Cordelia!

And my senses lie asleep, fast asleep,
O Irene!
In the chambers of this Sorceress, the South
In a slumber dim and deep,
She is seeking yet to keep,
Brimful of poison'd perfumes,
The shut blossom of my youth.
O fatal, fatal fair Irene!

But the whispering of the leaves,
And the night wind, when it grieves,

And the breaking of the breaker,
As it breaks upon the beach
Thro' the silence of the night,
Cordelia!
Whisper ever in my ear
"Not here! not here! not here!
But awake, O wanderer! seek **her**
Ever seek her out of reach,
Out of reach, and out of sight!"
Cordelia!

There is a star above me
Unlike all the millions round it.
There is a heart to love me.
Altho' not yet I have found it.
And awhile,
O Cordelia, Cordelia!
A light and careless singer,
In the subtle South I linger,
While the blue is on the mountain,
And the bloom is on the peach,
And the fire-fly on the night,
Cordelia!
But my course is ever norward,
And a whisper whispers "Forward!"
Arise, O wanderer, seek her,
Seek her ever out of reach,
Out of reach and out of sight!
Cordelia!
Out of sight,
Cordelia! Cordelia!
Out of reach, out of sight,
Cordelia!

A FANCY.

How sweet were life, — *this* life, if we
(My love and I) might dwell together
Here beyond the summer sea,
In the heart of summer weather!

With pomegranates on the bough,
And with lilies in the bower;
And a sight of distant snow,
Rosy in the sunset hour.

And a little house, — no more
In state than suits two quiet lovers;
And a woodbine round the door,
Where the swallow builds and hovers:

With a silver sickle-moon,
O'er hot gardens, red with roses:
And a window wide, in June,
For serenades when evening closes:

In a chamber cool and simple,
Trellised light from roof to basement;
And a summer wind to dimple
The white curtain at the casement.

Where, if we at midnight wake,
A green acacia-tree shall quiver
In the moonlight, o'er some lake
Where nightingales sing songs forever

With a pine-wood dark in sight;
And a bean-field climbing to us,
To make odours faint at night
Where we roam with none to view us.

And a convent on the hill,
  Through its light green olives peeping
In clear sunlight, and so still,
  All the nuns, you'd say, were sleeping.

Seas at distance, seen beneath
  Grated garden-wildernesses;—
Not so far but what their breath
  At eve may fan my darling's tresses.

A piano, soft in sound,
  To make music when speech wanders,
Poets reverently bound,
  O'er whose pages rapture ponders.

Canvas, brushes, hues, to catch
  Fleeting forms in vale or mountain:
And an evening star to watch
  When all's still, save one sweet fountain

Ah! I idle time away
  With impossible fond fancies!
For a lover lives all day
  In a land of lone romances.

But the hot light o'er the city
  Drops — and see! on fire departs.
And the night comes down in pity
  To the longing of our hearts.

Bind thy golden hair from falling,
  O my love, my one, my own!
'Tis for thee the cuckoo's calling
  With a note of tenderer tone.

Up the hill-side, near and nearer,
  Through the vine, the corn, the flowers,
Till the very air grows dearer,
  Neighbouring our pleasant bowers.

Now I pass the last Poderè:
There, the city lies behind me.
See her fluttering like a fairy
O'er the happy grass to find me!

ONCE.

A FALLING star that shot across
The intricate and twinkling dark
Vanisht, yet left no sense of loss
Throughout the wide ethereal arc

Of those serene and solemn skies
That round the dusky prospect rose,
And ever seem'd to rise, and rise,
Through regions of unreach'd repose.

Far, on the windless mountain-range,
One crimson sparklet died: the blue
Flush'd with a brilliance, faint and strange,
The ghost of daylight, dying too.

But half-reveal'd, each terrace urn
Glimmer'd, where now, in filmy flight,
We watch'd return, and still return,
The blind bats searching air for sight.

With sullen fits of fleeting sound,
Borne half asleep on slumbrous air,
The drowsy beetle humm'd around,
And pass'd, and oft repass'd us, there;

Where, hand in hand, our looks alight
With thoughts our pale lips left untold,
We sat, in that delicious night,
On that dim terrace, green and old.

Deep down, far off, the city lay,
  When forth from all its spires was swept
A music o'er our souls; and they
  To music's midmost meanings leapt;

And, crushing some delirious cry
  Against each other's lips, we clung
Together silent, while the sky
  Throbbing with sound around us hung:

For, borne from bells on music soft,
  That solemn hour went forth thro' heaven,
To stir the starry airs aloft,
  And thrill the purple pulse of even.

O happy hush of heart to heart!
  O moment molten thro' with bliss!
O Love, delaying long to part
  That first, fast, individual kiss!

Whereon two lives on glowing lips
  Hung claspt, each feeling fold in fold,
Like daisies closed with crimson tips,
  That sleep about a heart of gold.

Was it some drowsy rose that moved?
  Some dreaming dove's pathetic moan?
Or was it my name from lips beloved?
  And was it thy sweet breath, mine own,

That made me feel the tides of sense
  O'er life's low levels rise with might,
And pour my being down the immense
  Shore of some mystic Infinite?

"Oh, have I found thee, my soul's soul?
  My chosen forth from time and space!
And did we then break earth's control?
  And have I seen thee face to face?

"Close, closer to thy home, my breast,
Closer thy darling arms enfold!
I need such warmth, for else the rest
Of life will freeze me dead with cold.

"Long was the search, the effort long,
Ere I compell'd thee from thy sphere,
I know not with what mystic song,
I know not with what nightly tear:

"But thou art here, beneath whose eyes
My passion falters, even as some
Pale wizard's taper sinks, and dies,
When to his spell a spirit is come.

"My brow is pale with much of pain:
Though I am young, my youth is gone
And, shouldst thou leave me lone again,
I think I could not live alone.

"As some idea, half divined,
With tumult works within the brain
Of desolate genius, and the mind
Is vassal to imperious pain,

"For toil by day, for tears by night,
Till, in the sphere of vision brought,
Rises the beautiful and bright
Predestined, but relentless Thought;

"So, gathering up the dreams of years,
Thy love doth to its destined seat
Rise sovran, thro' the light of tears —
Achieved, accomplisht, and complete!

"I fear not now lest any hour
Should chill the lips my own have prest;
For I possess thee by the power
Whereby I am myself possest.

"These eyes must lose their guiding light:
These lips from thine, I know, must sever:
Oh looks and lips may disunite,
But ever love is love forever!"

SINCE.

WORDS like to these were said, or dream'd
(How long since!) on a night divine,
By lips from which such rapture stream'd
I cannot deem those lips were mine.

The day comes up above the roofs,
All sallow from a night of rain;
The sound of feet, and wheels, and hoofs
In the blurr'd street begins again:

The same old toil — no end — no aim!
The same vile babble in my ears;
The same unmeaning smiles: the same
Most miserable dearth of tears.

The same dull sound: the same dull lack
Of lustre in the level gray:
It seems like Yesterday come back
With his old things, and not To-day.

But now and then her name will fall
From careless lips with little praise,
On this dry shell, and shatter all
The smooth indifference of my days.

They chatter of her — deem her light —
The apes and liars! they who know
As well to sound the unfathom'd Night
As her impenetrable woe!

And here, where Slander's scorn is spilt,
And gabbling Folly clucks above
Her addled eggs, it feels like guilt,
To know that far away, my love

Her heart on every heartless hour
Is bruising, breaking, for my sake:
While, coil'd and numb'd, and void of power,
My life sleeps like a winter snake.

I know that at the mid of night,
(When she flings by the glittering stress
Of Pride, that mocks the vulgar sight,
And fronts her chamber's loneliness,)

She breaks in tears, and, overthrown
With sorrowing, weeps the night away,
Till back to his unlovely throne
Returns the unrelenting day.

All treachery could devise hath wrought
Against us: — letters robb'd and read·
Snares hid in smiles: betrayal bought:
And lies imputed to the dead.

I will arise, and go to her,
And save her in her own despite;
For in my breast begins to stir
A pulse of its old power and might.

They cannot so have slander'd me
But what, I know, if I should call
And stretch my arms to her, that she
Would rush into them, spite of all.

In Life's great lazar-house, each breath
We breathe may bring or spread the pest;
And, woman, each may catch his death
From those that lean upon his breast.

I know how tender friends of me
Have talk'd with broken hint, and glance:
— The choicest flowers of calumny,
That seem, like weeds, to spring from chance; —

That small, small, imperceptible
Small talk, which cuts like powder'd glass
Ground in Tophana — none can tell
Where lurks the power the poison has!

I may be worse than they would prove,
(Who knows the worst of any man?)
But, right or wrong, be sure my love
Is not what they conceive, or can.

Nor do I question what thou art,
Nor what thy life, in great or small,
Thou art, I know, what all my heart
Must beat or break for. That is all.

A LOVE LETTER.

My love, — my chosen, — but not mine! I send
My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

This flower, whose bruiséd purple blood will stain
The page now wet with the hot tears that fall —
(Indeed, indeed, I struggle to restrain
This weakness, but the tears come, spite of all!)

I pluck'd it from the branch you used to praise,
The branch that hides the wall. I tend your flowers.
I keep the paths we paced in happier days.
How long ago they seem, those pleasant hours

The white laburnum's out. Your judas-tree
Begins to shed those crimson buds of his.
The nightingales sing — ah, too joyously!
Who says those birds are sad? I think there is

That in the books we read, which deeper wrings
My heart, so they lie dusty on the shelf.
Ah me, I meant to speak of other things
Less sad. In vain! they bring me to myself

I know your patience. And I would not cast
New shade on days so dark as yours are grown
By weak and wild repining for the past,
Since it is past forever, O mine own!

For hard enough the daily cross you bear,
Without that deeper pain reflection brings;
And all too sore the fretful household care,
Free of the contrast of remember'd things.

But ah! it little profits, that we thrust
From all that's said, what both must feel, unnamed.
Better to face it boldly, as we must,
Than feel it in the silence, and be shamed.

Irene, I have loved you, as men love
Light, music, odour, beauty, love itself; —
Whatever is apart from, and above
Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf

And I had been content, without one thought
Our guardian angels could have blusht to know,

So to have lived and died, demanding nought
Save, living dying, to have loved you so.

My youth was orphan'd, and my age will be
Childless. I have no sister. None, to steal
One stray thought from the many thoughts of thee,
Which are the source of all I think and feel.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will:
My haughtiest hope, a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

I never thought to know what I have known, —
The rapture, dear, of being loved by you:
I never thought, within my heart, to own
One wish so blest that you should share it too:

Nor ever did I deem, contemplating
The many sorrows in this place of pain,
So strange a sorrow to my life could cling,
As, being thus loved, to be beloved in vain.

But now we know the best, the worst. We have
Interr'd, and prematurely, and unknown,
Our youth, our hearts, our hopes, in one small grave,
Whence we must wander, widow'd, to our own.

And if we comfort not each other, what
Shall comfort us, in the dark days to come?
Not the light laughter of the world, and not
The faces and the firelight of fond home

And so I write to you; and write, and write,
For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
What can I tell you, that you know not? Night
Is deepening thro' the rosy atmosphere

About the lonely casement of this room,
Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been. And on the gloom
I almost fancy I can see your face.

Not pale with pain, and tears restrain'd for me,
As when I last beheld it; but as first,
A dream of rapture and of poesy,
Upon my youth, like dawn on dark, it burst.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radiant beauty as I saw it then,
Save by this lonely lamp of memory,

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
I' the rosy orient of young womanhood;
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet;
And lips that left their meaning in my blood!

I will not say to you what I might say
To one less worthily loved, less worthy love.
I will not say . . . "Forget the past. Be gay.
And let the all ill-judging world approve

Light in your eyes, and laughter on your lip."
I will not say . . . "Dissolve in thought forever
Our sorrowful, but sacred, fellowship."
For that would be, to bid you, dear, dissever

Your nature from its nobler heritage
In consolations register'd in heaven,
For griefs this world is barren to assuage,
And hopes to which, on earth, no home is given.

But I would whisper, what for evermore
My own heart whispers thro' the wakeful night, . . .

"This grief is but a shadow, flung before,
From some refulgent substance out of sight."

Wherefore it happens, in this riddling world,
That, where sin came not, sorrow yet should be;
Why heaven's most hurtful thunders should be hurl'd
At what seems noblest in humanity;

And we are punish'd for our purest deeds,
And chasten'd for our holiest thoughts; . . alas!
There is no reason found in all the creeds,
Why these things are, nor whence they come to pass.

But in the heart of man, a secret voice
There is, which speaks, and will not be restrain'd,
Which cries to Grief . . . "weep on, while I rejoice,
Knowing that, somewhere, all will be explain'd."

I will not cant that commonplace of friends,
Which never yet hath dried one mourner's tears,
Nor say that grief's slow wisdom makes amends
For broken hearts and desolated years.

For who would barter all he hopes from life,
To be a little wiser than his kind?
Who arm his nature for continued strife,
Where all he seeks for hath been left behind?

But I would say, O pure and perfect pearl
Which I have dived so deep in life to find,
Lock'd in my heart thou liest. The wave may curl,
The wind may wail above us. Wave and wind,

What are their storm and strife to me and you?
No strife can mar the pure heart's inmost calm.
This life of ours, what is it? A very few
Soon-ended years, and then, — the ceaseless psalm,

And the eternal sabbath of the soul!
Hush! . . . while I write, from the dim Carminé
The midnight angelus begins to roll,
And float athwart the darkness up to me.

My messenger (a man by danger tried)
Waits in the courts below; and ere our star
Upon the forehead of the dawn hath died,
Belovéd one, this letter will be far

Athwart the mountain, and the mist, to you.
I know each robber hamlet. I know all
This mountain people. I have friends, both true
And trusted, sworn to aid whate'er befall.

I have a bark upon the gulf. And I,
If to my heart I yielded in this hour,
Might say . . . "Sweet fellow-sufferer, let us fly!
I know a little isle which doth embower

A home where exiled angels might forbear
A while to mourn for Paradise." . . . But no!
Never, whate'er fate now may bring us, dear,
Shalt thou reproach me for that only woe

Which even love is powerless to console;
Which dwells where duty dies: and haunts th tomb
Of life's abandon'd purpose in the soul;
And leaves to hope, in heaven itself, no room.

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust

Not to ourselves but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient, out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell, — if farewell mean to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
Our days, in music, to the selfsame air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
Even tho' in absence and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

Farewell! The dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavour
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good night.
Thine own, and only thine, my love, forever.

CONDEMNED ONES.

Above thy child I saw thee bend.
Where in that silent room we sat apart.
I watch'd the involuntary tear descend;
The fire-light was not all so dim, my friend,
But I could read thy heart.

Yet when, in that familiar room,
I strove, so moveless in my place,
To look with comfort in thy face,
That child's young smile was all that I could see
Ever between us in the thoughtful gloom, —
Ever between thyself and me, —
With its bewildering grace.

Life is not what it might have been,
Nor are we what we would!

And we must meet with smiling mien,
And part in careless mood,
Knowing that each retains unseen,
In cells of sense subdued,
A little lurking secret of the blood —
A little serpent-secret rankling keen —
That makes the heart its food.

Yet is there much for grateful tears, if sad ones
And Hope's young orphans Memory mothers yet;
So let them go, the sunny days we had once,
Our night hath stars that will not ever set.
And in our hearts are harps, albeit not glad ones,
Yet not all unmelodious, thro' whose strings
The night-winds murmur their familiar things,
Unto a kindred sadness: the sea brings
The spirits of its solitude, with wings
Folden about the music of its lyre,
Thrill'd with deep duals by sublime desire,
Which never can attain, yet ever must aspire,
And glorify regret.

What might have been, I know, is not:
What must be, must be borne:
But, ah! what hath been will not be forgot,
Never, oh! never, in the years to follow!
Tho' all their summers light a waste forlorn,
Yet shall there be (hid from the careless swallow
And shelter'd from the bleak wind in the thorn)
In Memory's mournful, but belovéd hollow,
One dear green spot!

Hope, the high will of Heaven
To help us hath not given,
But more than unto most of consolation:
Since heart from heart may borrow
Healing for deep heart-sorrow,
And draw from yesterday, to soothe to-morrow,
The sad, sweet divination

Of that unutter'd sympathy, which is
Love's sorceress, and for Love's dear sake,
About us both such spells doth make,
As none can see, and none can break,
And none restrain; — a secret pain
Clasp to a secret bliss!

A tone, a touch,
A little look, may be so much!
Those moments brief, nor often,
When, leaning laden breast to breast,
Pale cheek to cheek, life, long represt,
May gush with tears that leave half blest
The want of bliss they soften.
The little glance across the crowd,
None else can read, wherein there lies
A life of love at once avow'd —
The embrace of pining eyes. . . .
So little more had made earth heaven,
That hope to help us was not given!

THE STORM.

Both hollow and hill were as dumb as death,
While the skies were silently changing form;
And the dread forecast of the thunder-storm
Made the crouch'd land hold in its breath.

But the monstrous vapour as yet was unriven
That was breeding the thunder and lightning and rain;
And the wind that was waiting to ruin the plain
Was yet fast in some far hold of heaven.

So, in absolute absence of stir or strife,
The red land lay as still as a drifted leaf:

The roar of the thunder had been a relief,
To the calm of that death-brooding life.

At the wide-flung casement she stood full height,
With her long rolling hair tumbled all down her back;
And, against the black sky's supernatural black,
Her white neck gleam'd scornfully white.

I could catch not a gleam of her anger'd eyes,
(She was sullenly watching the slow storm roll,)
But I felt they were drawing down into her soul
The thunder that darken'd the skies.

And how could I feign, in that heartless gloom,
To be carelessly reading that stupid page?
What harm, if I flung it in anguish and rage,
Her book, to the end of the room?

"And so, do we part thus forever?" . . . I said,
"Oh! speak only one word, and I pardon the rest!"
She drew her white scarf tighter over her breast,
But she never once turned round her head.

"In this wicked old world is there naught to disdain?
Or" — I groaned — "are those dark eyes such deserts of blindness,
That, O Woman! your heart must hoard all its unkindness,
For the man on whose breast it hath lain?

"Leave it nameless, the grave of the grief that is past;
Be its sole sign the silence we keep for its sake.

I have loved you — lie still in my heart till it
break:
As I loved, I must love to the last.

"Speak! the horrible silence is stifling my soul."
She turned on me at once all the storm in her
eyes;
And I heard the low thunder aloof in the skies,
Beginning to mutter and roll.

She turn'd — by the lightning reveal'd in its glare,
And the tempest had cloth'd her with terror.
it clung
To the folds of her vaporous garments, and
hung
In the heaps of her heavy wild hair.

But one word broke the silence; but one; and it
fell
With the weight of a mountain upon me.
Next moment
The fierce levin flash'd in my eyes. From my
comment
She was gone when I turn'd. Who can tell

How I got to my home on the mountain? I
know
That the thunder was rolling, the lightning
still flashing,
The great bells were tolling, my very brain
crashing
In my head, a few hours ago:

Then all hush'd. In the distance the blue rain
receded;
And the fragments of storm were spread out
on the hills;
Hard by, from my lattice, I heard the far rills
Leaping down their rock-channels, wild-weeded.

The round, red moon was yet low in the air. .
Oh, I knew it, foresaw it, and felt it, before
I heard her light hand on the latch of the door
When it open'd at last, — she was there.

Childlike, and wistful, and sorrowful-eyed,
With the rain on her hair, and the rain on her cheek;
She knelt down, with her fair forehead fallen and meek
In the light of the moon at my side.

And she call'd me by every caressing old name
She of old had invented and chosen for me:
She crouch'd at my feet, with her cheek on my knee,
Like a wild thing grown suddenly tame.

In the world there are women enough, maids or mothers;
Yet, in multiplied millions, I never should find
The symbol of aught in her face, or her mind.
She has nothing in common with others.

And she loves me! This morning the earth, press'd beneath
Her light foot, keeps the print. 'Twas no vision last night,
For the lily she dropp'd, as she went, is yet white
With the dew on its delicate sheath!

THE VAMPYRE.

I FOUND a corpse, with golden hair,
Of a maiden seven months dead.
But the face, with the death in it, still was fair,
And the lips with their love were red.
Rose leaves on a snow-drift shed,
Blood-drops by Adonis bled,
Doubtless were not so red.

I comb'd her hair into curls of gold,
And I kiss'd her lips till her lips were warm
And I bathed her body in moonlight cold,
Till she grew to a living form:
Till she stood up bold to a magic of old,
And walk'd to a mutter'd charm —
Life-like, without alarm.

And she walks by me, and she talks by me,
Evermore, night and day;
For she loves me so, that, wherever I go,
She follows me all the way —
This corpse — you would almost say
There pined a soul in the clay.

Her eyes are so bright at the dead of night
That they keep me awake with dread;
And my life-blood fails in my veins, and pales
At the sight of her lips so red:
For her face is as white as the pillow by night
Where she kisses me on my bed:
All her gold hair outspread —
Neither alive nor dead.

I would that this woman's head
Were less golden about the hair:
I would her lips were less red,
And her face less deadly fair.

For this is the worst to bear —
How came that redness there ?

'Tis my heart, be sure, she eats for her food ;
And it makes one's whole flesh creep
To think that she drinks and drains my blood
Unawares, when I am asleep.
How else could those red lips keep
Their redness so damson-deep ?

There's a thought like a serpent, slips
Ever into my heart and head, —
There are plenty of women, alive and human,
One might woo, if one wish'd, and wed —
Women with hearts, and brains, — ay, and lips
Not so very terribly red.

But to house with a corpse — and she so fair !
With that dim, unearthly, golden hair,
And those sad, serene, blue eyes,
With their looks from who knows where,
Which Death has made so wise,
With the grave's own secret there —
It is more than a man can bear !

It were better for me, ere I came nigh her,
This corpse — ere I look'd upon her,
Had they burn'd my body in flame and fire
With a sorcerer's dishonor.
For when the Devil hath made his lair,
And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman,
(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair
And break his heart, if his heart be human,)
Would not a saint despair
To be saved by fast or prayer
From perdition made so fair ?

CHANGE.

She is unkind, unkind!
On the windy hill, to-day,
I sat in the sound of the wind.
I knew what the wind would say.
It said . . . or seemed to my mind . . .
"The flowers are falling away.
The summer," . . . it said, . . . "will not stay,
And Love will be left behind."

The swallows were swinging themselves
In the leaden-gray air aloft;
Flitting by tens and twelves,
And returning oft and oft;
Like the thousand thoughts in me,
That went, and came, and went,
Not letting me even be
Alone with my discontent.

The hard-vext weary vane
Rattled, and moan'd and was still,
In the convent over the plain,
By the side of the windy hill.
It was sad to hear it complain
So fretful, and weak, and shrill,
Again, and again, and in vain,
While the wind was changing his will.

I thought of our walks last summer
By the convent-walls so green;
Of the first kiss stolen from her,
With no one near to be seen.
I thought (as we wander'd on,
Each of us waiting to speak)
How the daylight left us alone,
And left his last light on her cheek.

The plain was as cold and gray
(With its villas like glimmering shells)
As some north-ocean bay.
All dumb in the church were the bells
In the mist, half a league away,
Lay the little white house where she dwells

I thought of her face so bright,
By the firelight bending low
O'er her work so neat and white;
Of her singing so soft and slow;
Of her tender-toned "Good-night;"
But a very few nights ago.

O'er the convent doors, I could see
A pale and sorrowful-eyed
Madonna looking at me,
As when Our Lord first died.
There was not a lizard or spider
To be seen on the broken walls.
The ruts, with the rain, had grown wider
And blacker since last night's falls.
O'er the universal dulness
There broke not a single beam.
I thought how my love at its fulness
Had changed like a change in a dream.

The olives were shedding fast
About me to left and right,
In the lap of the scornful blast
Black berries and leaflets white.
I thought of the many romances
One wintry word can blight;
Of the tender and timorous fancies
By a cold look put to flight.

How many noble deeds
Strangled perchance at their birth!
The smoke of the burning weeds

Came up with the steam of the earth,
From the red, wet ledges of soil,
And the sere vines, row over row, —
And the vineyard-men at their toil,
Who sang in the vineyard below.

Last Spring, while I thought of her here,
I found a red rose on the hill.
There it lies, wither'd and sere!
Let him trust to a woman who will.

I thought how her words had grown colder,
And her fair face colder still,
From the hour whose silence had told her
What has left me heart-broken and ill;
And "Oh!" I thought, . . . "if I behold her
Walking there with him under the hill!"

O'er the mist, from the mournful city
The blear lamps gleam'd aghast, —
— "She has neither justice, nor pity,"
I thought, . . . "all's over at last!"
The cold eve came. One star
Thro' a ragged gray gap forlorn
Fell down from some region afar,
And sicken'd as soon as born.
I thought, "How long and how lone
The years will seem to be,
When the last of her looks is gone,
And my heart is silent in me!"

One streak of scornful gold,
In the cloudy and billowy west,
Burn'd with a light as cold
As love in a much-wrong'd breast.
I thought of her face so fair;
Of her perfect bosom and arm;
Of her deep sweet eyes and hair;
Of her breath so pure and warm;

Of her foot so fine and fairy
Thro' the meadows where she would pass;
Of the sweep of her skirts so airy
And fragrant over the grass.

I thought . . . "Can I live without her
Whatever she do, or say?"
I thought . . . "Can I dare to doubt her,
Now when I have given away
My whole self, body and spirit,
To keep, or to cast aside,
To dower or disinherit, —
To use as she may decide?"

The West was beginning to close
O'er the last light burning there.
I thought . . . "And when that goes,
The dark will be everywhere!"

Oh! well is it hidden from man
Whatever the Future may bring.
The bells in the church began
On a sudden to sound and swing.
The chimes on the gust were caught,
And roll'd up the windy height.
I rose, and return'd, and thought . . .
"I SHALL NOT SEE HER TO-NIGHT."

A CHAIN TO WEAR.

AWAY! away! The dream was vain.
We meet too soon, or meet too late:
Still wear, as best you may, the chain
Your own hands forged about your fate,
Who could not wait!

What! . . . you had given your life away
Before you found what most life misses?
Forsworn the bridal dream, you say,
Of that ideal love, whose kisses
Are vain as this is!

Well, I have left upon your mouth
The seal I know must burn there yet;
My claim is set upon your youth;
My sign upon your soul is set; —
Dare you forget?

And you'll haunt, I know, where music plays,
Yet find a pain in music's tone;
You'll blush, of course, when others praise
That beauty scarcely now your own.
What's done, is done!

For me, you say, the world is wide, —
Too wide to find the grave I seek!
Enough! whatever now betide,
No greater pang can blanch my cheek.
Hush! . . . do not speak.

SILENCE.

Words of fire, and words of scorn,
I have written. Let them go!
Words of love — heart-broken, torn,
With this strong and sudden woe.
All my scorn, she could not doubt,
Was but love turn'd inside out.

Silence, silence, still unstirr'd;
Long, unbroken, unexplain'd·

Not one word, one little word,
Even to show her touch'd or pain'd:
Silence, silence, all unbroken:
Not a sound, a sign, a token.

Well, let silence gather round
All this shatter'd life of mine.
Shall I break it by a sound?
Let it grow, and be divine —
Divine as that Prometheus kept
When for his sake the sea-nymphs wept.

Let silence settle, still and deep;
As the mist, the thunder-cloud,
O'er the lonely blasted steep,
Which the red bolt hath not bow'd,
Settle, to drench out the star,
And cancel the blue vales afar.

In this silence I will sheathe
The sharp edge and point of all!
Not a sigh my lips shall breathe;
Not a groan, whate'er befall.
And let this sworded silence be
A fence 'twixt prying fools and me.

Let silence be about her name,
And o'er the things which once have been
Let silence cover up my shame,
And annul that face, once seen
In fatal hours, and all the light
Of those eyes extinguish quite.

In silence, I go forth alone
O'er the solemn mystery
Of the deeds which, to be done,
Yet undone in the future lie.
I peer in Time's high nests, and there
Espy the callow brood of Care,

The fledgeless nurslings of Regret,
With beaks forever stretch'd for food:
But why should I forecount as yet
The ravage of that vulture brood?
O'er all these things let silence stay,
And lie, like snow, along my way.

Let silence in this outraged heart
Abide, and seal these lips forever;
Let silence dwell with me apart
Beside the ever-babbling river
Of that loud life in towns, that runs
Blind to the changes of the suns.

Ah! from what most mournful star,
Wasting down on evening's edge,
Or what barren isle afar
Flung by on some bare ocean ledge,
Came the wicked hag to us,
That changed the fairy revel thus?

There were sounds from sweet guitars
Once, and lights from lamps of amber;
Both went up among the stars
From many a perfumed palace-chamber
Suddenly the place seem'd dead;
Light and music both were fled.

Darkness in each perfumed chamber;
Darkness, silence, in the stars;
Darkness on the lamps of amber;
Silence in the sweet guitars:
Darkness, silence, evermore
Guard empty chamber, moveless door.

NEWS.

News, news, news, my gossiping friends!
I have wonderful news to tell.
A lady, by me, her compliments sends;
And this is the news from Hell:

The Devil is dead. He died resign'd,
Tho' somewhat opprest by cares;
But his wife, my friends, is a woman of mind,
And looks after her lord's affairs.

I have just come back from that wonderful place,
And kist hands with the Queen down there;
But I cannot describe Her Majesty's face,
It has fill'd me so with despair.

The place is not what you might suppose:
It is worse in some respects.
But all that I heard there, I must not disclose,
For the lady that told me objects.

The laws of the land are not Salique,
But the King never dies, of course;
The new Queen is young, and pretty, and *chic*,
There are women, I think, that are worse.

But however that be, one thing I know,
And this I am free to tell;
The Devil, my friends, is a woman, just now;
'Tis a woman that reigns in Hell.

COUNT RINALDO RINALDI.

'Tis a dark-purple, moonlighted midnight: —
There is music about on the air.

And, where, thro' the water, fall flashing
The oars of each gay gondolier,
The lamp-lighted ripples are dashing,
In the musical moonlighted air,
To the music, in merriment; washing,
And splashing, the black marble stair
That leads to the last garden-terrace,
Where many a gay cavalier
And many a lady yet loiter,
Round the Palace in festival there.

'Tis a terrace all paven mosaic, —
Black marble, and green malachite;
Round an ancient Venetian Palace,
Where the windows with lampions are bright
'Tis an evening of gala and festival,
Music, and passion, and light.
There is love in the nightingales' throats,
That sing in the garden so well:
There is love in the face of the moon:
There is love in the warm languid glances
Of the dancers adown the dim dances:
There is love in the low languid notes
That rise into rapture, and swell,
From viol, and flute, and bassoon.

The tree that bends down o'er the water
So black, is a black cypress tree.
And the statue, there, under the terrace,
Mnemosyne's statue must be.
There comes a black gondola slowly
To the Palace in festival there:
And the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Has mounted the black marble stair.

There was nothing but darkness, and midnight,
And tempest, and storm, in the breast
Of the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi,
As his foot o'er the black marble prest: —

The glimmering black marble stair
Where the weed in the green ooze is clinging,
That leads to the garden so fair,
Where the nightingales softly are singing, —
Where the minstrels new music are stringing,
And the dancers for dancing prepare.

There rustles a robe of white satin:
There's a footstep falls light by the stair
There rustles a robe of white satin:
There's a gleaming of soft golden hair:
And the Lady Irene Ricasoli
Stands near the cypress tree there, —
Near Mnemosyne's statue so fair, —
The Lady Irene Ricasoli,
With the light in her long golden hair.

And the nightingales softly are singing
In the mellow and moonlighted air;
And the minstrels their viols are stringing;
And the dancers for dancing prepare.

"Siora," the Count said unto her,
"The shafts of ill-fortune pursue me;
The old grief grows newer and newer,
The old pangs are never at rest;
And the foes that have sworn to undo me
Have left me no peace in my breast.
They have slander'd, and wrong'd, and malign'd me:
Tho' they broke not my sword in my hand,
They have broken my heart in my bosom
And sorrow my youth has unmann'd.
But I love you, Irene, Irene,
With such love as the wretched alone
Can feel from the desert within them
Which only the wretched have known!
And the heart of Rinaldo Rinaldi
Dreads, Lady, no frown but your own.

To others be all that you are, love —
A lady more lovely than most;
To me — be a fountain, a star, love,
That lights to his haven the lost;
A shrine that with tender devotion,
The mariner kneeling, doth deck
With the dank weeds yet dripping from ocean,
And the last jewel saved from the wreck.

"None heeds us belovéd Irene!
None will mark if we linger or fly.
Amid all the mad masks in yon revel,
There is not an ear or an eye, —
Not one, — that will gaze or will listen;
And save the small star in the sky
Which, to light us, so softly doth glisten,
There is none will pursue us, Irene.
O love me, O save me, I die!
I am thine, O be mine, O belovéd!

"Fly with me, Irene, Irene!
The moon drops: the morning is near,
My gondola waits by the garden
And fleet is my own gondolier!"
What the Lady Irene Ricasoli,
By Mnemosyne's statue in stone,
Where she leaned, 'neath the black cypress tree,
To the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Replied then, it never was known,
And known, now, it never will be.

But the moon hath been melted in morning:
And the lamps in the windows are dead:
And the gay cavaliers from the terrace,
And the ladies they laugh'd with, are fled;
And the music is husht in the viols:
And the minstrels, and dancers, are gone;
And the nightingales now in the garden,
From singing have ceased, one by one·

But the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
  Still stands, where he last stood, alone,
'Neath the black cypress tree, near the water,
  By Mnemosyne's statue in stone,

O'er his spirit was silence and midnight,
  In his breast was the calm of despair.
He took, with a smile, from a casket
  A single soft curl of gold hair, —
  A wavy warm curl of gold hair,
And into the black-bosom'd water
  He flung it athwart the black stair.
The skies they were changing above him;
  The dawn, it came cold on the air;
He drew from his bosom a kerchief —
  "Would," he sighed, "that her face was less fair!
  That her face was less hopelessly fair."
And folding the kerchief, he cover'd
  The eyes of Mnemosyne there.

THE LAST MESSAGE.

Fling the lattice open,
  And the music plain you'll hear;
Lean out of the window,
  And you'll see the lamplight clear.

There, you see the palace
  Where the bridal is to-night.
You may shut the window.
  Come here, to the light.

Take this portrait with you,
  Look well before you go.
She can scarce be alter'd
  Since a year ago.

Women's hearts change lightly
(Truth both trite and olden!)
But blue eyes remain blue;
Golden hair stays golden.

Once I knew two sisters:
One was dark and grave
As the tomb; one radiant
And changeful as the wave.

Now away, friend, quickly!
Mix among the masks:
Say you are the bride's friend,
If the bridegroom asks.

If the bride have dark hair,
And an olive brow,
Give her this gold bracelet;—
Come and let me know.

If the bride have bright hair,
And a brow of snow,
In the great canal there
Quick the portrait throw:

And you'll merely give her
This poor faded flower.
Thanks! now leave your stylet
With me for an hour.

You're my friend: whatever
I ask you now to do,
If the case were alter'd,
I would do for you.

And you'll promise me, my mother
Shall never miss her son,
If anything should happen
Before the night is done.

VENICE.

THE sylphs and ondines,
And the sea-kings and queens,
Long ago, long ago, on the waves built a city
As lovely as seems
To some bard, in his dreams,
The soul of his latest love-ditty.
Long ago, long ago,—ah! that was long ago
Thick as gems on the chalices
Kings keep for treasure,
Were the temples and palaces
In this city of pleasure:
And the night broke out shining
With lamps and with festival,
O'er the squares, o'er the streets;
And the soft sea went, pining
With love, thro' the musical,
Musical bridges, and marble retreats
Of this city of wonder, where dwelt the ondines
Long ago, and the sylphs, and the sea-kings and queens,
— Ah! that was long ago!
But the sylphs and ondines,
And the sea-kings and queens
Are fled under the waves:
And I glide, and I glide
Up the glimmering tide
Thro' a city of graves.
Here will I bury my heart,
Wrapt in the dream it dream'd;
One grave more to the many!
One grave as silent as any;
Sculptured about with art, —
For a palace this tomb once seem'd
Light lips have laugh'd there,
Bright eyes have beam'd.

Revel and dance;
Lady and lover!
Pleasure hath quaff'd there:
Beauty hath gleam'd,
Love woo'd Romance.
Now all is over!
And I glide, and I glide
Up the glimmering tide,
Mid forms silently passing, as silent as any,
Here, 'mid the waves,
In this city of graves
To bury my heart — one grave more to the many!

ON THE SEA.

Come! breathe thou soft, or blow thou bold,
Thy coming be it kind or cold,
Thou soul of the heedless ocean wind; —
Little I rede and little I reck,
Tho' the mast be snapt on the mizzen-deck
So thou blow her last kiss from my neck,
And her memory from my mind!

Comrades around the mast
The welkin is o'ercast:
One watch is wellnigh past —
Out of sight of shore at last!

Fade fast thou falling shore,
With that fair false face of yore,
And the love, and the life, now o'er;
What she sought, that let her have —
The praise of traitor and knave,
The simper of coward and slave,
And the worm that clings and stings —
The knowledge of nobler things.
But here shall the mighty sea

Make moan with my heart in me,
And her name be torn
By the winds in scorn,
In whose march we are moving free.
I am free, I am free, I am free!
Hark! how the wild waves roar!
Hark! how the wild winds rave!
Courage, true hearts and brave,
Whom Fate can afflict no more!

Comrades, the night is long.
I will sing you an ancient song
Of a tale that was told
In the days of old,
Of a Baron blithe and strong, —
High heart and bosom bold,
To strive for the right with wrong!

"Who left his castled home,
When the Cross was raised in Rome,
And swore on his sword
To fight for the Lord,
And the banners of Christendom.
To die or to overcome!

"In hauberk of mail, and helmet of steel,
And armour of proof from head to heel,
Oh, what is the wound which he shall feel?
And where the foe that shall make him reel?
True knight on whose crest the cross doth
shine!
They buckled his harness, brought him his steed—
A stallion black of the land's best breed —
Belted his spurs, and bade him God-speed
'Mid the Paynim in Palestine.
But the wife that he loved, when she pour'd him
up
A last deep health in her golden cup,
Put poison into the wine.

"So he rode till the land he loved grew dim,
And that poison began to work in him, —
A true knight chaunting his Christian hymn,
With the cross on his gallant crest.
Eastward, aye, from the waning west,
Toward the land where the bones of the Saviour
rest,
And the Battle of God is to win:
With his young wife's picture upon his breast,
And her poison'd wine within.

"Alas! poor knight, poor knight!
He carries the foe he cannot fight
In his own true breast shut up.
He shall die or ever he fight for the Lord,
And his heart be broken before his sword.
He hath pledged his life
To a faithless wife,
In the wine of a poisoned cup!"

Comrade, thy hand in mine!
Pledge me in our last wine,
While all is dark on the brine.
My friend, I reck not now
If the wild night-wind should blow
Our bark beyond the poles: —
To drift thro' fire or snow,
Out of reach of all we know —
Cold heart, and narrow brow,
Smooth faces, sordid souls!
Lost, like some pale crew
From Ophir, in golden galleys,
On a witch's island! who
Wander the Tamarisk alleys,
Where the heaven is blue,
And the ocean too,
That murmurs among the valleys

"Perisht with all on board!"
So runs the vagrant fame —
Thy wife weds another lord,
My children forget my name,
While we count new stars by night.
Each wanders out of sight
Till the beard on his chin grows white
And scant grow the curls on his head.
One paces the placid hours
In dim enchanted bowers,
By a soft-eyed Panther led
To a magical milk-white bed
Of deep, pale poison-flowers.
With ruin'd Gods one dwells,
In caverns among the fells,
Where, with desolate arms outspread,
A single tree stands dead,
Smitten by savage spells,
And striking a silent dread
From its black and blighted head
Thro' the horrible, hopeless, sultry dells
Of Elephanta, the Red.

BOOK II.

IN FRANCE.

"PRENSUS IN ÆGÆO."

THIS toil must help us to forget.
In strife, they say, grief finds repose.
Well, there's the game! I throw the stakes:—
A life of war, a world of foes,
A heart that triumphs while it breaks.
Some day I too, perchance, may lose
This shade which memory o'er me throws,
And laugh as others laugh (who knows?)
But ah, 'twill not be yet!

How many years since she and I
Walk'd that old terrace, hand-in-hand!
Just one star in the rosy sky,
And silence on the summer land.
And she? . . . . . .
I think I hear her sing
That song — the last of all our songs.
How all comes back! — thing after thing,
The old life o'er me throngs!

But I must to the palace go;
The ambassador's to-morrow:
Here's little time for thought, I know,
And little more for sorrow.

Already in the *porte-cochère*
The carriage sounds . . . my hat and gloves!
I hear my friend's foot on the stair,—
How joyously it moves!
He must have done some wicked thing
To make him tread so light:
Or is it only that the king
Admired his wife last night?
We talk of nations by the way,
And praise the Nuncio's manners,
And end with something fine to say
About the "allied banners."
'Tis well to mix with all conditions
Of men in every station:
I sup to-morrow with musicians,
Upon the invitation
Of my clever friend, the journalist,
Who writes the reading plays
Which no one reads; a socialist
Most social in his ways.
But I am sick of all the din
That's made in praising Verdi,
Who only know a violin
Is not a hurdy-gurdy.

Here oft, while on a nerveless hand
An aching brow reclining,
Thro' this tall window where I stand,
I see the great town shining.
Hard by, the restless Boulevart roars,
Heard all the night thro', even in dreaming:
While from its hundred open doors
The many-headed Life is streaming.
Upon the world's wide thoroughfares
My lot is cast. So be it!
Each on his back his burthen bears,
And feels, though he may not see it.
My life is not more hard than theirs
Who toil on either side:

They cry for quiet in their prayers,
And it is still denied.

But sometimes, when I stand alone,
Life pauses — now and then:
And in the distance dies the moan
Of miserable men.
As in a dream (how strange!) I seem
To be lapsing, slowly, slowly,
From noise and strife, to a stiller life,
Where all is husht and holy.

Ah, love! our way's in a stranger land.
We may not rest together.
For an Angel takes me by the hand,
And leads me . . . . whither? whither?

À L'ENTRESOL.

One circle of all its golden hours
The flitting hand of the Time-piece there,
In its close white bower of china flowers,
Hath rounded unaware:

While the firelight, flung from the flickering wall
On the large and limpid mirror behind,
Hath redden'd and darken'd down o'er all,
As the fire itself declined.

Something of pleasure, and something of pain
There lived in that sinking light. What is it?
Faces I never shall look at again,
In places you never will visit,

Reveal'd themselves in each faltering ember,
While, under a palely-wavering flame,

Half of the years life aches to remember
Reappear'd, and died as they came.

To its dark Forever an hour hath gone
Since either you or I have spoken:
Each of us might have been sitting alone
In a silence so unbroken.

I never shall know what made me look up
(In this cushion'd chair so soft and deep,
By the table where, over the empty cup,
I was leaning, half asleep)

To catch a gleam on the picture up there
Of the saint in the wilderness under the oak;
And a light on the brow of the bronze Voltaire,
Like the ghost of a cynical joke.

To mark, in each violet, velvet fold
Of the curtains that fall 'twixt room and room,
The dip and dance of the manifold
Shadows of rosy gloom.

O'er the Rembrandt there — the Caracci here —
Flutter warmly the ruddy and wavering hues;
And St. Anthony over his book has a leer
At the little French beauty by Greuze.

There — the Leda, weigh'd over her white swan's back,
By the weight of her passionate kiss, ere it falls;
O'er the ebony cabinet, glittering black
Thro' its ivory cups and balls:

Your scissors and thimble, and work laid away,
With its silks, in the scented rosewood box;
The journals, that tell truth every day,
And that novel of Paul de Kock's;

The flowers in the vase, with their bells shut close
In a dream of the far green fields where they grew;
The cards of the visiting people and shows
In that bowl with the sea-green hue.

Your shawl, with a queenly droop of its own,
Hanging over the arm of the crimson chair.
And, last — yourself, as silent as stone,
In a glow of the firelight there!

I thought you were reading all this time.
And was it some wonderful page of your book
Telling of love, with its glory and crime,
That has left you that sorrowful look?

For a tear from those dark, deep, humid orbs
'Neath their lashes, so long, and soft, and sleek,
All the light in your lustrous eyes absorbs,
As it trembles over your cheek.

Were you thinking how we, sitting side by side,
Might be dreaming miles and miles apart?
Or if lips could meet over a gulf so wide
As separates heart from heart?

Ah, well! when time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell.
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.
Let us kiss and break the spell!

Come, arm in arm, to the window here;
Draw by the thick curtain, and see how, to-night,
In the clear and frosty atmosphere,
The lamps are burning bright.

All night, and forever, in yon great town,
The heaving Boulevart flares and roars;
And the streaming Life, flows up and down
From its hundred open doors.

It is scarcely so cold, but I and you,
With never a friend to find us out,
May stare at the shops for a moment or two,
And wander awhile about.

For when in the crowd we have taken our place,
(—Just two more lives to the mighty street there!)
Knowing no single form or face
Of the men and women we meet there,—

Knowing, and known of, none in the whole
Of that crowd all round, but our two selves only,
We shall grow nearer, soul to soul,
Until we feel less lonely.

Here are your bonnet and gloves, dear. There—
How stately you look in that long rich shawl!
Put back your beautiful golden hair,
That never a curl may fall.

Stand in the firelight . . . so, . . . as you were—
Oh my heart, how fearfully like her she seem'd!
Hide me up from my own despair,
And the ghost of a dream I dream'd!

TERRA INCOGNITA.

How sweet it is to sit beside her,
When the hour brings nought that's better!

All day in my thoughts to hide her,
And, with fancies free from fetter,
Half remember, half forget her.
Just to find her out by times
In my mind, among sweet fancies
Laid away:
In the fall of mournful rhymes;
In a dream of distant climes;
In the sights a lonely man sees
At the dropping of the day;
Grave or gay.
As a maiden sometimes locks
With old letters, whose contents
Tears have faded,
In an old worm-eaten box,
Some sweet packet of faint scents,
Silken-braided;
And forgets it:
Careless, so I hide
In my life her love, —
Fancies on each side,
Memories heap'd above: —
There it lies, unspied:
Nothing frets it.
On a sudden, when
Deed, or word, or glance,
Brings me back again
To the old romance,
With what rapture then, —
When, in its completeness,
Once my heart hath found it,
By each sense detected,
Steals on me the sweetness
Of the air around it,
Where it lies neglected!
Shall I break the charm of this
In a single minute?
For some chance with fuller bliss
Proffer'd in it?

Secrets unseal'd by a kiss,
Could I win it!
'Tis so sweet to linger near her,
Idly so!
Never reckoning, while I hear her
Whispering low,
If each whisper will make clearer
Bliss or woe;
Never roused to hope or fear her
Yes or No!
What if, seeking something more
Than before,
All that's given I displace —
Calm and grace —
Nothing ever can restore,
As of yore,
That old quiet face!
Quiet skies in quiet lakes,
No wind wakes,
All their beauty double:
But a single pebble breaks
Lake and sky to trouble;
Then dissolves the foam it makes
In a bubble.
With the pebble in my hand,
Here, upon the brink, I stand;
Meanwhile, standing on the brink,
Let me think!
Not for her sake, but for mine,
Let those eyes unquestion'd shine,
Half divine:
Let no hand disturb the rare
Smoothness of that lustrous hair
Anywhere:
Let that white breast never break
Its calm motion — sleep or wake —
For my sake.
Not for her sake, but for mine,
All I might have, I resign.

Should I glow
To the hue — the fragrance fine —
The mere first sight of the wine,
If I drain'd the goblet low?
Who can know?
With her beauty like the snow,
Let her go! Shall I repine
That no idle breath of mine
Melts it? No! 'Tis better so.
All the same, as she came,
With her beauty like the snow,
Cold, unspotted, let her go!

A REMEMBRANCE.

'Twas eve and May when last, thro' tears,
Thine eyes sought mine, thy hand my hand.
The night came down her silent spheres,
And up the silent land.

In silence, too, my thoughts were furl'd,
Like ring-doves in the dreaming grove.
Who would not lightly lose the world
To keep such love?

But many Mays, with all their flowers,
Are faded since that blissful time —
The last of all my happy hours
I' the golden clime!

By hands not thine these wreaths were curl'd
That hide the care my brows above:
And I have almost gain'd the world,
But lost that love.

As tho' for some serene dead brow,
These wreaths for me I let them twine.

I hear the voice of praise, and know
It is not thine.

How many long and lonely days
I strove with life thy love to gain!
I know my work was worth thy praise;
But all was vain.

Vain Passion's fire, vain Music's art!
For who from thorns grape-bunches gathers?
What depth is in the shallow heart?
What weight in feathers?

As drops the blossom, ere the growth
Of fruit, on some autumnal tree,
I drop from my changed life, its youth
And joy in thee:

And look beyond, and o'er thee, — right
To some sublimer end than lies
Within the compass of the sight
Of thy cold eyes.

With thine my soul hath ceased its strife.
Thy part is fill'd; thy work is done;
Thy falsehood buried in my life,
And known to none.

Yet still will golden memories frame
Thy broken image in my heart,
And love for what thou wast shut blame
From what thou art.

In Life's long galleries, haunting-eyed,
Thy pictured face no change shall show;
Like some dead Queen's who lived and died
An age ago!

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings:
Thro' the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid:
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans, — the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Thro' her crimson lips, stirr'd by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans, — where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops — from under warm fringes of broidery white
The slightest of feet — silken-slippered, protrude,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With HERSELF: and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtain'd, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,

When the dark day's half done, and the snow
flutters white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold, — 'neath the low leaden
sky!.
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the
gend'arme
Stalks surly: a distant carriage hums by: —
All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of
court,
How the courtezan pushes: the charlatan
thrives:
We put horns on the heads of our friends, just
for sport:
Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrill'd
mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they
say, —
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favourite play.

But she drives after noon: — then's the time to
behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping
rose,
'Neath that veil, — o'er the velvets and furs
which enfold her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose, —

As she glides up the sunlight! . . . You'd say she
was made
To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be woo'd for a while.

Could we find out her heart thro' that velvet and
lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous
dress? [face;
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the
world —
(— Live with sorrow and sin, — live with pain
and with passion, —)
Who could live with a doll, tho' its locks should
be curl'd,
And its petticoats trimm'd in the fashion?

'Tis so fair! . . would my bite, if I bit it, draw
blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this?

THE NOVEL.

"HERE, I have a book at last —
Sure," I thought, "to make you weep!"
But a careless glance you cast
O'er its pages, half asleep.

'Tis a novel, — a romance,
(What you will) of youth, of home,
And of brilliant days in France,
And long moonlit nights in Rome.

'Tis a tale of tears and sins,
Of love's glory and its gloom;
In a ball-room it begins,
And it ends beside a tomb;

There's a little heroine too,
Whom each chapter leaves more pale;
And her eyes are dark and blue
Like the violet of the vale;

And her hand is frail and fair;
Could you but have seen it lie
O'er the convent deathbed, where
Wept the Nuns to watch her die,

You, I think, had wept as well;
For the patience in her face,
(Where the dying sunbeam fell)
Had such strange heart-breaking grace.

There's a lover, eager, bold,
Knocking at the convent gate:
But that little hand grows cold;
And the lover knocks too late.

There's a high-born lady stands
At a golden mirror, pale;
Something makes her jewell'd hands
Tremble, as she hears the tale

Which her maid (while weaving roses
For the ball, thro' her dark hair)
Mix'd with other news, discloses.
Oh, to-night she will look fair!

There's an old man, feeble-handed,
Counting gold . . . "My son shall wed
With the Princess, as I plann'd it,
Now that little girl is dead."

There's a young man, sullen, husht,
By remorse and grief unmann'd,
With a wither'd primrose crusht
In his hot and feverish hand.

There's a broken-hearted woman,
Haggard, desolate, and wild,
Says . . . "The world hath grown inhuman!
Bury me beside my child."

And the little God of this world
Hears them, laughing in his sleeve.
He is master still in his world,
There's another, we believe.

Of this history every part
You have seen, yet did not heed it;
For 'tis written in my heart,
And you have not learn'd to read it.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there; —
And she look'd like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore:
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow:
And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Look'd grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betroth'd and I·
My gaze was fix'd on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest, and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Thro' a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather:

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain.

And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again:

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast:
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest:
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd, and look'd. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here: and she was there:
And the glittering horseshoe curved between:—
From my bride-betroth'd, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien.

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short from the Future back to the Past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
travers'd the passage; and down at her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say.
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,

If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmin flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice ran out from the donjon tower
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

PROGRESS.

When Liberty lives loud on every lip,
But Freedom moans,
Trampled by Nations whose faint footfalls slip
Round bloody thrones;
When, here and there, in dungeon and in thrall,
Or exile pale,
Like torches dying at a funeral,
Brave natures fail;
When Truth, the arm'd archangel, stretches wide
God's tromp in vain,
And the world, drowsing, turns upon its side
To drowse again;
O Man, whose course hath call'd itself sublime
Since it began,
What art thou in such dying age of time,
As man to man?

When Love's last wrong hath been forgotten coldly,
As First Love's face:
And, like a rat that comes to wanton boldly
In some lone place,
Once festal, — in the realm of light and laughter
Grim Doubt appears;

Whilst weird Suggestions from Death's vague Hereafter,
O'er ruin'd years,
Creep, dark and darker, with new dread to mutter
Thro' Life's long shade,
Yet make no more in the chill breast the flutter
Which once they made:
Whether it be, — that all doth at the grave
Round to its term,
That nothing lives in that last darkness, save
The little worm,
Or whether the tired spirit prolong its course
Thro' realms unseen, —
Secure, that unknown world cannot be worse
Than this hath been;
Then when thro' Thought's gold chain, so frail and slender,
No link will meet;
When all the broken harps of Language render
No sound that's sweet;
When, like torn books, sad days weigh down each other
I' the dusty shelf;
O Man, what art thou, O my friend, my brother,
Even to thyself?

THE PORTRAIT.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;

And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confess'd her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said "the staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there, my heart hath bled:
For each pearl, my eyes have wept."

And I said—"the thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away"

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creak'd for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet.
There, stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretch'd my hand, I held my breath;
I turn'd as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart,

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warm'd that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
Look'd first at me, and then at the dead.
There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groan'd, "you lie!"
He answer'd . . . "let us see."

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead decide:
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We open'd it, by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was — neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confess'd her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ASTARTE.

When the latest strife is lost, and all is done with,
Ere we slumber in the spirit and the brain,
We drowse back, in dreams, to days that life begun with,
And their tender light returns to us again.

I have cast away the tangle and the torment
Of the cords that bound my life up in a mesh:

And the pulse begins to throb that long lay dormant
'Neath their pressure; and the old wounds bleed afresh.

I am touch'd again with shades of early sadness,
Like the summer-cloud's light shadow in my hair:
I am thrill'd again with breaths of boyish gladness,
Like the scent of some last primrose on the air.

And again she comes, with all her silent graces,
The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossest:
And her cold face so unlike the other faces
Of the women whose dead lips I since have prest.

The motion and the fragrance of her garments
Seem about me, all the day long, in the room:
And her face, with its bewildering old endearments
Comes at night, between the curtains, in the gloom.

When vain dreams are stirr'd with sighing, near the morning,
To my own her phantom lips I feel approach:
And her smile, at eve, breaks o'er me without warning
From its speechless, pale, perpetual reproach.

When Life's dawning glimmer yet had all the tint there
Of the orient, in the freshness of the grass,
(Ah what feet since then have trodden out the print there!)
Did her soft, her silent footsteps fall, and pass.

They fell lightly, as the dew falls, 'mid ungather'd
Meadow-flowers; and lightly linger'd with the dew.

But the dew is gone, the grass is dried and wither'd,
And the traces of those steps have faded too.

Other footsteps fall about me — faint, uncertain,
In the shadow of the world, as it recedes:
Other forms peer thro' the half uplifted curtain
Of that mystery which hangs behind the creeds.

What is gone, is gone forever. And new fashions
May replace old forms which nothing can restore:
But I turn from sighing back departed passions
With that pining at the bosom as of yore.

I remember to have murmur'd, morn and even,
"Tho' the Earth dispart these Earthlies, face from face,
Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in Heaven,
For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space.

"Where it listeth, there it bloweth; all existence
Is its region; and it houseth, where it will.
I shall feel her thro' immeasurable distance,
And grow nearer and be gathered to her still.

"If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains."

But my being is confused with new experience,
And changed to something other than it was;
And the Future with the Past is set at variance;
And Life falters with the burthens which it has.

Earth's old sins press fast behind me, weakly wailing:
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done:
And my search for her may still be unavailing
'Mid the spirits that are pass'd beyond the sun.

AT HOME DURING THE BALL.

'Tis hard upon the dawn, and yet
She comes not from the Ball.
The night is cold, and bleak, and wet,
And the snow lies over all.

I praised her with her diamonds on:—
And, as she went, she smiled.
And yet I sigh'd, when she was gone,
Above our sleeping child.

And all night long, as soft and slow
As falls the falling rain,
The thoughts of days gone long ago
Have fill'd my heart again.

Once more I hear the Rhine rush down
(I hear it in my mind!)
Once more, about the sleeping town,
The lamps wink in the wind.

The narrow, silent street I pass:
The house stands o'er the river:
A light is at the casement-glass,
That leads my soul forever.

I feel my way along the gloom,
Stair after stair, I push the door:
I find no change within the room,
And all things as of yore.

One little room was all we had
For June and for December.
The world is wide, but oh how sad
It seems, when I remember!

The cage with the canary-bird
Hangs in the window still:
The small red rose-tree is not stirr'd
Upon the window-sill.

Wide open her piano stands;
— That song I made to ease
A passing pain while her soft hands
Went faintly o'er the keys!

The fire within the stove burns down;
The light is dying fast.
How dear is all it shines upon,
That firelight of the Past!

No sound! the drowsy Dutch-clock ticks.
Oh, how should I forget
The slender ebon crucifix,
That by her bed is set?

Her little bed is white as snow —
How dear that little bed!
Sweet dreams about the curtains go,
And whisper round her head.

That gentle head sleeps o'er her arm
— Sleeps all its soft brown hair:
And those dear clothes of hers, yet warm,
Droop open on the chair.

Yet warm the snowy petticoat!
The dainty corset too!
How warm the ribbon from her throat,
And warm each little shoe!

Lie soft, dear arm upon the pillow!
Sleep, foolish little head!
Ah, well she sleeps! I know the willow
That curtains her cold bed. —

Since last I trod that silent street
'Tis many a year ago:
And, if I there could set my feet
Once more, I do not know

If I should find it where it was,
That house upon the river:
But the light that lit the casement-glass
I know is dark forever.

Hark! wheels below, . . . my lady's knock!
— Farewell, the old romance! —
Well, dear, you're late — past four o'clock! —
How often did you dance?

Not cooler from the crowning waltz,
She takes my half the pillow. —
Well, — well! — the women free from faults
Have beds below the willow!

AT HOME AFTER THE BALL.

The clocks are calling Three
Across the silent floors.
The fire in the Library
Dies out; thro' the open doors
The red empty room you may see.

In the Nursery, up-stairs,
The child had gone to sleep,
Half-way 'twixt dreams and prayers,
When the Hall-door made him leap
To its thunders unawares.

Like love in a worldly breast,
Alone in my lady's chamber,

The lamp burns low, suppress't
'Mid satins of broider'd amber,
Where she stands, half undrest:

Her bosom all unlaced:
Her cheeks with a bright red spot:
Her long dark hair displaced,
Down streaming, heeded not,
From her white throat to her waist:

She stands up her full height,
With her ball dress slipping down her,
And her eyes as fix'd and bright
As the diamond stars that crown her —
An awful, beautiful sight.

Beautiful, yes . . . with her hair
So wild, and her cheeks so flusht!
Awful, yes . . . for there
In her beauty, she stands husht
By the pomp of her own despair!

And fixt there, without doubt,
Face to face with her own sorrow,
She will stand, till, from without,
The light of the neighbouring morrow
Creeps in, and finds her out.

With last night's music pealing
Youth's dirges in her ears:
With last night's lamps revealing,
In the charnels of old years,
The face of each dead feeling.

Ay, Madam, here alone
You may think, till your heart is broken,
Of the love that is dead and done,
Of the days that, with no token,
For evermore are gone. —

Weep if you can, beseech you!
  There's no one by to curb you:
Your child's cry cannot reach you:
  Your lord will not disturb you:
Weep!... what can weeping teach you?

Your tears are dead in you.
  "What harm, where all things change,"
You say, "if we change too?
  —— The old still sunny Grange!
Ah, that's far off i' the dew.

"Were those not pleasant hours,
  Ere I was what I am?
My garden of fresh flowers!
  My milk-white weanling lamb!
My bright laburnum bowers!

"The orchard walls so trim!
  The redbreast in the thorn!
The twilight soft and dim!
  The child's heart! eve and morn,
So rich with thoughts of *him!*"

Hush! your weanling lamb is dead:
  Your garden trodden over.
They have broken the farm shed:
  They have buried your first lover
With the grass above his head.

Has the Past, then, so much power,
  You dare take not from the shelf
That book with the dry flower,
  Lest it make you hang yourself
For being yourself for an hour?

Why can't you let thought be
  For even a little while?
There's nought in memory

Can bring you back the smile
Those lips have lost. Just see,

Here what a costly gem
To-night in your hair you wore—
Pearls on a diamond stem!
When sweet things are no more,
Better not think of them.

Are you saved by pangs that pain'd you
Is there comfort in all it cost you,
Before the world had gain'd you,
Before that God had lost you,
Or your soul had quite disdain'd you?

For your soul (and this is worst
To bear, as you well know)
Has been watching you, from first,
As sadly as God could do;
And yourself yourself have curst.

Talk of the flames of Hell!
We fuel ourselves, I conceive,
The fire the Fiend lights. Well,
Believe or disbelieve,
We know more than we tell!

Surely you need repose!
To-morrow again — the Ball.
And you must revive the rose
In your cheek, to bloom for all.
Not go? . . . why the whole world goes

To bed! to bed! 'Tis sad
To find that Fancy's wings
Have lost the hues they had.
In thinking of these things
Some women have gone mad.

AU CAFÉ * * *.

A PARTY of friends, all light-hearted and gay,
At a certain French café, where every one goes,
Are met, in a well-curtain'd warm *cabinet*,
Overlooking a street there, which every one knows.

The guests are, three ladies well known and admired:
One adorns the *Lyrique;* one . . . I oft have beheld her
At the *Vaudeville*, with raptures; the third lives retired
"*Dans ses meubles*" . . . (we all know her house) . . . Rue de Helder.

Besides these is a fourth . . . a young Englishman, lately
Presented the round of the clubs in the town
A taciturn Anglican coldness sedately
Invests him: unthaw'd by Clarisse, he sits down.

But little he speaks, and but rarely he shares
In the laughter around him; his smiles are but few;
There's a sneer in the look that his countenance wears
In repose; and fatigue in the eyes' weary blue.

The rest are three Frenchmen. Three Frenchmen (thank heaven!)
Are but rarely morose, with Champagne and Bordeaux:
And their wit, and their laughter, suffices to leaven
With mirth their mute guest's imitation of snow.

The dinner is done: the Lafitte in its basket,
The Champagne in its cooler, is pass'd in gay haste;
Whatever you wish for, you have but to ask it:
Here are coffee, cigars, and liqueurs to your taste.

And forth from the bottles the corks fly; and chilly,
The bright wine, in bubbling and blushing, confounds
Its warmth with the ice that it seethes round: and shrilly
(Till stifled by kisses) the laughter resounds.

Strike, strike the Piano, beat loud at the wall!
Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy groan
Next door, while fair Chloris responds to the call,
Too fair to be supping with Lycus alone! *

Clarisse, with a smile, has subsided, opprest, —
Half, perhaps, by Champagne . . . half, perhaps, by affection, —
In the arms of the taciturn, cold, English guest,
With, just rising athwart her imperial complexion,

One tinge that young Evian himself might have kist
From the fairest of Mænads that danced in his troop;
And her deep hair, unloosed from its sumptuous twist,
Overshowering her throat and her bosom a-droop.

* "*Audeat invidus*
Dementem strepitum Lycus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco." — HORACE.

The soft snowy throat, and the round, dimpled chin,
Upturn'd from the arm-fold where hangs the rich head!
And the warm lips apart, while the white lids begin
To close over the dark languid eyes which they shade!

And next to Clarisse (with her wild hair all wet
From the wine, in whose blush its faint fire-fly gold
She was steeping just now), the blue-eyed Juliette
Is murmuring her witty bad things to Arnold.

Cries Arnold to the dumb English guest . . .
"*Mon ami*,
What's the matter? . . . you can't sing . . .
well, speak then, at least:
More grave, had a man seen a ghost, could he be?
Mais quel drôle de farceur! . . . comme il a le vin triste!"

And says Charles to Eugene (vainly seeking to borrow
Ideas from a yawn) . . . "At the club there are three of us
With the Duke, and we play lansquenet till to-morrow:
I am off on the spur . . . what say *you?* . . .
will you be of us?"

"*Mon enfant, tu me boudes — tu me boudes, cheri,*"
Sighs the soft Celestine on the breast of Eugene;
"*Ah bah! ne me fais pas poser, mon amie,*"
Laughs her lover, and lifts to his lips — the Champagne.

And loud from the bottles the corks fly; and chilly
The wine gurgles up to its fine crystal bounds.
While Charles rolls his paper cigars round, how shrilly
(Till kist out) the laughter of Juliette resounds!

Strike, strike the piano! beat loud at the wall!
Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy groan
Next door, while fair Chloris responds to the call,
Too fair to be supping with Lycus alone.

There is Celestine singing; and Eugene is swearing. —
In the midst of the laughter, the oaths, and the songs,
Falls a knock at the door: but there's nobody hearing:
Each, uninterrupted, the revel prolongs.

Said I . . . "nobody hearing?" . . . one only; — the guest,
The morose English stranger, so dull to the charms
Of Clarisse, and Juliette, Celestine, and the rest;
Who sits, cold as a stone, with a girl in his arms.

Once, twice, and three times, he has heard it repeated;
And louder, and fiercer, each time the sound falls.
And his cheek is death pale, 'mid the others so heated;
There's a step at the door, too, his fancy recalls.

And he rises . . . (just so, an automaton rises, —
Some man of mechanics made up, — that must move

In the way that the wheel moves within him;—
there lies his
Sole path fixt before him, below and above).

He rises . . . and, scarcely a glance casting on her,
Flings from him the beauty asleep on his shoulder;
Charles springs to his feet; Eugene mutters ot honor;
But there's that in the stranger that awes each beholder.

For the hue on his cheek, it is whiter than whiteness:
The hair creeps on his head like a strange living thing.
The lamp o'er the table has lost half its brightness;
Juliette cannot laugh; Celestine cannot sing.

He has open'd the door in a silence unbroken:
And the gaze of all eyes where he stands is fixt wholly:
Not a hand is there raised; not a word is there spoken:
He has open'd the door; . . . . and there comes thro' it slowly

A woman, as pale as a dame on a tombstone,
With desolate violet eyes, open wide;
Her look, as she turns it, turns all in the room stone:
She sits down on the sofa, the stranger beside.

Her hair it is yellow, as moonlight on water
Which stones in some eddy torment into waves;
Her lips are as red as new blood spilt in slaughter;
Her cheek like a ghost's seen by night o'er the graves.

Her place by the taciturn guest she has taken;
And the glass at her side she has fill'd with Champagne.
As she bows o'er the board, all the revellers awaken.
She has pledged her mute friend, and she fills up again.

Clarisse has awaked; and with shrieks leaves the table.
Juliette wakes, and faints in the arms of Arnold.
And Charles and Eugene, with what speed they are able,
Are off to the club, where this tale shall be told.

Celestine for her brougham, on the stairs, was appealing,
With hysterical sobs, to the surly *concierge*,
When a ray thro' the doorway stole to her, revealing
A sight that soon changed her appeal to "*La vierge.*"

All the light-hearted friends from the chamber are fled:
And the café itself has grown silent by this.
From the dark street below, you can scarce hear a tread,
Save the Gendarme's, who reigns there as gloomy as Dis.

The shadow of night is beginning to flit:
Thro' the gray window shimmers the motionless town.
The ghost and the stranger together they sit
Side by side at the table — the place is their own.

They nod and change glances, that pale man and woman;
For they both are well known to each other: and then,
Some ghosts have a look that's so horribly human;
In the street you might meet them, and take them for men.

"Thou art changed, my belov'd! and the lines have grown stronger,
And the curls have grown scanter, that meet on thy brow.
Ah faithless! and dost thou remember no longer
The hour of our passion, the words of thy vow?

"Thy kiss, on my lips it is burning forever!
I cannot sleep calm, for my bed is so cold.
Embrace me! close . . . closer . . . O let us part never,
And let all be again as it once was of old!"

So she murmurs repiningly ever. Her breath
Lifts his hair like a nightwind in winter. And he . . .
"Thy hand, O Irene, is icy as death,
But thy face is unchanged in its beauty to me."

"'Tis so cold, my beloved one, down there, and so drear."
"Ah, thy sweet voice, Irene, sounds hollow and strange!"
'Tis the chills of the grave that have changed it, I fear:
But the voice of my heart there's no chill that can change."

"Ha! thy pale cheek is flusht with a heat like my own.
Is it breath, is it flame, on thy lips that is burning?

Ha! thy heart flutters wild, as of old, 'neath thy zone.
And those cold eyes of thine fill with passionate yearning."

Thus, embracing each other, they bend and they waver,
And, laughing and weeping, converse. The pale ghost,
As the wine warms the grave-worm within her, grown braver,
Fills her glass to the brim, and proposes a toast.

"Here's a health to the glow-worm, Death's sober lamplighter,
That saves from the darkness below the grave-stone
The tomb's pallid pictures . . . the sadder the brighter;
Shapes of beauty each stony-eyed corpse there hath known:

"Mere rough sketches of life, where a glimpse goes for all,
Which the Master keeps (all the rest let the world have!)
But tho' only rough-scrawl'd on the blank charnel wall,
Is their truth the less sharp, that 'tis sheath'd in the grave?

"Here's to Love . . . the prime passion . . . the harp that we sung to
In the orient of youth, in the days pure of pain;
The cup that we quaff'd in: the stirrup we sprung to,
So light, ere the journey was made, — and in vain!

"O the life that we lived once! the beauty so
fair once!
Let them go! wherefore weep for what tears
could not save?
What old trick sets us aping the fools that we
were once,
And tickles our brains even under the grave?

"There's a small stinging worm which the grave
ever breeds
From the folds of the shroud that around us is
spread:
There's a little blind maggot that revels and feeds
On the life of the living, the sleep of the
dead.

"To our friends!..." But the full flood of
dawn thro' the pane,
Having slowly roll'd down the huge street
there unheard,
(While the great, new, blue sky, o'er the white
Madelaine
Was wide opening itself) from her lip wash'd
the word;

Wash'd her face faint and fainter; while, dimmer
and dimmer,
In its seat, the pale form flicker'd out like a
flame,
As broader, and brighter, and fuller, the glimmer
Of day thro' the heat-clouded window became

And the day mounts apace. Some one opens the
door.
In shuffles a waiter with sleepy red eyes:
He stares at the cushions flung loose on the
floor,
On the bottles, the glasses, the plates, with sur-
prise.

Stranger still! he sees seated a man at the table,
With his head on his hands: in a slumber he seems,
So wild, and so strange, he no longer is able
In silence to thrid thro' the path of his dreams.

For he moans, and he mutters: he moves and he motions:
To the dream that he dreams o'er his wine-cup he pledges.
And his sighs sound, thro' sleep, like spent winds over ocean's
Last verge, where the world hides its outermost edges.

The gas-lamp falls sick in the tube: and so, dying,
To the fumes of spilt wine, and cigars but half-smoked,
Adds the stench of its last gasp: chairs broken are lying
All about o'er the carpet stain'd, litter'd, and soak'd.

A touch starts the sleeper. He wakes. It is day.
And the beam that dispels all the phantoms of night
Thro' the room sends its kindly and comforting ray:
The streets are new-peopled: the morning is bright.

And the city's so fair! and the dawn breaks so brightly!
With gay flowers in the market, gay girls in the street.
Whate'er the strange beings that visit us nightly,
When Paris awakes, from her smile they retreat.

I myself have, at morning, beheld them departing;
Some in masks, and in dominos, footing it on;
Some like imps, some like fairies; at cockcrow all starting,
And speedily flitting from sight one by one.

And that wonderful night-flower, Memory, that, tearful,
Unbosoms to darkness her heart full of dew,
Folds her leaves round again, and from day shrinks up fearful
In the cleft of her ruin, the shade of her yew.

This broad daylight life's strange enough: and wherever
We wander, or walk; in the club, in the streets;
Not a straw on the ground is too trivial to sever
Each man in the crowd from the others he meets.

Each walks with a spy or a jailer behind him;
(Some word he has spoken, some deed he has done;)
And the step, now and then, quickens, just to remind him,
In the crowd, in the sun, that he is not alone.

But 'tis hard, when by lamplight, 'mid laughter and songs too,
Those return, . . . we have buried, and mourn'd for, and pray'd for,
And done with . . . and, free of the grave it belongs to,
Some ghost drinks your health in the wine you have paid for.

Wreathe the rose, O Young Man; pour the wine. What thou hast

That enjoy all the days of thy youth. Spare
thou nought.
Yet beware! . . . at the board sits a ghost — 'tis
the Past;
In thy heart lurks a weird Necromancer — the
Thought.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Disperst is all its chivalry;
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd, —
What is it we have won?
This, this at least — if this alone; —
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)

Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

SONG.

If Sorrow have taught me anything,
She hath taught me to weep for you;
And if Falsehood have left me a tear to shed
For Truth, these tears are true.
If the one star left by the morning
Be dear to the dying night,
If the late lone rose of October
Be sweetest to scent and sight,
If the last of the leaves in December
Be dear to the desolate tree,
Remember, belov'd, O remember
How dear is your beauty to me!

And more dear than the gold, is the silver
Grief hath sown in that hair's young gold:
And lovelier than youth, is the language
Of the thoughts that have made youth old;
We must love, and unlove, and forget, dear —
Fashion and shatter the spell
Of how many a love in a life, dear —
Ere life learns to love once and love well.
Then what matter it, yesterday's sorrow?
Since I have outlived it — see!
And what matter the cares of to-morrow,
Since you, dear, will share them with me?

To love it is hard, and 'tis harder
Perchance to be loved again:
But you'll love me, I know, now I love you. —

The shame, but not the bliss, where'er thou goest,
Will haunt thee yet: to me no shame thou hast:
To me alone, what now thou art, thou knowest
By what thou wast.

What other hand will help thy heart to swell
To raptures mine first taught it how to feel?
Or from the unchorded harp and vacant shell
New notes reveal?

Ah, by my dark and sullen nature nurst,
And rock'd by passion on this stormy heart,
Be mine the last, as thou wert mine the first!
We dare not part!

At best a fallen Angel to mankind,
To me be still the seraph I have dared
To show my hell to, and whose love resigned
Its pain hath shared.

If, faring on together, I have fed
Thy lips on poisons, they were sweet at least
Nor couldst thou thrive where holier Love hath spread
His simpler feast.

Change would be death. Could severance from my side
Bring thee repose, I would not bid thee stay.
My love should meet, as calmly as my pride,
That parting day.

It may not be: for thou couldst not forget me —
Not that my own is more than other natures,
But that 'tis different: and thou wouldst regret me
'Mid purer creatures.

Despite the blemisht beauty of thy brow,
Thou wouldst be lovely, couldst thou love again;
For Love renews the Beautiful: but thou
Hast only pain.

How wilt thou bear from pity to implore
What once those eyes from rapture could command?
How wilt thou stretch — who wast a Queen of yore —
A suppliant's hand?

Even were thy heart content from love to ask
No more than needs to keep it from the chill,
Hast thou the strength to recommence the task
Of pardoning still?

Wilt thou to one, exacting all that I
Have lost the right to ask for, still extend
Forgiveness on forgiveness, with that sigh
That dreads the end?

Ah, if thy heart can pardon yet, why yet
Should not its latest pardon be for me?
For who will bend, the boon he seeks to get,
On lowlier knee?

Where wilt thou find the unworthier heart than mine,
That it may be more grateful, or more lowly?
To whom else, pardoning much, become divine
By pardoning wholly?

Hath not thy forehead paled beneath my kiss?
And thro' thy life have I not writ my name?
Hath not my soul signed thine? . . . I gave thee bliss,
If I gave shame:

What I seek I am patient to gain.
To the tears I have shed, and regret not,
What matter a few more tears?
Or a few days' waiting longer,
To one that has waited for years?
Hush! lay your head on my breast, there.
Not a word! . . . while I weep for your sake,
Sleep, and forget me, and rest there:
My heart will wait warm till you wake.
For — if Sorrow have taught me anything
She hath taught me to weep for you;
And if Falsehood have left me a tear to shed
For Truth, these tears are true!

THE LAST REMONSTRANCE.

YES! I am worse than thou did once believe me.
Worse than thou deem'st me now I cannot be —
But say "the Fiend's no blacker," . . . canst thou leave me?
Where wilt thou flee?

Where wilt thou bear the relics of the days
Squander'd round this dethronéd love of thine?
Hast thou the silver and the gold to raise
A new God's shrine?

Thy cheek hath lost its roundness and its bloom
Who will forgive those signs where tears have fed
On thy once lustrous eyes, — save *he* for whom
Those tears were shed?

Know I not every grief whose course hath sown
Lines on thy brow, and silver in thy hair?
Will new love learn the language, mine alone
Hath graven there?

Then, if love's first ideal now grows wan,
And thou wilt love again,—again love me,
For what I am:—no hero, but a man
Still loving thee.

SORCERY.

TO ———.

You're a milk-white Panther.
I'm a Genius of the air.
You're a Princess once enchanted;
That is why you seem so fair.

For a crime untold, unwritten,
That was done an age ago,
I have lost my wings, and wander
In the wilderness below.

In a dream too long indulged,
In a Palace by the sea,
You were changed to what you are
By a mutter'd sorcery.

Your name came on my lips
When I first look'd in your eyes:
At my feet you fawn'd, you knew me
In despite of all disguise.

The black Elephants of Delhi
Are the wisest of their kind,
And the Libbards of Soumatra
Are full of eyes behind:

But they guess'd not, they divined not,
They believed me of the earth,

When I walk'd among them, mourning
For the region of my birth.

Till I found you in the moonlight.
Then at once I knew it all.
You were sleeping in the sand here,
But you waken'd to my call.

I knew why, in your slumber,
You were moaning piteously:
You heard a sound of harping
From a Palace by the sea.

Thro' the wilderness together
We must wander everywhere,
Till we find the magic berry
That shall make us what we were.

'Tis a berry sweet and bitter,
I have heard; there is but one;
On a tall tree, by a fountain,
In the desert all alone.

When at last 'tis found and eaten,
We shall both be what we were;—
You, a Princess of the water,
I, a Genius of the air.

See! the Occident is flaring
Far behind us in the skies,
And our shadows float before us.
Night is coming forth. Arise!

ADIEU, MIGNONNE, MA BELLE.

Adieu, Mignonne, ma belle . . . when you are gone,
Vague thoughts of you will wander, searching love [nonne,
Thro' this dim heart: thro' this dim room, Mig-
Vague fragrance from your hair and dress will move.

How will you think of this poor heart to-morrow,
This poor fond heart with all its joy in you?
Which you were fain to lean on, once, in sorrow,
Though now you bid it such a light adieu.

You'll sing perchance . . . "I pass'd a night of dreams
Once, in an old Inn's old worm-eaten bed,
Passing on life's highway. How strange it seems,
That never more I there shall lean my head!"

Adieu, Mignonne, adieu Mignonne, ma belle!
Ah little witch, our greeting was so gay,
Our love so painless, who'd have thought "Farewell"
Could ever be so sad a word to say?

I leave a thousand fond farewells with you:
Some for your red wet lips, which were so sweet:
Some for your darling eyes, so dear, so blue:
Some for your wicked, wanton little feet:

But for your little heart, not yet awake, —
What can I leave your little heart, Mignonne?
It seems so fast asleep, I fear to break
The poor thing's slumber. Let it still sleep on!

TO MIGNONNE.

At morning, from the sunlight
I shall miss your sunny face,
Leaning, laughing, on my shoulder
With its careless infant grace;
And your hand there,

With its rosy, inside colour,
And the sparkle of its rings;
And your soul from this old chamber
Miss'd in fifty little things,
When I stand there.

And the roses in the garden
Droop stupid all the day,—
Red, thirsty mouths wide open,
With not a word to say!
Their last meaning

Is all faded, like a fragrance,
From the languishing late flowers,
With your feet, your slow white movements,
And your face, in silent hours,
O'er them leaning.

And, in long, cool summer evenings,
I shall never see you, drest
In those pale violet colours
Which suit your sweet face best.
Here's your glove, child,

Soil'd and empty, as you left it,
Yet your hand's warmth seems to stay
In it still, as tho' this moment
You had drawn your hand away:
Like your love, child,

Which still stays about my fancy.
See this little, silken boot. —
What a plaything! was there ever
Such a slight and slender foot?
Is it strange now

How that, when your lips are nearest
To the lips they feed upon
For a summer time, till bees sleep,
On a sudden you are gone?
What new change now

Sets you sighing . . . eyes uplifted
To the starry night above? . . .
"God is great . . . the soul's immortal . . .
Must we die, tho'? . . . Do you love?
One kiss more, then:

"Life might end now!" . . . And next moment
With those wicked little feet,
You have vanish'd, — like a Fairy
From a fountain in the heat,
And all's o'er, then.

Well, no matter! . . . hearts are breaking
Every day, but not for you,
Little wanton, ever making
Chains of rose, to break them thro'.
I would mourn you,

But your red smile was too warm, Sweet,
And your little heart too cold,
And your blue eyes too blue merely,
For a strong, sad man to scold,
Weep, or scorn, you.

For that smile's soft, transient sunshine
At my hearth, when it was chill,
I shall never do your name wrong,

But think kindly of you still;
And each moment

Of your pretty infant angers,
(Who could help but smile at . . . when
Those small feet would stamp our love out?)
Why, I pass them now, as then,
Without comment.

Only, here, when I am searching
For the book I cannot find,
I must sometimes pass your boudoir,
Howsoever disinclined;
And must meet there

The gold bird-cage in the window,
Where no bird is singing now;
The small sofa, and the footstool,
Where I miss . . . I know not how . . .
Your young feet there,

Silken-soft in each quaint slipper;
And the jewell'd writing-case,
Where you never more will write now;
And the vision of your face,
Just turn'd to me: —

I would save this, if I could, child,
But that's all. . . . September's here!
I must write a book: read twenty:
Learn a language . . . what's to fear?
Who grows gloomy

Being free to work, as I am?
Yet these autumn nights are cold.
How I wonder how you'll pass them!
Ah, . . . could all be as of old!
But 'tis best so.

All good things must go for better,
As the primrose for the rose.
Is love free? why so is life, too!
Holds the grave fast? . . . I suppose
Things must rest so.

COMPENSATION.

When the days are silent all
Till the drear light falls;
And the nights pass with the pall
Of Love's funerals;
When the heart is weigh'd with years;
And the eyes too weak for tears;
And life like death appears;

Is it nought, O soul of mine,
To hear i' the windy track
A voice with a song divine
Calling thy footsteps back
To the land thou lovest best,
Toward the Garden in the West
Where thou hast once been blest?

Is it nought, O aching brow,
To feel in the dark hour,
Which came, tho' call'd, so slow,
And, tho' loath'd, yet lingers slower,
A hand upon thy pain,
Lovingly laid again,
Smoothing the ruffled brain?

O love, my own and only!
The seraphs shall not see
By my looks that life was lonely;
But that 'twas blest by thee.
[illegible] have been more long,

Few have more rapture known,
Than mine and thine, my own!

When the lamp burns dim and dimmer;
And the curtain close is drawn;
And the twilight seems to glimmer
With a supernatural dawn;
And the Genius at the door
Turns the torch down to the floor,
Till the world is seen no more;

In the doubt, the dark, the fear,
'Mid the spirits come to take thee,
Shall mine to thine be near,
And my kiss the first to wake thee.
Meanwhile, in life's December,
On the wind that strews the ember,
Shall a voice still moan . . . "Remember!"

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETER RONSARD.

"*VOICI LE BOIS QUE MA SAINCTE ANGELETTE.*"

HERE is the wood that freshen'd to her song;
See here, the flowers that keep her foot-prints yet;
Where, all alone, my saintly Angelette
Went wandering, with her maiden thoughts, along.

Here is the little rivulet where she stopp'd;
And here the greenness of the grass shows where
She lingered thro' it searching here and there
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropp'd

Here did she sing, and here she wept, and here
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear

Those faint half-words with which my thoughts
are rife;

Here did she sit; here, childlike, did she dance,
To some vague impulse of her own romance —
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts, winds out my
life!

"*CACHE POUR CETTE NUICT.*"

Hide, for a night, thy horn, good Moon! Fair
fortune
For this shall keep Endymion ever prest
Deep-dreaming, amorous, on thine argent
breast,
Nor ever shall enchanter thee importune.

Hateful to me the day; most sweet the night!
I fear the myriad meddling eyes of day;
But courage comes with night. Close, close, I
pray,
Your curtains, dear dark skies, on my delight!

Thou too, thou Moon, thou too hast felt love's
power!
Pan, with a white fleece, won thee for an hour;
And you, sidereal Signs in yonder blue,

Favour the fire to which my heart is moved.
Forget not, Signs, the greater part of you
Was only set in heaven for having loved!

"*PAGE SUY MOY.*"

Follow, my Page, where the green grass em
bosoms
The enamell'd Season's freshest-fallen dew;

Then home, and my still house with handfuls
strew
Of frail-lived April's newliest nurtured blossoms.

Take from the wall now, my song-tunéd Lyre;
Here will I sit and charm out the sweet pain
Of a dark eye whose light hath burn'd my brain,
The unloving loveliness of my desire!

And here my ink, and here my papers, place:—
A hundred leaves of white, whereon to trace
A hundred words of desultory woe—

Words which shall last, like graven diamonds,
sure;—
That, some day hence, a future race may know
And ponder on the pain which I endure.

"*LES ESPICES SONT A CERES.*"

Ceres hath her harvest sweet:
Chlora's is the young green grass:
Woods for Fawns with cloven feet:
His green laurel Phœbus has:
Minerva has her Olive-tree:
And the Pine's for Cybele.

Sweet sounds are for Zephyr's wings:
Sweet fruit for Pomona's bosom:
For the Nymphs are crystal springs
And for Flora bud and blossom:
But sighs and tears, and sad ideas,
These alone are Cytherea's.

"*MA DOUCE JOUVENCE.*"

My sweet youth now is all done;
The strength and the beauty are gone.

The tooth now is black, and the head now is white,
And the nerves now are loosed: in the veins
Only water (not blood now) remains,
Where the pulse beat of old with delight.

Adieu, O my lyre, O adieu,
You sweet women, my lost loves, and you
Each dead passion! . . . The end creepeth nigher.
Not one pastime of youth has kept pace
With my age. Nought remains in their place
But the bed, and the cup, and the fire.

My head is confused with low fears,
And sickness, and too many years;
Some care in each corner I meet —
And, wherever I linger or go,
I turn back, and look after, to know
If the Death be still dogging my feet: --

Dogging me down the dark stair,
Which windeth, I cannot tell where,
To some Pluto that opens forever
His cave to all comers — Alas!
How easily down it all pass,
And return from it — never, ah never!

BOOK III.

IN ENGLAND.

THE ALOE.

A STRANGER sent from burning lands,
In realms where buzz and mutter yet
Old gods, with hundred heads and hands,
On jewell'd thrones of jet, —

(Old gods as old as Time itself,)
And, in a hot and level calm,
Recline o'er many a sandy shelf
Dusk forms beneath the palm, —

To Lady Eve, who dwells beside
The river-meads, and oak-trees tall,
Whose dewy shades encircle wide
Her old Baronial Hall,

An Indian plant with leaves like horn,
And, all along its stubborn spine,
Mere humps, with angry spike and thorn
Arm'd like the porcupine.

In midst of which one sullen bud
Survey'd the world, with head aslant,
High-throned, and looking like the god
Of this strange Indian plant.

A stubborn plant, from looking cross
It seem'd no kindness could retrieve!
But for his sake whose gift it was
It pleased the Lady Eve.

She set it on the terraced walk,
Within her own fair garden-ground;
And every morn and eve its stalk
Was duly water'd round.

And every eve and morn, the while
She tended this uncourteous thing,
I stood beside her, — watch'd her smile,
And often heard her sing.

The roses I at times would twist
To deck her hair, she oft forgot;
But never that dark aloe miss'd
The daily watering-pot.

She seem'd so gay, — I felt so sad, —
Her laugh but made me frown the more:
For each light word of hers I had
Some sharp reply in store.

Until she laugh'd ... "This aloe shows
A kindlier nature than your own" ...
Ah Eve, you little dream'd what foes
The plant and I had grown!

At last, one summer night, when all
The garden-flowers were dreaming still,
And still the old Baronial Hall,
The oak-trees on the hill,

A loud and sudden sound there stirr'd,
As when a thunder cloud is torn;
Such thunder-claps are only heard
When little gods are born.

The echo went from place to place,
And waken'd every early sleeper.
Some said that poachers in the chase
Had slain a buck — or keeper.

Some hinted burglars at the door:
Some question'd if it had not lighten'd:
While all the maids, as each one swore,
From their seven wits were frighten'd.

The peacocks scream'd, and every rook
Upon the elms at roost did caw:
Each inmate straight the house forsook:
They search'd — and, last, — they saw

That sullen bud to flower had burst
Upon the sharp-leaved aloe there; —
A wondrous flower; whose breath disperst
Rich odours on the air.

A flower, colossal — dazzling white,
And fair as is a Sphinx's face,
Turn'd broadly to the moon by night
From some vast temple's base.

Yes, Eve! your aloe paid the pains
With which its sullen growth you nurst.
But ah! my nature yet remains
As churlish as at first.

And yet, and yet — it might have proved
Not all unworth your heart's approving.
Ah, had I only been beloved, —
(Beloved as I was loving!)

I might have been ... how much, how much,
I am not now, and shall not be!
One gentle look, one tender touch,
Had done so much for me!

I too, perchance, if kindly tended,
Had roused the napping generation,
With something novel, strange, and splendid,
Deserving admiration:

For all the while there grew, and grew
A germ, — a bud, within my bosom:
No flower, fair Eve! — for, thanks to you,
It never came to blossom.

"MEDIO DE FONTE LEPORUM SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID."

LUCRETIUS.

We walk'd about at Hampton Court,
Alone in sunny weather,
And talk'd — half earnest, and half sport,
Link'd arm in arm together.

I press'd her hand upon the steps.
Its warmest light the sky lent.
She sought the shade: I sought her lips:
We kiss'd: and then were silent.

Clare thought, no doubt, of many things,
Besides the kiss I stole there; —
The sun, and sunny founts in rings,
The bliss of soul with soul there,

The bonnet, fresh from France, she wore
My praise of how she wore it,
The arms above the carven door,
The orange-trees before it; —

But I could only think, as, mute
I watch'd her happy smile there,

With rising pain, of this curst boot,
That pinch'd me all the while there

THE DEATH OF KING HACON

It was Odin that whisper'd in Vingolf,
"Go forth to the heath by the sea;
Find Hacon before the moon rises,
And bid him to supper with me."

They go forth to choose from the Princes
Of Yngvon, and summons from fight
A man who must perish in battle,
And sup where the gods sup to-night.

Leaning over her brazen spear, Gondula
Thus bespake her companions, "The feast
Of the gods shall, in Vingolf, this evening,
O ye Daughters of War, be encreast.

"For Odin hath beckon'd unto me,
For Odin hath whisper'd me forth,
To bid to his supper King Hacon
With the half of the hosts of the North."

Their horses gleam'd white thro' the vapour:
In the moonlight their corselets did shine:
As they waver'd and whisper'd together,
And fashion'd their solemn design.

Hacon heard them discoursing—"Why hast thou
Thus disposed of the battle so soon?
Oh were we not worthy of conquest?
Lo! we die by the rise of the moon."

"It is not the moon that is rising,
But the glory which penetrates death.

When heroes to Odin are summon'd:
Rise Hacon, and stand on the heath!

"It is we," she replied, "that have given
To thy pasture the flower of the fight,
It is we, it is we that have scatter'd
Thine enemies yonder in flight.

"Come now, let us push on our horses
Over yonder green worlds in the east,
Where the great gods are gather'd together,
And the tables are piled for the feast.

"Betimes to give notice to Odin,
Who waits in his sovran abodes,
That the King to his palace is coming
This evening to visit the gods."

Odin rose when he heard it, and with him
Rose the gods, every god to his feet.
He beckon'd Hermoder and Brago,
They came to him, each from his seat.

"Go forth, O my sons, to King Hacon,
And meet him and greet him from all,
A King that we know by his valour
Is coming to-night to our hall."

Then faintly King Hacon approaches,
Arriving from battle, and sore
With the wounds that yet bleed thro' his armour
Bedabbled and dripping with gore.

His visage is pallid and awful
With the awe and pallor of death,
Like the moon that at midnight arises
Where the battle lies strewn on the heath.

To him spake Hermoder and Brago,
"We meet thee and greet thee from all,

To the gods thou art known by thy valour,
And they bid thee a guest to their hall.

"Come hither, come hither, King Hacon,
And join those eight brothers of thine,
Who already, awaiting thy coming,
With the gods in Walhala recline.

"And loosen, O Hacon, thy corselet,
For thy wounds are yet ghastly to see.
Go pour ale in the circle of heroes,
And drink, for the gods drink to thee."

But he answer'd, the hero, "I never
Will part with the armour I wear.
Shall a warrior stand before Odin
Unshamed, without helmet and spear?'

Black Fenris, the wolf, the destroyer,
Shall arise and break loose from his chain
Before that a hero like Hacon
Shall stand in the battle again.

"CARPE DIEM."

HORACE.

To-MORROW is a day too far
To trust, whate'er the day be.
We know, a little, what we are,
But who knows what he may be?

The oak that on the mountain grows
A goodly ship may be,
Next year; but it as well (who knows?)
May be a gallows-tree.

'Tis God made man, no doubt, — not Chance:
He made us, great and small;
But, being made, 'tis Circumstance
That finishes us all.

The Author of this world's great plan
The same results will draw
From human life, however man
May keep, or break, His law.

The Artist to his Art doth look;
And Art's great laws exact
That those portray'd in Nature's Book,
Should freely move and act.

The moral of the work unchanged
Endures eternally,
Howe'er by human wills arranged
The work's details may be.

"Give us this day our daily bread,
The morrow shall take heed
Unto itself." The Master said
No more. No more we need.

To-morrow cannot make or mar
To-day, whate'er the day be:
Nor can the men which now we are
Foresee the men we may be.

THE FOUNT OF TRUTH.

It was the place by legends told.
I read the tale when yet a child.
The castle on the mountain hold,
The woodland in the wild.

The wrecks of unremember'd days
Were heap'd around. It was the hour
When bold men fear, and timorous Fays
Grow bold, and know their power.

The month was in the downward year.
The breath of Autumn chill'd the sky:
And useless leaves, too early sere,
Mutter'd and eddied by.

It seem'd that I was wending back
Among the ruins of my youth,
Along a wild night-haunted track
To seek the Fount of Truth.

The Fount of Truth — that wondrous fount!
Its solemn sound I seem'd to hear
Wind-borne adown the clouded mount,
Desolate, cold, and clear.

By clues long lost, and found again
I know not how, my course was led
Thro' lands remote from living men,
As life is from the dead.

Yet up that wild road, here and there,
Large, awful footprints did I meet:
Footprints of gods perchance they were,
Prints — not of human feet.

The mandrake underneath my foot
Gave forth a shriek of angry pain.
I heard the roar of some wild brute
Prowling the windy plain.

I reach'd the gate. I blew with power
A blast upon the darkness wide.
"What art thou?" from the gloomy tower
The [illegible] warder cried.

"A Pilgrim to the Fount of Truth."
He laugh'd a laugh of scornful spleen.
"Art thou not from the Land of Youth?
Report where thou hast been."

"The Land of Youth! an alien race
There, in my old dominions, reign;
And, with them, one in whose false face
I will not gaze again.

"From to and fro the world I come,
Where I have fared as exiles fare,
Mock'd by the memories of home
And homeless everywhere.

"The snake that slid thro' Paradise
Yet on my pathway slides and slips:
The apple pluck'd in Eden twice
Is yet upon my lips.

"I can report the world is still
Where it hath been since it began:
And Wisdom, with bewildered will,
Is still the same sick man,

"Whom yet the selfsame visions fool,
The selfsame nightmares haunt and scare.
Folly still breeds the Public Fool,
Knowledge increaseth care:

"Joy hath his tears, and Grief her smile;
And still both tears and smiles deceive.
And in the Valley of the Nile
I hear — and I believe —

"The Fiend and Michael, as of yore,
Yet wage the ancient war: but how
This strife will end at last, is more
Than our new sages know."

I heard the gate behind me close.
It closed with a reluctant wail.
Roused by the sound from her repose
Started the Porteress pale:

In pity, or in scorn . . . "Forbear,
Madman," she cried, . . . "thy search for Truth.
The curl is in thy careless hair.
Return to Love and Youth.

"What lured thee here, thro' dark, and doubt,
The many-perill'd prize to win?" —
"The dearth" . . . I said . . . "of all without,
The thirst of all within.

"Age comes not with the wrinkled brow
But earlier, with the ravaged heart;
Full oft hath fall'n the winter snow
Since Love from me did part.

"Long in dry places, void of cheer,
Long have I roam'd. These features scan:
If magic lore be thine, look here,
Behold the Talisman!"

I cross'd the court. The bloodhound bay'd
Behind me from the outer wall.
The drowsy grooms my call obey'd
And lit the haunted hall.

They brought me horse, and lance, and helm,
They bound the buckler on my breast,
Spread the weird chart of that wild realm,
And arm'd me for the quest.

Uprose the Giant of the Keep.
"Rash fool, ride on!" . . . I heard him say
"The night is late, the heights are steep,
And Truth is far away!"

And . . . "Far away!" . . . the echoes fell
Behind, as from that grisly hold
I turn'd. No tongue of man may tell
What mine must leave untold.

The Fount of Truth — that wondrous fount!
Far off I heard its waters play.
But ere I scaled the solemn mount,
Dawn broke. The trivial day

To its accustom'd course flow'd back,
And all the glamour faded round.
Is it forever lost — that track?
Or — was it never found?

MIDGES.

She is talking æsthetics, the dear clever creature!
Upon Man, and his functions, she speaks with a smile.
Her ideas are divine upon Art, upon Nature,
The Sublime, the Heroic, and Mr. Carlyle.

I no more am found worthy to join in the talk, now;
So I follow with my surreptitious cigar;
While she leads our poetical friend up the walk, now,
Who quotes Wordsworth and praises her "*Thoughts on a star.*"

Meanwhile, there is dancing in yonder green bower
A swarm of young midges. They dance high and low.

Tis a sweet little species that lives but one hour,
And the eldest was born half an hour ago.

One impulsive young midge I hear ardently pouring
In the ears of a shy little wanton in gauze,
His eternal devotion; his ceaseless adoring;
Which shall last till the Universe breaks from its laws:

His passion is not, he declares, the mere fever
Of a rapturous moment. It knows no control:
It will burn in his breast thro' existence forever,
Immutably fix'd in the deeps of the soul!

She wavers: she flutters: . . . male midges are fickle:
Dare she trust him her future? . . . she asks with a sigh:
He implores, . . . and a tear is beginning to trickle:
She is weak: they embrace, and . . . the lovers pass by.

While they pass me, down here on a rose leaf has lighted
A pale midge, his feelers all drooping and torr:
His existence is wither'd; its future is blighted:
His hopes are betray'd: and his breast is forlorn.

By the midge his heart trusted his heart is deceived now:
In the virtue of midges no more he believes:
From love in its falsehood, once wildly believed now
He will bury his desolate life in the leaves.

His friends would console him . . . the noblest and sagest
Of midges have held that a midge lives again
In Eternity, say they, the strife, thou now wagest
With sorrow, shall cease . . . but their words are in vain!

Can Eternity bring back the seconds now wasted
In hopeless desire? or restore to his breast
The belief he has lost, with the bliss he once tasted,
Embracing the midge that his being loved best?

His friends would console him . . . life yet is before him;
Many hundred long seconds he still has to live:
In the state yet a mighty career spreads before him:
Let him seek in the great world of action to strive!

There is Fame! there's Ambition! and, grander than either,
There is Freedom! . . . the progress and march of the race! . . .
But to Freedom his breast beats no longer, and neither
Ambition nor action her loss can replace.

If the time had been spent in acquiring æsthetics
I have squander'd in learning this language of midges,
There might, for my friend in her peripatetics,
Have been now *two* asses to help o'er the bridges.

As it is, . . . I'll report her the whole conversation.

It would have been longer; but, somehow or other,
(In the midst of that misanthrope's long lamentation,)
A midge in my right eye became a young mother.

Since my friend is so clever, I'll ask her to tell me
Why the least living thing (a mere midge in the egg!)
Can make a man's tears flow, as now it befell me . . .
Oh you dear clever woman, explain it, I beg!

THE LAST TIME THAT I MET LADY RUTH.

THERE are some things hard to understand.
O help me, my God, to trust in thee!
But I never shall forget her soft white hand,
And her eyes when she look'd at me.

It is hard to pray the very same prayer
Which once at our mother's knee we pray'd —
When, where we trusted our whole heart, there
Our trust hath been betray'd.

I swear that the milk-white muslin so light
On her virgin breast, where it lay demure,
Seem'd to be toucht to a purer white
By the touch of a breast so pure.

I deem'd her the one thing undefiled
By the air we breathe in a world of sin:
The truest, the tenderest, purest child
A man ever trusted in!

When she blamed me (she, with her fair child's face !)
That never with her to the Church I went
To partake of the Gospel of truth and grace,
And the Christian sacrament,

And I said I would go for her own sweet sake,
Tho' it was but herself I should worship there,
How that happy child's face strove to take
On its dimples a serious air !

I remember the chair she would set for me,
By the flowers, when all the house was gone
To drive in the Park, and I and she
Were left to be happy alone.

There she lean'd her head on my knees, my Ruth,
With the primrose loose in her half-closed hands :
And I told her tales of my wandering youth
In the far fair foreign lands. —

The last time I met her was here in town,
At a fancy ball at the Duchess of D,
On the stairs, where her husband was handing her down.
— There we met, and she talk'd to me.

She, with powder in hair, and patch on chin,
And I, in the garb of a pilgrim Priest,
And between us both, without and within,
A hundred years at least !

We talk'd of the House, and the late long rains,
And the crush at the French Ambassador's ball,
And . . . well, I have not blown out my brains.
You see I can laugh. That is all.

MATRIMONIAL COUNSELS.

You are going to marry my pretty relation,
My dove-like young cousin, so soft in the eyes,
You are entering on life's settled dissimulation,
And, if you'd be happy, in season be wise.

Take my counsel. The more that, in church, you are tempted
To yawn at the sermon, the more you'll attend.
The more you'd from milliner's bills be exempted,
The more on your wife's little wishes you'll spend.

You'll be sure, every Christmas, to send to the rector,
A dozen of wine, and a hamper or two,
The more your wife plagues you, the more you'll respect her,
She'll be pleasing your friend, if she's not plaguing you.

For women of course, like ourselves, need emotion;
And happy the husband, whose failings afford
To the wife of his heart, such good cause for commotion,
That she seeks no excitement, save plaguing her lord.

Above all, you'll be careful that nothing offends, too,
Your wife's lady's maid, tho' she give herself airs.
With the friend of a friend it is well to be friends too,
And especially so, when that friend lives upstairs

Under no provocation you'll ever avow yourself,
A little put out when you're kept at the door,
And you never, I scarcely need say, will allow yourself
To call your wife's mother, a vulgar old bore.

However she dresses, you'll never suggest to her,
That her taste, as to colors, could scarcely be worse,
Of the rooms in your house, you will give up the best to her,
And you never will ask for the carriage, of course.

If, at times with a doubt on the soul, and her future,
Revelation, and reason, existence should trouble you,
You'll be always on guard to keep carefully mute your
Ideas on the subject, and read Dr. W.

Bring a shawl with you, home, when you come from the Club, sir,
Or a ring, lest your wife, when you meet her, should pout;
And don't fly in a rage and behave like a cub, sir,
If you find that the fire, like yourself, has gone out.

In eleven good instances out of a dozen,
'Tis the husband's a cur, when the wife is a cat.
She is meekness itself, my soft-eyed little cousin,
But a wife has her rights, and I'd have you know that.

Keep my counsel. Life's struggles are brief to be borne, friend.
In Heaven there's no marriage nor giving in marriage.
When Death comes, think how truly your widow will mourn, friend,
And your worth not the best of your friends will disparage!

SEE-SAW.

She was a harlot, and I was a thief:
But we loved each other beyond belief:
She lived in the garret, and I in the kitchen,
And love was all that we both were rich in.

When they sent her at last to the hospital,
Both day and night my tears did fall;
They fell so fast that, to dry their grief,
I borrow'd my neighbour's handkerchief.

The world, which, as it is brutally taught,
Still judges the act in lieu of the thought,
Found my hand in my neighbour's pocket,
And clapp'd me, at once, under chain and locket.

When they ask'd me about it, I told them plain,
Love it was that had turn'd my brain:
How should I heed where my hand had been,
When my heart was dreaming of Celestine?

Twelve friends were so struck by my woful air,
That they sent me abroad for change of air:
And, to prove me the kindness of their intent
They sent me at charge of the government.

When I came back again, — whom, think you, I meet
But Celestine, here, in Regent Street?
In a carriage adorn'd with a coronet,
And a dress, all flounces, and lace, and jet:

For her carriage drew up to the bookseller's door,
Where they publish those nice little books for the poor:
I took off my hat: and my face she knew,
And gave me — a sermon by Mr. Bellew.

But she gave me (God bless her!) along with the book,
Such a sweet sort of smile, such a heavenly look,
That, as long as I live, I shall never forget
Celestine, in her coach with the earl's coronet.

There's a game that men play at in great London-town;
Whereby some must go up, sir, and some must go down:
And, since the mud sticks to your coat if you fall,
Why, the strongest among us keep close to the wall.

But some day, soon or late, in my shoes I shall stand,
More exalted than any great Duke in the land;
A clean shirt on my back, and a rose in my coat,
And a collar conferr'd by the Queen round my throat.

And I know that my Celestine will not forget
To be there, in her coach with my lord's coronet:
She will smile to me then, as she smiled to me now:
I shall nod to her gayly, and make her my bow;—

Before I rejoin all those famous old thieves
Whose deeds have immortalized Rome, sir, and Greece:
Whose names are inscribed upon History's leaves,
Like my own on the books of the City Police: —

Alexander, and Cæsar, and other great robbers,
Who once tried to pocket the whole universe: —
Not to speak of our own parliamentary jobbers,
With their hands, bless them all, in the popular purse!

BABYLONIA.

Enough of simpering, and grimace!
Enough of damning one's soul for nothing!
Enough of Vacuity trimm'd with lace!
And Poverty proud of her purple clothing!
In Babylon, whene'er there's a wind,
(Whether it blow rain, or whether it blow sand,)
The weathercocks change their mighty mind;
And the weathercocks are forty thousand.
Forty thousand weathercocks,
Each well-minded to keep his place,
Turning about in the great and small ways!
Each knows, whatever the weather's shocks,
That the wind will never blow in his face;
And in Babylon the wind blows always.

I cannot tell how it may strike you,
But it strikes me now, for the first and last time,
That there may be better things to do,
Than watching the weathercocks for pastime.
And I wish I were out of Babylon,
Out of sight of column and steeple,
Out of fashion and form, for one,

And out of the midst of this doubled-faced
people.
Enough of catgut! Enough of the sight
Of the dolls it sets dancing all the night!
For there is a notion come to me,
As here, in Babylon, I am lying,
That far away, over the sea,
And under another moon and star,
Braver, more beautiful beings are dying
(Dying, not dancing, dying, dying!)
To a music nobler far.

Full well I know that, before it came
To inhabit this feeble, faltering frame,
My soul was weary; and, ever since then,
It has seem'd to me, in the stir and bustle
Of this eager world of women and men,
That my life was tired before it began,
That even the child had fatigued the man,
And brain, and heart, have done their part
To wear out sinew and muscle.

Yet, sometimes, a wish has come to me,
To wander, wander, I know not where,
Out of the sight of all that I see,
Out of the hearing of all that I hear;
Where only the tawny, bold, wild beast
Roams his realms; and find, at least,
The strength which even the beast finds there
A joy, tho' but a savage joy;—
Were it only to find the food I need,
The scent to track, and the force to destroy,
And the very appetite to feed;
The bliss of the sense without the thought,
And the freedom, for once in my life, from aught
That fills my life with care.

And never this thought hath so wildly crost
My mind, with its wildering, strange temptation.

As just when I was enjoying the most
The blessings of what is call'd Civilization: —
The glossy boot which tightens the foot;
The club at which my friend was black-ball'd
(I am sorry, of course, but one must be ex
clusive);
The yellow kid glove whose shape I approve,
And the journal in which I am kindly call'd
Whatever's not libellous — only abusive:
The ball to which I am careful to go,
Where the folks are so cool, and the rooms are
so hot;
The opera, which shows one what music — is
not;
And the simper from Lady .... but why should
you know?

Yet, I am a part of the things I despise,
Since my life is bound by their common span:
And each idler I meet, in square or in street,
Hath within him what all that's without him be-
lies, —
The miraculous, infinite heart of man,
With its countless capabilities!
The sleekest guest at the general feast,
That at every sip, as he sups, says grace,
Hath in him a touch of the untamed beast;
And change of nature is change of place.
The judge on the bench, and the scamp at the
dock,
Have, in each of them, much that is common
to both;
Each is part of the parent stock,
And their difference comes of their different
cloth.
Twixt the Seven Dials and Exeter Hall
The gulf that is fix'd is not so wide:
And the fool that, last year, at Her Majesty's Ball,
Sicken'd me so with his simper of pride,

Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall,
With the bayonet-wound in his side.

Oh, for the times which were (if any
Time be heroic) heroic indeed!
When the men were few,
And the deeds to do
Were mighty, and many,
And each man in his hand held a noble deed
Now the deeds are few,
And the men are many,
And each man has, at most, but a noble need.

Blind fool! . . . I know that all acted time
By that which succeeds it, is ever received
As calmer, completer, and more sublime,
Only because it is finish'd: because
We only behold the thing it achieved;
We behold not the thing that it was.
For, while it stands whole, and immutable,
In the marble of memory — we, who have seen
But the statue before us, — how can we tell
What the men that have hewn at the block may have been?
Their passion is merged in its passionlessness;
Their strife in its stillness closed forever:
Their change upon change in its changelessness:
In its final achievement, their feverish endeavour:
Who knows how sculptor on sculptor starved
With the thought in the head by the hand uncarved?
And he that spread out in its ample repose
That grand, indifferent, godlike brow,
How vainly his own may have ached, who knows,
'Twixt the laurel above and the wrinkle below?

So again to Babylon I come back,
Where this fetter'd giant of Human Nature

Cramp'd in limb, and constrain'd in stature,
In the torture-chamber of Vanity lies;
Helpless and weak, and compell'd to speak
The things he must despise.
You stars, so still in the midnight blue,
Which over these huddling roofs I view,
Out of reach of this Babylonian riot,—
We so restless, and you so quiet,
What is difference 'twixt us and you?

You each may have pined with a pain divine,
For aught I know,
As wildly as this weak heart of mine,
In an Age ago:
For whence should you have that stern repose,
Which, here, dwells but on the brows of those
Who have lived, and survived life's fever,
Had you never known the ravage and fire
Of that inexpressible Desire,
Which wastes and calcines whatever is less
In the soul, than the soul's deep consciousness
Of a life that shall last forever?

Doubtless, doubtless, again and again,
Many a mouth has starved for bread
In a city whose wharves are choked with corn
And many a heart hath perish'd dead
From being too utterly forlorn,
In a city whose streets are chok'd with men.
Yet the bread is there, could one find it out:
And there is a heart for a heart, no doubt,
Wherever a human heart may beat;
And room for courage, and truth, and love,
To move, wherever a man may move,
In the thickliest crowded street.

O Lord of the soul of man, whose will
Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
Help all thy creatures to fulfil

The hopes to each one given!
So fair thou mad'st, and so complete,
The little daisies at our feet;
So sound, and so robust in heart,
The patient beasts, that bear their part
In this world's labour, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking;
Hast thou made man, tho' more in kind,
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of an inward strife,
Than these, thy simpler creatures, are,
Submitted to his use and care?

For these, indeed, appear to live
To the full verge of their own power,
Nor ever need that time should give
To life one space beyond the hour.
They do not pine for what is not;
Nor quarrel with the things which are;
Their yesterdays are all forgot;
Their morrows are not fear'd from far:
They do not weep, and wail, and moan,
For what is past, or what's to be,
Or what's not yet, and may be never;
They do not their own lives disown,
Nor haggle with eternity
For some unknown Forever.

Ah yet, — in this must I believe
That man is nobler than the rest: —
That, looking in on his own breast,
He measures thus his strength and size
With supernatural destinies,
Whose shades o'er all his being fall,
And, in that dread comparison
'Twixt what is deem'd and what is done,
He can, at intervals, perceive
How weak, he is, and small.

Therefore, he knows himself a child,
Set in this rudimental star,
To learn the alphabet of Being;
By straws dismay'd, by toys beguil'd,
Yet conscious of a home afar;
With all things here but ill agreeing,
Because he trusts, in manhood's prime,
To walk in some celestial clime;
Sit in his Father's house; and be
The inmate of Eternity.

BOOK IV.

IN SWITZERLAND.

THE HEART AND NATURE.

THE lake is calm; and, calm, the skies
In yonder silent sunset glow,
Where, o'er the woodland, homeward flies
The solitary crow;

The woodman to his hut is gone;
The wood-dove in the elm is still;
The last sheep drinks, and wanders on
To graze at will.

Nor aught the pensive prospect breaks,
Save where my slow feet stir the grass,
Or where the trout to diamonds breaks
The lake's pale glass.

No moan the cushat makes, to heave
A leaflet round her windless nest;
The air is silent in the eve;
The world's at rest.

All bright below; all calm above;
No sense of pain, no sign of wrong;
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,
Poor child of Song!

Why must the soul thro' Nature rove,
  At variance with her general plan?
A stranger to the Power, whose love
  Soothes all save Man?

Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?
  The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,
Are surer of their simple natures
  Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land
  Affords supply; they browse and breed;
I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
  What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart
  Hath made Belief so hard to grow,
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart
  In all we know —

Why hast thou, too, in solemn jest
  At this tormented thinking-power,
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,
  In hues on every flower,

Thro' all the vast unthinking sphere
  Of mere material Force without,
Rebuke so vehement and severe
  To the least doubt?

And robed the world and hung the night,
  With silent, stern, and solemn forms;
And strown with sounds of awe, and might,
  The seas and storms; —

All lacking power to impart
  To man the secret he assails,
But arm'd to crush him, if his heart
  Once doubts or fails!

To make him feel the same forlorn
Despair, the Fiend hath felt ere now,
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn
On Michael's brow.

A QUIET MOMENT.

STAY with me, Lady, while you may!
For life's so sad, — this hour's so sweet;
Ah, Lady, — life too long will stay;
Too soon this hour will fleet.

How fair this mountain's purple bust,
Alone in high and glimmering air!
And see, . . . those village spires, upthrust
From yon dark plain, — how fair!

How sweet yon lone and lovely scene,
And yonder dropping fiery ball,
And eve's sweet spirit, that steals, unseen,
With darkness over all!

This blessèd hour is yours, and eve's;
And this is why it seems so sweet,
To lie, as husht as fallen leaves
In autumn, at your feet;

And watch, awhile released from care,
The twilight in yon quiet skies,
The twilight in your quiet hair,
The twilight in your eyes:

Till in my soul the twilight stays,
— Eve's twilight, since the dawn's is o'er!
And life's too well-known worthless days
Become unknown once more.

Your face is no uncommon face;
  Like it, I have seen many a one,
And may again, before my race
  Of care be wholly run.

But not the less, those earnest brows,
  And that pure oval cheek can charm
Those eyes of tender deep repose;
  That breast, the heart keeps warm.

Because a sense of goodness sleeps
  In every sober, soft, brown tress,
That o'er those brows, uncared for, keeps
  Its shadowy quietness:

Because that lip's soft silence shows,
  Tho' passion it hath never known,
That well, to kiss one kiss, it knows —
  — A woman's holiest one!

Yours is the charm of calm good sense,
  Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,
Of pity, touch'd with reverence,
  To all things freely given.

Your face no sleepless midnight fills,
  For all its serious sweet endeavour;
It plants no pang, no rapture thrills,
  But ah! — it pleases ever!

Not yours is Cleopatra's eye,
  And Juliet's tears you never knew:
Never will amorous Antony
  Kiss kingdoms out for you!

Never for you will Romeo's love,
  From deeps of moonlit musing, break
To poetry about the glove
  Whose touch may press your cheek.

But ah, in one, — no Antony
Nor Romeo now, nor like to these, —
(Whom neither Cleopatra's eye,
Nor Juliet's tears, could please)

How well they lull the lurking care
Which else within the mind endures, —
That soft white hand, that soft dark hair,
And that soft voice of yours!

So, while you stand, a fragile form,
With that close shawl around you drawn,
And eve's last ardours fading warm
Adown the mountain lawn,

'Tis sweet, although we part to-morrow,
And ne'er, the same, shall meet again,
Awhile, from old habitual sorrow
To cease; to cease from pain;

To feel that, ages past, the soul
Hath lived — and ages hence will live;
And taste, in hours like this, the whole
Of all the years can give.

Then, Lady, yet one moment stay,
While your sweet face makes all things sweet,
For ah, the charm will pass away
Before again we meet!

NÆNIÆ.

Soft, soft be thy sleep in the land of the West,
Fated maiden!
Far lie the flowers, love, and light, on thy breast
Passion-laden,

In the place where thou art, by the storm-beaten strand
Of the moaning Atlantic,
While, alone with my sorrow, I roam thro' thy land,
The belov'd, the romantic!
And thy faults, child, sleep where in those dark eyes Death closes
All their doings and undoings;
For who counts the thorns on last year's perisht roses?
Smile, dead rose, in thy ruins!
With thy beauty, its frailty is over. No token
Of all which thou wast!
Not so much as the stem whence the blossom was broken
Hath been spared by the frost.
With thy lips, and thine eyes, and thy long golden tresses,
Cold . . . and so young too!
All lost, like the sweetness which died with our kisses,
On the lips we once clung to.
Be it so! O too loved, and too lovely, to linger
Where Age in its bareness
Creeps slowly, and Time with his terrible finger
Effaces all fairness.
Thy being was but beauty, thy life only rapture,
And, ere both were over,
Or yet one delight had escaped from thy capture,
Death came, — thy last lover,
And found thee, . . . no care on thy brow, in thy tresses
No silver — all gold there!
On thy lips, when he kiss'd them, their last human kisses
Had scarcely grown cold there.
Thine was only earth's joy, not its sorrow, its sinning,

Its friends that are foes too.
Oh fair was thy life in its lovely beginning,
And fair in its close too!
But I? . . . since we parted, both mournful and many
Life's changes have been to me:
And of all the love-garlands Youth wove me, not any
Remain that are green to me.
Oh, where are the nights, with thy touch, and thy breath in them,
Faint with heart-beating?
The fragrance, the darkness, the life and the death in them,
— Parting and meeting?
All the world ours in that hour! . . . oh, the silence,
The moonlight, and, far in it,
Oh the one nightingale singing a mile hence!
The oped window — one star in it!
Sole witness of stolen sweet moments, unguest of
By the world in its primness; —
Just one smile to adore by the starlight: the rest of
Thy soul in the dimness!
If I glide thro' the door of thy chamber, and sit there,
The old, faint, uncertain
Fragrance, that follow'd thee, surely will flit there, —
O'er the chairs, — in the curtain: —
But thou? . . . O thou miss'd, and thou mourn'd one! oh never,
Nevermore, shall we rove
Thro' chamber, or garden, or by the dark river
Soft lamps burn above!
O dead, child, dead, dead — all the shrunken romance
Of the dream life begun with!

But thou, love, canst alter no more — smile or glance;
Thy last change is done with.
As a moon that is sunken, a sunset that's o'er,
So thy face keeps the semblance
Of the last look of love, the last grace that it wore,
In my mourning remembrance.
As a strain from the last of thy songs, when we parted,
Whose echoes thrill yet,
Thro' the long dreamless nights of sad years, lonely-hearted,
With their haunting regret, —
Tho' nerveless the hand now, and shatter'd the lute too,
Once vocal for me,
There floats thro' life's ruins, when all's dark and mute too,
The music of thee!
Beauty, how brief! Life, how long! . . . well, ove's done now!
Down the path fate arranged for me
I tread faster, because I must tread it alone now.
— This is all that is changed for me.
My heart must have broken, ere I broke the fetter
Thyself didst undo, love.
— Ah, here's many a purer, and many a better,
But more loved, . . . oh, how few, love!—

BOOK V.

IN HOLLAND.

AUTUMN.

SO now, then, Summer's over—by degrees.
Hark! 'tis the wind in yon red region grieves.
Who says the world grows better, growing old?
See! what poor trumpery on those pauper trees,
That cannot keep, for all their fine gold leaves,
Their last bird from the cold.

This is Dame Nature, pucker'd, pinch'd, and sour,
Of all the charms, her poets praised, bereft,
Scowling, and scolding (only hear her, there!)
Like that old spiteful Queen, in her last hour,
Whom Spenser, Shakespeare sung to... nothing left
But wrinkles, and red hair!

LEAFLESS HOURS.

THE pale sun, thro' the spectral wood,
Gleams sparely, where I pass:
My footstep, silent as my mood,
Falls in the silent grass.

Only my shadow points before me,
Where I am moving now:
Only sad memories murmur o'er me
From every leafless bough:
And out of the nest of last year's Redbreast
Is stolen the very snow.

ON MY TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The night's in November: the winds are at strife:
The snow's on the hill, and the ice on the mere:
The world to its winter is turn'd: and my life
To its twenty-fourth year.

The swallows are flown to the south long ago:
The roses are fallen: the woodland is sere.
Hope's flown with the swallows: Love's rose will not grow
In my twenty-fourth year.

The snow on the threshold: the cold at the heart:
But the fagot to warm, and the wine-cup to cheer:
God's help to look up to: and courage to start
On my twenty-fourth year

And 'tis well that the month of the roses is o'er!
The last, which I pluck'd for Neræa to wear,
She gave her new lover. A man should do more
With his twenty-fourth year

Than mourn for a woman, because she's unkind,
Or pine for a woman, because she is fair.
Ah, I loved you, Neræa! But now . . . never mind,
'Tis my twenty-fourth year!

What a thing! to have done with the follies of Youth,
Ere Age brings its follies! . . . tho' many a tear
It should cost, to see Love fly away, and find Truth
In one's twenty-fourth year.

The Past's golden valleys are drain'd. I must plant
On the Future's rough upland new harvests, I fear.
Ho, the plough and the team! . . . who would perish of want
In his twenty-fourth year?

Man's heart is a well, which forever renews
The void at the bottom, no sounding comes near:
And Love does not die, tho' its object I lose
In my twenty-fourth year.

The great and the little are only in name.
The smoke from my chimney casts shadows as drear
On the heart, as the smoke from Vesuvius in flame:
And my twenty-fourth year,

From the joys that have cheer'd it, the cares that have troubled,
What is wise to pursue, what is well to revere,
May judge all as fully as tho' life were doubled
To its forty-eighth year.

If the prospect grow dim, 'tis because it grows wide.
Every loss hath its gain. So, from sphere on to sphere,
Man mounts up the ladder of Time: so I stride
Up my twenty-fourth year!

Exulting? . . . no . . . sorrowing? . . . . no . . .
with a mind
Whose regret chastens hope, whose faith tri-
umphs o'er fear:
Not repining: not confident: no, but resign'd
To my twenty-fourth year.

JACQUELINE,

COUNTESS OF HOLLAND AND HAINAULT.*

Is it the twilight, or my fading sight,
Makes all so dim around me? No, the night
Is come already. See! thro' yonder pane,
Alone in the gray air, that star again —
Which shines so wan, I used to call it mine
For its pale face; like Countess Jacqueline
Who reign'd in Brabant once . . . that's years
ago.
I call'd so much mine, then: so much seem'd so!
And see, my own! — of all those things, my star
(Because God hung it there, in heaven, so far
Above the reach and want of those hard men)
Is all they have not taken from me. Then
I call it still My Star. Why not? The dust
Hath claim'd the dust: no more. And moth and
rust
May rot the throne, the kingly purple fray: —
What then? Yon star saw kingdoms roll'd away

* Who was married to the impotent and worthless John of Brabant, affianced to "good Duke Humphry," of Gloucester, and finally wedded to Frank von Borselen, a gentleman of Zealand, in consequence of which marriage she lost even the title of Countess. She died at the age of thirty-six, after a life of unparalleled adventure and misfortune. See any Biographical Dictionary, or any History of the Netherlands.

Ere mine was taken from me. It survives.
But think, Belov'd, — in that high life of lives,
When our souls see the suns themselves burn low
Before that Sun of Righteousness, — and know
What is, and was, before the suns were lit —
How Love is all in all . . . Look, look at it,
My star — God's star — for being God's 'tis mine:
Had it been man's . . . no matter . . . see it shine —
The old wan beam, which I have watch'd ere now
So many a wretched night, when this poor brow
Ach'd 'neath the sorrows of its thorny crown.
Its crown! . . . ah, droop not, dear, those fond eyes down.
No gem in all that shatter'd coronet
Was half so precious as the tear which wet
Just now this pale sick forehead. O my own,
My husband, need was, that I should have known
Much sorrow, — more than most Queens — all know some, —
Ere, dying, I could bless thee for the home
Far dearer than the Palace, — call thy tear,
The costliest gem that ever sparkled here.

Enfold me, my Belovéd. One more kiss.
Oh, I must go! 'Twas will'd I should not miss
Life's secret, ere I left it. And now see —
My lips touch thine — thine arm encircles me —
The secret's found — God beckons — I must go.
Earth's best is given. — Heaven's turn is come to show
How much its best earth's best may yet exceed,
Lest earth's should seem the very best indeed.
So we must part a little; but not long.
I seem to see it all. My lands belong
To Philip still; but thine will be my grave,
(The only strip of land which I could save!)
Not much, but wide enough for some few flowers,

Thou'lt plant there, by and by, in later hours:
Duke Humphry, when they tell him I am dead
(And so young too!) will sigh, and shake his head,
And if his wife should chide, "Poor Jacqueline,"
He'll add, "you know she never could be mine."
And men will say, when some one speaks of me,
"Alas, it was a piteous history,
The life of that poor Countess!" For the rest
Will never know, my love, how I was blest.
Some few of my poor Zealanders, perchance,
Will keep kind memories of me; and in France
Some minstrel sing my story. Pitiless John
Will prosper still, no doubt, as he has done,
And still praise God with blood upon the Rood.
Philip will, doubtless, still be call'd "The Good."
And men will curse and kill: and the old game
Will weary out new hands: the love of fame
Will sow new sins: thou wilt not be renown'd:
And I shall lie quite quiet under ground.
My life is a torn book. But at the end
A little page, quite fair, is saved, my friend,
Where thou didst write thy name. No stain is there,
No blot,—from marge to marge, all pure—no tear;—
The last page, saved from all, and writ by thee,
Which I shall take safe up to Heaven with me.
All's not in vain, since this be so. Dost grieve?
Belovéd, I beseech thee to believe
Altho' this be the last page of my life,
It is my heart's first, only one. Thy wife,
Poor tho' she be, O thou sole wealth of mine,
Is happier than the Countess Jacqueline!

And since my heart owns thine, say—am I not
A Queen, my chosen, tho' by all forgot?
Tho' all forsake, yet is not this thy hand?
I, a lone wanderer in a darken'd land,

I, a poor pilgrim with no staff of hope,
I, a late traveller down the evening slope,
Where any spark, the glow-worm's by the way,
Had been a light to bless . . . have I, oh say,
Not found, Belovéd, in thy tender eyes,
A light more sweet than morning's? As there dies
Some day of storm all glorious in its even,
My life grows loveliest as it fades in heaven.
This earthly house breaks up. This flesh must fade.
So many shocks of grief slow breach have made
In the poor frame. Wrongs, insults, treacheries,
Hopes broken down, and memory which sighs
In, like a night wind! Life was never meant
To bear so much in such frail tenement.
Why should we seek to patch and plaster o'er
This shatter'd roof, crusht windows, broken door
The light already shines thro'? Let them break

Yet would I gladly live for thy dear sake,
O my heart's first and last, if that could be!
In vain! . . . yet grieve not thou. I shall not see
England again, and those white cliffs; nor ever
Again those four gray towers beside the river,
And London's roaring bridges: never more
Those windows with the market-stalls before,
Where the red-kirtled market-girls went by
In the great square, beneath the great gray sky,
In Brussels: nor in Holland, night or day,
Watch those long lines of siege, and fight at bay
Among my broken army, in default
Of Gloucester's failing forces from Hainault:
Nor shall I pace again those gardens green,
With their clipt alleys, where they call'd me Queen,
In Brabant once. For all these things are gone
But thee I shall behold, my chosen one,

Tho' we should seem whole worlds on worlds apart,
Because thou wilt be ever in my heart.
Nor shall I leave thee wholly. I shall be
An evening thought, — a morning dream to thee, —
A silence in thy life when, thro' the night,
The bell strikes, or the sun, with sinking light,
Smites all the empty windows. As there sprout
Daisies, and dimpling tufts of violets, out
Among the grass where some corpse lies asleep,
So round thy life, where I lie buried deep,
A thousand little tender thoughts shall spring,
A thousand gentle memories wind, and cling.
Oh, promise me, my own, before my soul
Is houseless, — let the great world turn and roll
Upon its way unvext .... Its pomps, its powers!
The dust says to the dust, ... "the earth is ours."
I would not, if I could, be Queen again
For all the walls of the wide world contain.
Be thou content with silence. Who would raise
A little dust and noise of human praise,
If he could see, in yonder distance dim,
The silent eye of God that watches him?
Oh! couldst thou see all that I see to-night
Upon the brinks of the great Infinite!

"Come out of her, my people, lest ye be
Partakers of her sins!" .... My love, but we
Our treasure where no thieves break in and stea
Have stored, I trust. Earth's weal is not our weal
Let the world mind its business — peace or war,
Ours is elsewhere. Look, look, — my star, my star!
It grows, it glows, it spreads in light unfurl'd; —
Said I "my star"? No star — a world — God's world!
What hymns adown the jasper sea are roll'd,

Even to these sick pillows! Who enfold
White wings about me? Rest, rest, rest .... I come!
O Love! I think that I am near my home.
Whence was that music? Was it Heaven's I heard?
Write "Blesséd are the dead that die i' the Lord,
Because they rest," ... because their toil is o'er
The voice of weeping shall be heard no more
In the Eternal city. Neither dying
Nor sickness, pain nor sorrow, neither crying,
For God shall wipe away all tears. Rest, rest,
Thy hand, my husband, — so — upon thy breast!

MACROMICROS.

It is the star of solitude,
Alight in yon lonely sky.
The sea is silent in its mood,
Motherlike moaning a lullaby,
To hush the hungering mystery
To sleep on its breast subdued.
The night is alone, and I.

It is not the scene I am seeing,
The lonely sky and the sea,
It is the pathos of Being
That is making so dark in me
This silent and solemn hour: —
The bale of baffled power,
The wail of unbaffled desire,
The fire that must ever devour
The source by which it is fire.

My spirit expands, expands!
I spread out my soul on the sea.
I feel for yet unfound lands,

And I find but the land where She
Sits, with her sad white hands,
At her golden broidery,
In sight of the sorrowful sands,
In an antique gallery,
Where, ever beside her, stands
(Moodily mimicking me)
The ghost of a something her heart demands
For a blessing which cannot be.

And broider, broider by night and day
The brede of thy blazing broidery!
Till thy beauty be wholly woven away
Into the desolate tapestry.
Let the thread be scarlet, the gold be gay,
For the damp to dim, and the moth to fray:
Weave in the azure, and crimson, and green!
Till the slow threads, needling out and in,
To take a fashion and form begin:
Yet, for all the time and toil, I see
The work is vain, and will not be
Like what it was meant to have been.

O woman, woman, with face so pale!
Pale woman, weaving away
A frustrate life at a lifeless loom,
Early or late, 'tis of little avail
That thou lightest the lamp in the gloom.
Full well, I see, there is coming a day
When the work shall forever rest incomplete.
Fling, fling the foolish blazon away,
And weave me a winding sheet!

It is not for thee, in this dreary hour,
That I walk, companionless here by the shore
I am caught in the eddy and whirl of a power
Which is not grief, and is not love,
Tho' it loves, and grieves,
Within me, without me, wherever I move

In the going out of the ghostly eves,
And is changing me more and more.
I am not mourning for thee, altho'
I love thee, and thou art lost:
Nor yet for myself, albeit I know
That my life is flaw'd and crost:
But for that sightless, sorrowing Soul
That is feeling, blind with immortal pain,
All round, for what it can never attain;
That prison'd, pining, and passionate soul,
So vast, and yet so small;
That seems, now nothing, now all,
That moves me to pity beyond control,
And repulses pity again.
I am mourning, since mourn I must,
With those patient Powers that bear,
'Neath the unattainable stars up there,
With the pomp and pall of funeral,
Subject and yet august,
The weight of this world's dust: —

The ruin'd giant under the rock:
The stricken spirit below the ocean:
And the wing'd things wounded of old by the shock
That set the earth in motion.

Ah yet, . . . and yet, and yet,
If She were here with me,
If she were here by the sea,
With the face I cannot forget,
Then all things would not be
So fraught with own regret,
But what I should feel, and see,
And seize it at last, at last, —
The secret known and lost in the past,
To unseal the Genii that sleep
In vials long hid in the deep;
By forgotten, fashionless spells held fast,

Where thro' streets of the cities of coral, aghast
The sea-nymphs wander and weep.

MYSTERY.

THE hour was one of mystery,
When we were sailing, I and she,
Down the dark, the silent stream.
The stars above were pale with love,
And a wizard wind did faintly move,
Like a whisper thro' a dream.

Her head was on my breast,
Her loving little head!
Her hand in mine was prest,
And not a word we said;
But round and round the night we wound,
Till we came at last to the Isle of Fays;
And, all the while, from the magic isle,
Came that music, that music of other days!

The lamps in the garden gleam'd.
The Palace was all alight.
The sound of the viols stream'd
Thro' the windows over the night.
We saw the dancers pass
At the windows, two by two.
The dew was on the grass,
And the glow-worm in the dew.

We came thro' the grass to the cypress-tree.
We stood in its shadow, I and she.
"Thy face is pale, thine eyes are wild.
What aileth thee, what aileth thee?"

"Nought aileth me," she murmur'd mild,
"Only the moonlight makes me pale;

The moonlight, shining thro' the veil
Of this black cypress-tree."

"By yonder moon, whose light so soon
Will fade upon the gloom,
And this black tree, whose mystery
Is mingled with the tomb. —
By Love's brief moon, and Death's dark tree,
Lovest thou me?"

Upon my breast she lean'd her head;
"By yonder moon and tree,
I swear that all my soul," she said,
"Is given to thee."

"I know not what thy soul may be,
Nor canst thou make it mine.
Yon stars may all be worlds: for me
Enough to know they shine.
Thou art mine evening star. I know
At dawn star-distant thou wilt be:
I shall not hear thee murmuring low;
Thy face I shall not see.
I love thy beauty: 'twill not stay:
Let it be all mine while it may.
I have no bliss save in the kiss
Thou givest me."

We came to the statue carved in stone,
Over the fountain. We stood there alone.

"What aileth thee, that thou dost sigh?
And why is thy hand so cold?"
"'Tis the fountain that sighs," . . . she said,
"not I;
And the statue, whose hand thou dost hold."

"By yonder fount, that flows forever,
And this statue, that cannot move, —

By the fountain of Time, that ceases never,
And the fixedness of Love, —
By motion and immutability
Lovest thou me ?"

"By the fountain of Time, with its ceaseless flow,
And the image of Love that rests," sigh'd she,
"I love thee I swear, come joy, come woe
For eternity!"

"Eternity is a word so long
That I cannot spell it now:
For the nightingale is singing her song
From yon pomegranate bough.
Let it mean what it may — Eternity,
If thou lovest me now as I love thee,
As I love thee!"

We came to the Palace. We mounted the stair.
The great hall-doors wide open were.
And all the dancers that danced in the hall
Greeted us to the festival.

There were ladies, as fair as fair might be,
But not one of them all was fair as she.
There were knights, that look'd at them lovingly,
But not one of them all was loving as I.

Only, each noble cavalier
Had his throat red-lined from ear to ear;
'Twas a collar of merit, I have heard,
Which a Queen upon each had once conferr'd.
And each lovely lady that oped her lip
Let a little mouse's tail outslip;
'Twas the fashion there, I know not why,
But fashions are changing constantly.
From the crescented naptha lamps each ray
Stream'd into a still enchanted blaze; —

And forth from the deep-toned Orchestra
That music, that music of other days!

My arm enlaced her winsome waist,
And down the dance we flew:
We flew, we raced: our lips embraced:
And our breath was mingled too.
Round, and round, to a magic sound —
(A wizard waltz to a wizard air!)
Round and round, we whirl'd, we wound,
In a circle light and fine:
My cheek was fann'd by her fragrant hair,
And her bosom beat on mine:
And all the while, in the winding ways,
That music, that music of other days,
With its melodies divine!

The palace clock stands in the hall,
And talks, unheard, of the flight of time:
With a face too pale for a festival
It telleth a tale too sad for rhyme.

The palace clock, with a silver note,
Is chanting the death of the hour that dies
"What aileth thee? for I see float
A shade into thine eyes."

"Nought aileth me," . . . low murmur'd she,
"I am faint with the dance, my love,
Give me thine arm: the air is warm:
Lead me unto the grove."

We wander'd into the grove. We found
A bower by woodbine woven round.

Upon my breast she lean'd her head:
I drew her into the bower apart.
"I swear to thee, my love," she said,
"Thou hast my heart!"

" Ah, leave thy little heart at rest!
For it is so light, I think, so light,
Some wind would blow it away to-night,
If it were not safe in thy breast.
But the wondrous brightness on thine hair
Did never seem more bright:
And thy beauty never look'd more fair
Than thy beauty looks to-night:
And this dim hour, and this wild bower,
Were made for our delight:
Here we will stay, until the day,
In yon dark east grows white."

" This may not be," . . . she answered me,
" For I was lately wed
With a diamond ring to an Ogre-king,
And I am his wife," . . . she said.
" My husband is old; but his crown is of gold:
And he hath a cruel eye:
And his arm is long, and his hand is strong,
And his body is seven ells high:
And alas! I fear, if he found us here,
That we both should surely die.

" All day I take my harp, and play
To him on a golden string:
Thorough the weary livelong day
I play to him, and sing:
I sing to him till his white hair
Begins to curl and creep:
And his wrinkles old slowly unfold,
And his brows grow smooth as sleep.
But at night, when he calls for his golden cup,
Into his wine I pour
A juice which he drinks duly up,
And sleeps till the night is o'er.
For one moment I wait: I look at him straight,
And tell him for once how much I detest him:
I have no fear lest he should hear,

The drug he hath drain'd hath so opprest him
Then, finger on lip, away I slip,
And down the hills, till I reach the stream:
I call to thee clear, till the boat appear,
And we sail together thro' dark and dream.
And sweet it is, in this Isle of Fays,
To wander at will thro' a garden of flowers,
While the flowers that bloom, and the lamps that blaze,
And the very nightingales seem ours!
And sweeter it is, in the winding ways
Of the waltz, while the music falls in showers,
While the minstrel plays, and the moment stays,
And the sweet brief rapture of love is ours!

"But the night is far spent; and before the first rent
In yon dark blue sky overhead,
My husband will wake, and the spell will break,
And peril is near," . . . she said.
"For if he should wake, and not find me,
By bower and brake, thoro' bush and tree,
He will come to seek me here;
And the Palace of Fays, in one vast blaze,
Will sink and disappear;
And the nightingales will die in the vales,
And all will be changed and drear!
For the fays, and elves, can take care of themselves:
They will slip on their slippers, and go:
In their little green cloaks they will hide in the oaks,
And the forests and brakes, for their sweet sakes,
Will cover and keep them, I know.
And the knights, with their spurs, and velvets and furs,
Will take off their heads, each one,
And to horse, and away, as fast as they may,

Over brook, and bramble, and stone:
And each dame of the house has a little dun
mouse,
That will whisper her when to be gone;
But we, my love, in this desolate grove,
We shall be left alone;
And my husband will find us, take us and bind
us:
In his cave he will lock me up,
And pledge me for spite in thy blood by night
When he drains down his golden cup."

"Thy husband, dear, is a monster, 'tis clear,
But just now I will not tarry
Thy choice to dispute — how on earth such a
brute
Thou hadst ever the fancy to marry.
For wherefore, meanwhile, are we two here,
In a fairy island under a spell,
By night, in a magical atmosphere,
In a lone enchanted dell,
If we are to say and do no more
Than is said and done by the dull daylight,
In that dry old world, where both must ignore,
To-morrow, the dream of to-night."

Her head droop'd on my breast,
Fair foolish little head!
Her lips to mine were prest.
Never a word was said.

If it were but a dream of the night,
A dream that I dream'd in sleep —
Why, then, is my face so white,
And this wound so red and deep?
But whatever it was, it all took place
In a land where never your steps will go,
Tho' they wander, wherever they will, thro'
space;

In an hour you never will know,
Tho' you should outlive the crow
That is like to outlive your race.

And if it were but a dream, it broke
Too soon, albeit too late I woke,
Waked by the smart of a sounding stroke
Which has so confused my wits,
That I cannot remember, and never shall,
What was the close of that festival,
Nor how the Palace was shatter'd to bits:
For all that, just now, I think I know,
Is what is the force of an Ogre's blow,
As my head, by starts and fits,
Aches and throbs; and, when I look round,
All that I hear is the sickening sound
Of the nurse's watch, and the doctor's boots,
Instead of the magical fairy flutes:
And all that I see, in my love's lost place,
Is that gin-drinking hag, with her nut-cracker face,
By the hearth's half-burn'd out wood:
And the only stream is this stream of blood
That flows from me, red and wide:
Yet still I hear, — as sharp and clear,
In the horrible horrible silence outside,
The clock that stands in the empty hall,
And talks to my soul of the flight of time;
With a face like a face at a funeral,
Telling a tale too sad for rhyme:
And still I hear, with as little cheer,
In the yet more horrible silence inside,
Chanted, perchance, by elves and fays,
From some far island, out of my gaze,
Where a house has fallen, and some one has died,
That music, that music of other days,
With its minstrelsy undescried!

For Time, which surviveth everything,
And Memory which surviveth Time: —
These two sit by my side, and sing,
A song too sad for rhyme.

THE CANTICLE OF LOVE.

ONCE heard an angel, by night, in the sky,
Singing softly a song to a deep golden lute:
The polestar, the seven little planets, and I,
To the song that he sung listen'd mute.
For the song that he sung was so strange and so sweet,
And so tender the tones of his lute's golden strings,
That the Seraphs of Heaven sat husht at his feet,
And folded their heads in their wings.

And the song that he sung by those Seraphs up there
Is call'd . . "Love." But the words, I had heard them elsewhere.

For, when I was last in the nethermost Hell,
On a rock 'mid the sulphurous surges, I heard
A pale spirit sing to a wild hollow shell,
And his song was the same, every word.
But so sad was his singing, all Hell to the sound
Moan'd, and, wailing, complain'd like a monster in pain,
While the fiends hover'd near o'er the dismal profound,
With their black wings weigh'd down by the strain.

And the song that was sung by the Lost Ones down there
Is call'd . . "Love." But the spirit that sung was Despair.

When the moon sets to-night, I will go down to ocean,
Bare my brow to the breeze, and my heart to its anguish;
And sing till the Siren with pining emotion
(Undroused in her sea-caves) shall languish.
And the Sylphs of the water shall crouch at my feet, [to hear,
With their white wistful faces turn'd upward
And the soft Salamanders shall float, in the heat
Of the ocean volcanoes, more near.

For the song I have learn'd, all that listen shall move:
But there's one will not listen, and that one I love.

THE PEDDLER.

THERE was a man, whom you might see,
Toward nightfall, on the dusty track,
Faring, footsore and wearily —
A strong box on his back.

A speck against the flaring sky,
You saw him pass the line of dates,
The camel-drivers loitering by
From Bagdadt's dusking gates.

The merchants from Bassora stared,
And of his wares would question him,
But, without answer, on he fared
Into the evening dim.

Nor only in the east: but oft
In northern lands of ice and snow,
You might have seen, past field and croft,
That figure faring slow.

His cheek was worn; his back bent double
Beneath the iron box he bore;
And in his walk there seem'd such trouble,
You saw his feet were sore.

You wonder'd if he ever had
A settled home, a wife, a child:
You marvell'd if a face so sad
At any time had smiled.

The cheery housewife oft would fling
A pitying alms, as on he strode,
Where, round the hearth, a rosy ring,
Her children's faces glow'd:

In the dark doorway, oft the maid,
Late-lingering on her lover's arm,
Watch'd thro' the twilight, half-afraid,
That solitary form.

The traveller hail'd him oft, . . . "Good night
The town is far: the road is lone:
God speed!" . . . already out of sight,
The wayfarer was gone.

But, when the night was late and still,
And the last star of all had crept
Into his place above the hill,
He laid him down and slept.

His head on that strong box he laid:
And there, beneath the star-cold skies,
In slumber, I have heard it said,
There rose before his eyes

A lovely dream, a vision fair,
Of some far-off, forgotten land,
And of a girl with golden hair,
And violets in her hand.

He sprang to kiss her . . . "Ah! once more
Return, beloved, and bring with thee
The glory and delight of yore, —
Lost evermore to me!"

Then, ere she answer'd, o'er his back
There fell a brisk and sudden stroke, —
So sound and resolute a thwack
That, with the blow, he woke . . . .

There comes out of that iron box
An ugly hag, an angry crone;
Her crutch about his ears she knocks:
She leaves him not alone:

"Thou lazy vagabond! come, budge,
And carry me again," . . . she says:
"Not half the journey's over . . . trudge!"
. . . He groans, and he obeys.

Oft in the sea he sought to fling
That iron box. But witches swim:
And wave and wind were sure to bring
The old hag back to him;

Who all the more about his brains
Belabour'd him with such hard blows,
That the poor devil, for his pains,
Wish'd himself dead, heaven knows!

Love, is it thy hand in mine? . . . Behold!
I see the crutch uplifted high.
The angry hag prepares to scold.
Oh, yet we might . . . . . Good bye!

A GHOST STORY.

I LAY awake past midnight:
The moon set o'er the snow:
The very cocks, for coldness,
Could neither sleep nor crow.

There came to me, near morning,
A woman pale and fair:
She seem'd a monarch's daughter
By the red gold round her hair.

The ring upon her finger
Was one that well I know:
I knew her fair face also,
For I had loved it so!

But I felt I saw a spirit,
And I was sore afraid;
For it is many and many a year
Ago, since she was dead.

I would have spoken to her,
But I could not speak, for fear:
Because it was a homeless ghost
That walk'd beyond its sphere,

Till her head from her white shoulders
She lifted up: and said . . .
"*Look in! you'll find I'm hollow.*
Pray do not be afraid!"

SMALL PEOPLE.

THE warm moon was up in the sky,
And the warm summer out on the land.

There trembled a tear from her eye:
  There trembled a tear on my hand.

Her sweet face I could not see clear,
  For the shade was so dark in the tree:
I only felt touch'd by a tear,
  And I thought that the tear was for me.

In her small ear I whisper'd a word,—
  With her sweet lips she laugh'd in my face
And, as light thro' the leaves as a bird,
  She flitted away from the place.

Then she told to her sister, the Snake,
  All I said; and her cousin the Toad.
The Snake slipp'd away to the brake,
  The Toad went to town by the road.

The Toad told the Devil's-coach-horse,
  Who cock'd up his tail at the news.
The Snake hiss'd the secret, of course,
  To the Newt, who was changing her shoes.

The Newt drove away to the ball,
  And told it the Scorpion and Asp.
The Spider who lives in the wall
  Overheard it, and told it the Wasp.

The Wasp told the Midge and the Gnat:
  And the Gnat told the Flea and the Nit.
The Nit dropp'd an egg as she sat:
  The Flea shrugg'd his shoulders, and bit.

The Nit and the Flea are too small,
  And the Snake slips from under my foot:
I wish I could find 'mid them all
  A man,— to insult and to shoot!

METEMPSYCHOSIS

SHE fann'd my life out with her soft little sighs:
She hush'd me to death with her face so fair:
I was drunk with the light of her wild blue eyes,
And strangled dumb in her long gold hair.

So now I'm a blesséd and wandering ghost,
Tho' I cannot quite find out my way up to heaven:
But I hover about o'er the long reedy coast,
In the wistful light of a low red even.

I have borrow'd the coat of a little gray gnat:
There's a small sharp song I have learn'd how to sing:
I know a green place she is sure to be at:
I shall light on her neck there, and sting, and sting.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, life never pleased me!
I fly where I list now, and sleep at my ease.
Buzz, buzz, buzz! the dead only are free.
Yonder's my way now. Give place if you please

TO THE QUEEN OF SERPENTS.

I TRUST that never more in this world's shade
Thine eyes will be upon me: never more
Thy face come back to me. For thou hast made
My whole life sore:

And I might curse thee, if thou camest again
To mock me with the memory in thy face
Of days I would had been not. So much pain
Hath made me base --

Enough to wreak the wrath of years of wrong
Even on so frail and weak a thing as thou!
Fare hence, and be forgotten. . . . Sing thy song,
And braid thy brow,

And be beloved, and beautiful, — and be
In beauty baleful still . . . a Serpent Queen
To others not yet curst by kissing thee,
As I have been.

But come not nigh me till my end be near,
And I have turn'd a dying face toward heaven.
Then, if thou wilt, approach, — and have no fear,
And be forgiven.

Close, if thou wilt, mine eyes, and smooth my hair
Fond words will come upon my parting breath.
Nor, having desolated life, forbear
Kind offices to death.

BLUEBEARD.

I WAS to wed young Fatima,
As pure as April's snowdrops are,
In whose love lay hid my crooked life,
As in its sheath my scimitar.

Among the hot pomegranate boughs,
At sunset, here alone we sat.
To call back something from that hour
I'd give away my Caliphat.

She broke her song to gaze at me:
Her lips she lean'd my lips above . . .
"Why art thou silent all this while,
Lord of my life, and of my love?"

"*Silent I am, young Fatima,*
For silent is my soul in me,
And language will not help the want
Of that which cannot ever be."

"But wherefore is thy spirit sad,
My lord, my love, my life?" . . . she said.
"*Because thy face is wondrous like,*
The face of one I knew, that's dead."

"Ah cruel, cruel," cried Fatima,
"That I should not possess the past!
What woman's lips first kiss'd the lips
Where my kiss lived and linger'd last?

"And she that's dead was loved by thee,
That so her memory moves thee yet? . . .
Thy face grows cold and white, as looks
The moon o'er yonder minaret!"

"*Ay, Fatima! I loved her well,*
With all of love's and life's despair,
Or else I had not strangled her,
That night, in her own fatal hair."

FATIMA.

A YEAR ago thy cheek was bright,
As oleander buds that break
The dark of yonder dells by night
Above the lamp-lit lake.

Pale as a snowdrop in Cashmere
Thy face to-night, fair infant, seems.
Ah, wretched child! What dost thou hear
When I talk in my dreams?

GOING BACK AGAIN.

I DREAM'D that I walk'd in Italy
When the day was going down,
By a water that flow'd quite silently
Thro' an old dim-lighted town:

Till I came a Palace fair to see:
Wide open the windows were:
My love at a window sat, and she
Beckon'd me up the stair.

I roam'd thro' many a corridor
And many a chamber of state:
I pass'd thro' many an open door,
While the day was growing late:

Till I came to the Bridal Chamber at last,
All dim in the darkening weather.
The flowers at the window were talking fast,
And whispering all together.

The place was so still that I could hear
Every word that they said:
They were whispering under their breath with fear,
For somebody there was dead.

When I came to the little rose-colour'd room,
From the window there flew a bat.
The window was open'd upon the gloom:
My love at the window sat:

She sat with her guitar on her knee,
But she was not singing a note,
For some one had drawn (ah, who could it be?)
A knife across her throat.

THE CASTLE OF KING MACBETH.

THIS is the castle of King Macbeth.
And here he feasts — when the daylight wanes,
And the moon goes softly over the heath —
His Earls and Thanes.

A hundred harpers with harps of gold
Harp thorough the night high festival:
And the sound of the music they make is roll'd
From hall to hall.

They drink deep healths till the rafters rock
In the Banquet Hall; and the shout is borne
To the courts outside, where the crowing cock
Is waked ere morn.

And the castle is all in a blaze of light
From cresset, and torch, and sconce: and there
Each warrior dances all the night
With his lady fair.

They dance and sing till the raven is stirr'd
On the wicked elm-tree outside in the gloom:
And the rustle of silken robes is heard
From room to room.

But there is one room in that castle old,
In a lonely turret where no one goes,
And a dead man sits there, stark and cold,
Whom no one knows.

DEATH-IN-LIFE.

Blest is the babe that dies within the womb.
Blest is the corpse which lies within the tomb.
And blest that death for which this life makes
room.

But dreary is the tomb where the corpse lies:
And wretched is the womb where the child dies:
And curst that death which steals this life's dis
guise.

KING LIMOS.

There once was a wicked, old, gray king—
Long damn'd, as I have reason to know,
For he was buried, (and no bad thing!)
Hundreds of years ago.

His wicked old heart had grown so chill'd
That the leech, to warm him, did not shrink
To give him each night a goblet, fill'd
With a virgin's blood, to drink.

"A splenetic legend," . . . you say, of course!
Yet there may be something in it, too.
Kill, or be kill'd . . . which choice were the worse?
I know not. Solve it you.

But even the wolf must have his prey:
And even the gallows will have her food:
And a king, my friend, will have his way,
Tho' that way may lie thro' blood.

My heart is hungry, and must be fed;
My life is empty, and must be fill'd;

One is not a Ghoul, to live on the dead:
What then if fresh blood be spill'd?

We follow the way that nature leads.
What's the very first thing that we learn? .
To devour.
Each life the death of some other needs
To help it from hour to hour.

From the animalcule that swallows his friends,
Nothing loath, in the wave as it rolls,
To man, as we see him, this law ascends;
'Tis the same in the world of souls.

The law of the one is still to absorb:
To be absorb'd is the other's lot: —
The lesser orb by the larger orb,
The weak by the strong . . . why not?

My want's at the worst: so why should I spare
(Since just such a thing my want supplies)
This little girl with the silky hair,
And the love in her two large eyes?

THE FUGITIVE. .

THERE is no quiet left in life,
Not any moment brings me rest:
For evermore, from shore to shore,
I bear about a laden breast.

I see new lands: I meet new men:
I learn strange tongues in novel places.
I cannot chase one phantom face
That haunts me spite of newer faces.

For me the wine is pour'd by night,
And deep enough to drown much sadness;
But from the cup that face looks up,
And mirth and music turn to madness.

There's many a lip that's warm for me:
Many a heart with passion bounding:
But ah, my breast, when closest prest,
Creeps to a cold step near me sounding.

To this dark pent-house of the mind
I lure the bat-wing'd Sleep in vain;
For on his wings a dream he brings
That deepens all the dark with pain.

I may write books which friends will praise,
I may win fame, I may win treasure;
But hope grows less with each success,
And pain grows more with every pleasure.

The draughts I drain to slake my thirst
But fuel more the infernal flame.
There tangs a sting in everything:—
The more I change, the more the same!

A man that flies before the pest,
From wind to wind my course is whirl'd.
This fly accurst stung Io first,
And drove her wild across the world!

THE SHORE.

Can it be women that walk in the sea-mist under the cliffs there?
Where, 'neath a briny bow, creaming, advances the lip

Of the foam, and out from the sand-chok'd anchors, on to the skiffs there,
The long ropes swing thro' the surge, as' it tumbles; and glitter, and drip.

All the place in a lurid, glimmering, emerald glory,
Glares like a Titan world come back under heaven again:
Yonder, up there, are the steeps of the sea-kings, famous in story;
But who are they on the beach? They are neither women, nor men.

Who knows, are they the land's, or the water's, living creatures?
Born of the boiling sea? nurst in the seething storms?
With their woman's hair dishevell'd over their stern male features,
Striding, bare to the knee; magnified maritime forms!

They may be the mothers and wives, they may be the sisters and daughters
Of men on the dark mid-seas, alone in those black-coil'd hulls,
That toil 'neath yon white cloud, whence the moon will rise o'er the waters
To-night, with her face on fire, if the wind ir the evening lulls.

But they may be merely visions, such as only sick men witness,
(Sitting as I sit here, fill'd with a wild regret)
Framed from the sea's misshapen spume with a horrible fitness
To the winds in which they walk, and the surges by which they are wet: —

Salamanders, sea-wolves, witches, warlocks; marine monsters,
Which the dying seaman beholds, when the rats are swimming away,
And an Indian wind 'gins hiss from an unknown isle, and alone stirs
The broken cloud which burns on the verge of the dead, red day.

I know not. All in my mind is confused; nor can I dissever
The mould of the visible world from the shape of my thoughts in me.
The Inward and Outward are fused: and, thro' them, murmur forever
The sorrow whose sound is the wind, and the roar of the limitless sea.

THE NORTH SEA.

By the gray sand-hills, o'er the cold sea-shore; where, dumbly peering,
Pass the pale-sail'd ships, scornfully, silently; wheeling, and veering
Swift out of sight again; while the wind searches what it finds never,
O'er the sand-reaches, bays, billows, blown beaches, — homeless forever!
And, in a vision of the bare heaven seen and soon lost again,
Over the rolling foam, out in the mid-seas, round by the coast again,
Hovers the sea-gull, poised in the wind above, o'er the bleak surges,
In the green briny gleam, briefly reveal'd and gone; . . fleet, as emerges

Out of the tumult of some brain where memory
labours, and fretfully
Moans all the night-long, — a wild wingéd hope,
soon fading regretfully.
Here walk the lost Gods o' dark Scandinavia,
morning and even;
Faint pale divinities, realmless and sorrowful,
exil'd from Heaven;
Burthen'd with memories of old theogonies; each
ruin'd monarchy
Roaming amazed by seas oblivious of ancient
fealty.
Never, again at the tables of Odin, in their lost
Banquet Hall,
Shall they from golden cups drink, hearing golden
harps, harping high festival,
Never praise bright-hair'd Freya, in Vingolf, for
her lost loveliness!
Never, with Ægir, sail round cool moonlit isles of
green wilderness!
Here on the lone wind, thro' the long twilight,
when day is waning,
Many a hopeless voice near the night is heard
coldly complaining,
Here, in the glimmering darkness, when winds
are dropp'd, and not a seaman sings
From cape or foreland, pause, and pass silently,
forms of discrownéd kings,
With sweeping, floating folds of dim garments;
wandering in wonder
Of their own aspect; trooping towards midnight;
feeling for thunder.
Here, in the afternoon; while, in her father's
boat, heavily laden,
Mending the torn nets, sings up the bleak bay
the Fisher-Maiden,
I too, forlornly wandering, wandering, see, with
the mind's eye,

Shadows beside me, . . . (hearing the wave moan,
hearing the wind sigh) . .
Shadows, and images balefully beautiful, of days
departed :
Sounds of faint footsteps, gleams of pale foreheads,
make me sad-hearted ;
Sad for the lost, irretrievable sweetness of former
hours ;
Sad with delirious, desolate odours, from faded
flowers ;
Sad for the beautiful gold hair, the exquisite, ex-
quisite graces
Of a divine face, hopelessly unlike all other faces !

O'er the gray sand-hills, (where I sit sullenly, full
of black fancies,)
Nipt by the sea-wind, drench'd by the sea-sa't,
little wild pansies
Flower, and freshly tremble, and twinkle ; sweet
sisterhoods,
Lone, and how lovely, with their frail green stems
and dark purple hoods !
Here, even here in the midst of monotonous, fixt
desolation,
Nature has touches of tenderness, beauties of young
variation ;
Where, O my heart, in thy ruin'd, and desolate,
desolate places,
Springs there a flow'ret, or gleams there the green
of a single oäsis ?
Hidden, it may be perchance, and I know it not
. . . hidden yet inviolate,
Pushes the germ of an unconscious rapture in me,
like the violet
Which, on the bosom of March, the snows cover
and keep till the coming
Of April, the first bee shall find, when he wanders
and welcome it humming.

Teach me, thou North where the winds lie in ambush; the rains, and foul weather
Are stored in the house of the storms; and the snow-flakes are garner'd together;
Where man's stern, dominate, sovereign intelligence holds in allegiance
Whatever blue Sirius beholds on this Earth-ball — all seas, and all regions;
The iron in the hills' heart; the spirit in the load-stone; the ice in the poles;
All powers, all dominions; ships; merchandise; armaments; beasts; human souls; . . .
Teach me thy secrets: teach to refrain, to restrain, to be still;
Teach me unspoken, steadfast endurance; — the silence of Will!

A NIGHT IN THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

PART I.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

If the wind had been blowing the Devil this way
The midnight could scarcely have grown more unholy,
Or the sea have found secrets more wicked to say
To the toothless old crags it is hiding there wholly.

I love well the darkness. I love well the sound
Of the thunder-drift, howling this way over ocean.
For 'tis tho' as in nature my spirit had found
A trouble akin to its own fierce emotion.

The hoarse night may howl herself silent for me
When the silence comes, then comes the howling within.
I am drench'd to my knees in the surf of the sea
And wet with the salt bitter rain to the skin.

Let it thunder and lighten! this world's ruin'd angel
Is but fool'd by desire like the frailest of men
Both seek in hysterics life's awful evangel,
Then both settle down to life's silence again.

Well I know the wild spirits of water and air,
When the lean morrow turns up its cynical gray
Will, baffled, revert with familiar despair
To their old listless work, in their old helpless way.

Yonder's the light in the Fisherman's hut:
But the old wolf himself is, I know, off at sea
And I see thro' the chinks, tho' the shutters be shut,
By the firelight that some one is watching for me.

Three years ago, on this very same night,
I walk'd in a ballroom of perfume and splendour
With a pearl-bedeck'd lady below the lamplight: —
Now I walk with the wild wind, whose breath is more tender.

Hark! the horses of ocean that crouch at my feet,
They are moaning in impotent pain on the beach!
Lo! the storm-light, that swathes in its blue winding sheet
That lone desert of sky, where the stars are dead, each!

Holloa, there! open, you little wild girl!
Hush, . . . 'tis her soft little feet o'er the floor.
Stay not to tie up a single dark curl,
But quick with the candle, and open the door

One kiss? . . . there's twenty! . . . but first, take my coat there,
Salt as a sea-sponge, and dripping all thro'.
The old wolf, your father, is out in the boat there.
Hark to the thunder! . . . we're safe,—I and you.

Put on the kettle. And now for the cask
Of that famous old rum of your father's, the king
Would have claw'd on our frontier. There, fill me the flask.
Ah, what a quick, little, neat-handed thing!

There's my pipe. Stuff it with black negro-head.
Soon I shall be in the cloud-land of glory.
Faith, 'tis better with you, dear, than 'fore the mast-head,
With such lights at the windows of night's upper story!

Next, over the round open hole in the shutter
You may pin up your shawl, . . . lest a mermaid should peep.
Come, now, the kettle's beginning to splutter,
And the cat recomposes herself into sleep.

Poor little naked feet, . . . put them up there . . .
Little white foam flakes! and now the soft head,
Here, on my shoulder; while all the dark hair
Falls round us like sea-weed. What matter the bed

If sleep will visit it, if kisses feel there
Sweet as they feel under curtains of silk?
So, shut your eyes, while the firelight will steal there
O'er the black bearskin, the arm white as milk!

Meanwhile I'll tell to you all I remember
Of the old legend, the northern romance
I heard of in Sweden, that snowy December
I pass'd there, about the wild Lord Rosencrantz.

Then, when you're tired, take the cards from the cupboard,
Thumb'd over by every old thief in our crew,
And I'll tell you your fortune, you little Dame Hubbard;
My own has been squander'd on witches like you.

Knave, King, and Queen, all the villainous pack of 'em,
I know what they're worth in the game, and have found
Upon all the trump-cards the small mark at the back of 'em,
The Devil's nail mark, who still cheats us all round.

PART II.

THE LEGEND OF LORD ROSENCRANTZ.

The lamps in the castle hall burn bright,
And the music sounds, and the dancers dance,
And lovely the young Queen looks to-night,
But pale is Lord Rosencrantz.

Lord Rosencrantz is always pale,
But never more deadly pale than now . . .
Oh, there is a whisper, — an ancient tale, —
A rumour, . . . but who should know?

He has stepp'd to the daïs. He has taken her hand.
And she gives it him with a tender glance.
And the hautboys sound, and the dancers stand,
And envy Lord Rosencrantz.

That jewell'd hand to his lips he prest;
And lightly he leads her towards the dance:
And the blush on the young Queen's cheek confest
Her love for Lord Rosencrantz.

The moon at the mullion'd window shone;
There a face and a hand in the moonlight glance;
But that face and that hand were seen of none,
Save only Lord Rosencrantz.

A league aloof in the forest-land
There's a dead black pool, where a man by chance
. . . Again, again, that beckoning hand!
And it beckons Lord Rosencrantz.

While the young Queen turn'd to whisper him,
Lord Rosencrantz from the hall was gone;
And the hautboys ceased, and the lamps grew dim
And the castle clock struck One!

* * * *

It is a bleak December night,
And the snow on the highway gleams by fits:
But the fire on the cottage-hearth burns bright,
Where the little maiden sits.

Her spinning-wheel she has laid aside;
And her blue eyes soft in the firelight glance;
As she leans with love, and she leans with pride,
On the breast of Lord Rosencrantz.

Mother's asleep, up-stairs in bed:
And the black cat, she looks wondrous wise
As she licks her paws in the firelight red,
And glares with her two green eyes:

And the little maiden is half afraid,
And closely she clings to Lord Rosencrantz;
For she has been reading, that little maid,
All day, in an old romance,

A legend wild of a wicked pool
A league aloof in the forest-land,
And a crime done there, and a sinful soul,
And an awful face and hand.

"Our little cottage is bleak and drear,"
Says the little maid to Lord Rosencrantz;
"And this is the loneliest time of the year,
And oft, when the wind, by chance,

"The ivy beats on the window-pane,
I wake to the sound in the gusty nights;
And often, outside, in the drift and rain,
There seem to pass strange sights.

"And oh, it is dreary here alone!
When mother's asleep, in bed, up-stairs,
And the black cat, there, to the forest is gone,
——Look at her, how she glares!"

"Thou little maiden, my heart's own bliss,
Have thou no fear, for I love thee well;
And sweetest it is upon nights like this,
When the wind, like the blast of hell,

"Roars up and down in the chimneys old.
And the wolf howls over the distant snow,
To kiss away both the night and the cold
With such kisses as we kiss now."

"Ah! more than life I love thee, dear!"
Says the little maiden with eyes so blue;
"And, when thou art near, I have no fear,
Whatever the night may do.

"But oh, it is dreary when thou art away!
And in bed all night I pray for thee:
Now tell me, thou dearest heart, and say,
Dost thou ever pray for me?"

"Thou little maiden, I thank thee much,
And well I would thou shouldst pray for me;
But I am a sinful man, and such
As ill should pray for thee."

Hist! . . . was it a face at the window past?
Or was it the ivy leaf, by chance,
Tapping the pane in the fitful blast,
That startled Lord Rosencrantz?

The little maid, she has seen it plain,
For she shriek'd, and down she fell in a swoon:
Mutely it came, and went again,
In the light of the winter moon.

* * * *

The young Queen, — oh! but her face was sweet! —
She died on the night that she was wed:
And they laid her out in her winding-sheet,
Stark on her marriage-bed.

The little maiden, she went mad;
  But her soft blue eyes still smiled the same,
With ever that wistful smile they had:
  Her mother, she died of shame.

The black cat lived from house to house,
  And every night to the forest hied;
And she kill'd many a rat and mouse
  Before the day she died.

And do you wish that I should declare
  What was the end of Lord Rosencrantz?
Ah! look in my heart, you will find it there,
  —— The end of the old romance!

PART III.

DAYBREAK.

Yes, you have guess'd it. The wild Rosencrantz,
  It is I, dear, the wicked one; who but I, maiden?
My life is a tatter'd and worn-out romance,
  And my heart with the curse of the Past hath been laden:

For still, where I wander or linger, forever
  Comes a skeleton hand that is beckoning for me;
And still, dogging my footsteps, life's long Never-never
  Pursues me, wherever my footsteps may be:

The star of my course hath been long ago set, dear;
  And the wind is my pilot, wherever he blows:
He cannot blow from me what I would forget, dear,
  Nor blow to me that which I seek for, —repose.

What! if I were the Devil himself, would you
cling to me,
Bear my ill humours, and share my wild nights?
Crouch by me, fear me not, stay by me, sing to
me,
While the dark haunts us with sounds and with
sights?

Follow me far away, pine not, but smile to me,
Never ask questions, and always be gay?
Still the dear eyes meekly turned all the while
to me,
Watchful the night thro', and patient the day?

What! if this hand, that now strays thro' your
tresses,
Three years ago had been dabbled in gore?
What! if this lip, that your lip now caresses,
A corpse had been pressing but three years
before?

Well then, behold!... 'tis the gray light of morning
That breaks o'er the desolate waters ... and
hark!
'Tis the first signal shot from my boat gives me
warning:
The dark moves away: and I follow the lark.

On with your hat and your cloak! You are mine,
child,
Mine and the fiend's that pursues me, henceforth!
We must be far, ere day breaks, o'er the brine,
child:
It may be south I go, it may be north.

What! really fetching your hat and your cloak,
dear?

Sweet little fool. Kiss me quick now, and laugh!
All I have said to you was but a joke, dear:
Half was in folly, in wantonness half.

PART IV.

BREAKFAST.

Ay, maiden: the whole of my story to you
Was but a deception, a silly romance:
From the first to the last word, no word of it true;
And my name's Owen Meredith, not Rosencrantz.

I never was loved by a Queen, I declare:
And no little maiden for me has gone mad:
I never committed a murder, I swear;
And I probably should have been hang'd if I had.

I never have sold to the Devil my soul;
And but small is the price he would give me, I know:
I live much as other folks live on the whole:
And the worst thing in me's my digestion . . . heigh ho!

Let us leave to the night-wind the thoughts which he brings,
And leave to the darkness the powers of the dark;
For my hopes o'er the sea lightly flit, like the wings
Of the curlews that hover and poise round my bark.

Leave the wind and the water to mutter together
Their weird metaphysical grief, as of old,

For day's business begins, and the clerk of the weather
To the powers of the air doth his purpose unfold.

Be you sure those dread Titans, whatever they be,
That sport with this ball in the great courts of Time,
To play practical jokes upon you, dear, and me,
Will never desist from a sport so sublime.

The old Oligarchy of Greece, now abolish'd,
Were idle aristocrats, fond of the arts,
But tho' thus refined, all their tastes were so polish'd,
They were turbulent, dissolute gods, without hearts.

They neglected their business, they gave themselves airs,
Read the poets in Greek, sipp'd their wine, took their rest,
Never troubling their beautiful heads with affairs,
And as for their morals, the least said, the best.

The scandal grew greater and greater: and then
An appeal to the people was formally made.
The old gods were displaced by the suffrage of men,
And a popular government form'd in their stead.

But these are high matters of state — I and you
May be thankful, meanwhile, we have something to eat,
And nothing, just now, more important to do,
Than to sit down at once, and say grace before meat.

You may boil me some coffee, an egg, if it's handy
The sea's rolling mountains just now. I shall wait
For King Neptune's *mollissima tempora fandi*,
Who will presently lift up his curly white pate,

Bid Eurus and Notus to mind their own business,
And make me a speech in Hexameters slow;
While I, by the honour elated to dizziness,
Shall yield him my offerings, and make him my bow.

A DREAM.

I HAD a quiet dream last night:
For I dream'd that I was dead;
Wrapt around in my grave-clothes white,
With my gravestone at my head.

I lay in a land I have not seen,
In a place I do not know,
And the grass was deathly deathly green
Which over my grave did grow.

The place was as still as still could be,
With a few stars in the sky,
And an ocean whose waves I could not see,
Tho' I heard them moan hard by.

There was a bird in a branch of Yew,
Building a little nest.
The stars looked far and very few,
And I lay all at rest.

There came a footstep thro' the grass,
And a feeling thro' the mould:

And a woman pale did over me pass,
With hair like snakes of gold.

She read my name upon my grave:
She read my name with a smile.
A wild moan came from a wandering wave,
But the stars smil'd all the while.

The stars smil'd soft. That woman pale
Over my grave did move,
Singing all to herself a tale
Of one that died for love.

There came a sparrow-hawk to the tree,
The little bird to slay:
There came a ship from over the sea,
To take that woman away.

The little bird I wish'd to save,
To finish his nest so sweet:
But so deep I lay within my grave
That I could not move my feet.

That woman pale I wish'd to keep
To finish the tale I heard:
But within my grave I lay so deep
That I could not speak a word.

KING SOLOMON.

King Solomon stood, in his crown of gold,
Between the pillars, before the altar
In the House of the Lord. And the King was old,
And his strength began to falter,
So that he lean'd on his ebony staff,
Seal'd with the seal of the Pentegraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within so rich and rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedar were :—
Wrought up to the brazen chapiters
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carven king,
The carven cedarn beams below,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to the Oracle, where the hymn
Dies under the wing of the cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God :
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,
Is glorious in her abode ;
For with gold of Ophir, and scent of myrrh,
And purple of Tyre, The King cloth'd her.

By the soul of each slumbrous instrument
Drawn soft thro' the musical misty air,
The stream of the folk that came and went,
For worship, and praise, and prayer,
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,
And round The King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass, as The King stood there,
And look'd on the house he had built, with pride,
That the Hand of The Lord came unaware,
And touch'd him ; so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And the crown wherewith they had crown'd him king.

And the stream of the folk that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
Went softly ever, in wonderment,

For The King stood there always;
And it was solemn and strange to behold
That dead king crown'd with a crown of gold.

For he lean d on his ebony staff upright;
And over his shoulders the purple robe;
And his hair, and his beard, were both snow-white
And the fear of him fill'd the globe;
So that none dared touch him, though he was dead,
He look'd so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed: and the years roll'd on:-
And the new king reign'd in the old king's stead
And men were married and buried anon:
But The King stood, stark and dead;
Leaning upright on his ebony staff;
Preserved by the sign of the Pentegraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
Ever for worship and praise and prayer,
Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame
Of the dead king standing there;
For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood up, dead, in the House
Of The Lord, held there by the Pentegraph,
Until out from a pillar there ran a red mouse,
And gnaw'd thro' his ebony staff:
Then, flat on his face, The King fell down:
And they pick'd from the dust a golden crown.*

*My knowledge of the Rabbinical legend which suggested this Poem is one among the many debts I owe to my friend Robert Browning. I hope these lines may remind him of hours which his society rendered precious and delightful to me, and which are among the most pleasant memories of my life.

CORDELIA.

Tho' thou never hast sought to divine it,
Tho' to know it thou hast not a care,
Yet my heart can no longer confine it,
Tho' my lip may be blanch'd to declare
That I love thee, revere thee, adore thee,
O my dream, my desire, my despair!

Tho' in life it may never be given
To my heart to repose upon thine;
Tho' neither on earth, nor in heaven,
May the bliss I have dream'd of be mine;
Yet thou canst not forbid me, in distance,
And silence, and long lonely years,
To love thee, despite thy resistance,
And bless thee, despite of my tears.

Ah me, *could'st* thou love me! . . . Believe me,
How I hang on the tones of thy voice;
How the least sigh thou sighest can grieve me,
The least smile thou smilest rejoice:
In thy face, how I watch every shade there;
In thine eyes, how I learn every look;
How the least sign thy spirit hath made there
My heart reads, and writes in its book!

And each day of my life my love shapes me
From the mien that thou wearest, Beloved.
Thou hast not a grace that escapes me,
Nor a movement that leaves me unmoved.
I live but to see thee, to hear thee;
I count but the hours where thou art;
I ask — only ask — to be near thee,
Albeit so far from thy heart.

In my life's lonely galleries never
Will be silenced thy lightest footfall:

For it lingers, and echoes, forever
Unto Memory mourning o'er all.
All thy fair little footsteps are bright
O'er the dark troubled spirit in me,
As the tracks of some sweet water-sprite
O'er the heaving and desolate sea.
And, tho' cold and unkind be thine eyes,
Yet, unchill'd their unkindness below,
In my heart all its love for thee lies,
Like a violet cover'd by snow.

Little child! . . . were it mine to watch o'er thee,
To guide, and to guard, and to soothe;
To shape the long pathway before thee,
And all that was rugged to smooth;
To kneel at one bedside by night,
And mingle our souls in one prayer;
And, awak'd by the same morning-light,
The same daily duties to share;

Until Age with his silver dimm'd slowly
Those dear golden tresses of thine;
And Memory render'd thrice holy
The love in this poor heart of mine;

Ah, never . . . (recalling together,
By one hearth, in our life's winter time,
Our youth, with its lost summer-weather,
And our love, in its first golden prime,)
Should those loved lips have cause to record
One word of unkindness from me,
Or my heart cease to bless the least word
Of kindness once spoken by thee!

But, whatever my path, and whatever
The future may fashion for thine,
Thy life, O believe me, can never,
My belov'd, be indifferent to mine.

When far from the sight of thy beauty,
Pursuing, unaided, alone,
The path of man's difficult duty
In the land where my lot may be thrown;
When my steps move no more in the place
Where thou art: and the brief days of yore
Are forgotten: and even my face
In thy life is remember'd no more;
Yet in *my* life will live thy least feature,
shall mourn the lost light of thine eyes;
And on earth there will yet be one nature
That must yearn after thine till it dies.

'YE SEEK JESUS OF NAZARETH WHICH WAS CRUCIFIED: HE IS RISEN: HE IS NOT HERE." MARK XVI. 6.

If Jesus came to earth again,
And walk'd, and talk'd, in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow Him, unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a youth with love forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize
Which fails the earthly, weak endeavour,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content forever!

The mortal hope, I ask with tears
Of Heaven, to soothe this mortal pain, —
The dream of all my darken'd years, —
I should not cling to then.

The pride that prompts the bitter jest —
(Sharp styptic of a bleeding heart!)
Would fail, and humbly leave confest
The sin that brought the smart,

If I might crouch within the fold
Of that white robe (a wounded bird)
The face that Mary saw beheld,
And hear the words she heard.

I would not ask one word of all
That now my nature yearns to know; —
The legend of the ancient Fall,
The source of human woe:

What hopes in other worlds may hide;
What griefs yet unexplored in this;
How fares the spirit within the wide
Waste tract of that abyss

Which scares the heart (since all we know
Of life is only conscious sorrow)
Lest novel life be novel woe
In death's undawn'd to-morrow;

I would not ask one word of this,
If I might only hide my head
On that belovéd breast, and kiss
The wounds where Jesus bled.

And I, where'er He went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead,
Enough to know that, here below,
I walk'd with God indeed!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,
By the still watercourse He leads,
His lambs upon His breast are laid,
His hungry ones He feeds.

Safe in His bosom I should lie,
Hearing, where'er His steps might be,
Calm waters, murmuring, murmuring by,
To meet the mighty sea.

If this be thus, O Lord of mine,
In absence is Thy love forgot?
And must I, where I walk, repine
Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
And our poor prayers yet reach Thee, Lord,
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the Living Word!

Yet is my heart, indeed, so weak
My course alone I dare not trace?
Alas! I know my heart must break
Before I see Thy face.

I loved, with all my human soul,
A human creature, here below,
And, tho' thou bad'st thy sea to roll
Forever 'twixt us two,

And tho' her form I may not see
Thro' all my long and lonely life,
And tho' she never now may be
My helpmate and my wife,

Yet in my dreams her dear eyes shine,
Yet in my heart her face I bear,
And yet each holiest thought of mine
I seem with her to share.

But, Lord, Thy face I never saw,
  Nor ever heard Thy human voice:
My life, beneath an iron law,
  Moves on without my choice.

No memory of a happier time,
  When in Thine arms, perchance, I slept,
In some lost ante-natal clime,
  My mortal frame hath kept:

And all is dark — before — behind.
  I cannot reach Thee, where Thou art,
I cannot bring Thee to my mind,
  Nor clasp Thee to my heart.

And this is why, by night and day,
  Still with so many an unseen tear
These lonely lips have learn'd to pray
  That God would spare me here,

While yet my doubtful course I go
  Along the vale of mortal years,
By Life's dull stream, that will not flow
  As fast as flow my tears,

One human hand, my hand to take:
  One human heart, my own to raise:
One loving human voice, to break
  The silence of my days.

Saviour, if this wild prayer be wrong,
  And what I seek I may not find,
Oh, make more hard, and stern, and strong,
  The framework of my mind!

Or, nearer to me, in the dark
  Of life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
  The moving of Thy hand.

TO CORDELIA.

I DO not blame thee, that my life
Is lonelier now than even before;
For hadst thou been, indeed, my wife,
(Vain dream that cheats no more!)

The fate, which from my earliest years
Hath made so dark the path I tread,
Had taught thee too, perchance, such tears
As I have learn'd to shed.

And that fix'd gloom, which souls like mine
Are school'd to wear with stubborn pride,
Had cast too dark a shade o'er thine, —
Hadst thou been by my side.

I blame thee not, that thou shouldst flee
From paths where only weeds have sprung,
Tho' loss of thee is loss to me
Of all that made youth young.

For 'tis not mine, and 'twas not thine,
To shape our course as first we strove:
And powers which I could not combine
Divide me from thy love.

Alas! we cannot choose our lives, —
We can but bear the burthen given.
In vain the feverish spirit strives
With unrelenting heaven.

For who can bid those tyrant stars
The injustice of their laws repeal?
Why ask who makes our prison bars,
Since they are made of steel?

The star that rules my darken'd hour
Is fixt in reachless spheres on high:
The curse which foils my baffled power
Is scrawl'd across the sky.

My heart knows all it felt, and feels:
But more than this I shall not know,
Till He that made the heart reveals
Why mine must suffer so.

I only know that, never yet,
My life hath found what others find, —
That peace of heart which will not fret
The fibres of the mind.

I only know that not for me
The human love, the clasp, the kiss;
My love in other worlds must be, —
Why was I born in this?

The bee is framed to find her food
In every wayside flower and bell,
And build within the hollow wood
Her own ambrosial cell:

The spider hath not learn'd her art,
A home in ruin'd towers to spin;
But what it seeks, my heart, my heart
Is all unskill'd to win.

The world was fill'd, ere I was born,
With man and maid, with bower and brake,
And nothing but the barren thorn
Remain'd for me to take:

I took the thorn, I wove it round,
I made a piercing crown to wear:
My own sad hands myself have crown'd,
Lord of my own despair.

That which we are, we are. 'Twere vain
To plant with toil what will not grow.
The cloud will break, and bring the rain,
Whether we reap, or sow.

I cannot turn the thunder-blast,
Nor pluck the levin's lurid root;
I cannot change the changeless past,
Nor make the ocean mute.

And if the bolt of death must fall
Where, bare of head, I walk my way,
Why let it fall! I will not call
To bid the Thunderer stay.

'Tis much to know, whate'er betide
The pilgrim path I pace alone,
Thou wilt not miss me from thy side
When its brief course is done.

Hadst thou been mine, — when skies were drear
And waves were rough, for thy sweet sake
I should have found in all some fear
My inmost breast to shake:

But now, his fill the blast may blow,
The sea may rage, the thunder roll,
For every path by which I go
Will reach the self-same goal.

Too proud to fly, too weak to cope,
I yet will wait, nor bow my head.
Those who have nothing left to hope,
Have nothing left to dread

A LETTER TO CORDELIA.

PERCHANCE, on earth, I shall not see thee ever
Ever again: and my unwritten years
Are sign'd out by that desolating "Never,"
And blurr'd with tears.

'Tis hard, so young — so young as I am still,
To feel for evermore from life depart
All that can flatter the poor human will,
Or fill the heart.

Yet there was nothing in that sweet, and brief,
And perisht intercourse, now closed for me,
To add one thought unto my bitterest grief
Upbraiding thee.

'Tis somewhat to have known, albeit in vain,
One woman in this sorrowful bad earth,
Whose very loss can yet bequeathe to pain
New faith in worth.

If I have overrated, in the wild
Blind heat of hope, the sense of aught which hath
From the lost vision of thy beauty smiled
On my lone path,

My retribution is, that to the last
I have o'errated, too, my power to cope
With this fierce thought . . . that life must all be past
Without life's hope;

And I would bless the chance which let me see
Once more the comfort of thy face, altho'
It were with beauty never born for me
That face should glow.

To see thee — all thou wilt be — loved and loving —
Even tho' another's — in the years to come —
To watch, once more, thy gracious sweetness moving
Thro' its pure home, —

Even this would seem less desolate, less drear,
Then never, never to behold thee more —
Never on those beloved lips to hear
The voice of yore!

These weak words, O my friend, fell not more fast
Than the weak scalding tears that with them fell.
Nor tears, nor words came, when I saw thee last . . .
Enough! . . . Farewell

Farewell. If that dread Power which fashion'd man
To till this planet, free to search and find
The secret of his source as best he can,
In his own mind,

Hath any care, apart from that which moves
Earth's myriads thro' Time's ages as they roll,
For any single human life, or loves
One separate soul,

May He, whose wisdom portions out for me
The moonless, changeless midnight of the heart,
Still all his softest sunshine save for thee,
Where'er thou art:

And if, indeed, not any human eyes
From human tears be free, — may Sorrow bring
Only to thee her April-rain, whose sighs
Soothe flowers in Spring.

FAILURE.

I HAVE seen those that wore Heaven's armour worsted:
I have heard Truth lie:
Seen Life, beside the founts for which it thirsted,
Curse God and die:

have felt the hand, whose touch was rapture, braiding
Among my hair
Love's choicest flowrets, and have found how fading
Those garlands were:

I have watch'd my first and holiest hopes depart,
One after one:
I have held the hand of Death upon my heart,
And made no moan:

I have seen her whom life's whole sacrifice
Was made to keep,
Pass coldly by me with a stranger's eyes,
Yet did not weep:

Now even my body fails me; and my brow
Aches night and day:
I am weak with over-work: how can I now
Go forth and play?

What! now that Youth's forgotten aspirations
Are all no more,
Rest there, indeed, all Youth's glad recreations,
— An untried store?

Alas, what skills this heart of sad experience,
This frame o'erwrought,
This memory with life's motion all at variance,
This aching thought?

How shall I come, with these, to follow pleasure
Where others find it?
Will not their sad steps mar the merriest measure,
Or lag behind it?

Still must the man move sadlier for the dreams
That mock'd the boy;
And, having fail'd to achieve, must still, it seems,
Fail to enjoy.

It is no common failure, to have fail'd
Where man hath given
A whole life's effort to the task assail'd —
Spent earth on heaven.

If error and if failure enter here,
What helps repentance?
Remember this, O Lord, in thy severe
Last sentence!

MISANTHROPOS.

Παντα κονις καὶ παντα γελως καὶ παντα το μηδεν

Day's last light is dying out.
All the place grows dim and drear
See! the grisly bat's about.
There is nothing left to fear:
Little left to doubt.

Not a note of music flits
O'er the slacken'd harpstrings yonder
From the skeleton that sits
By the broken harp, to ponder
(While the spider knits

Webs in each black socket-hole)
Where is all the music fled.

Music, hath it, then, a goal? . . .
Broken harp, and brainless head!
Silent song and soul!

Not a light in yonder sky,
Save that single wicked star,
Leering with its wanton eye
Thro' the shatter'd window-bar;
Come to see me die!

All, save this, the monstrous night
Hath erased and blotted bare
As the Fool's brain . . . God's last light
Winking at the Fiend's work there —
Wrong made worse by right!

Gone the voice, the face, of yore!
Gone the dream of golden hair!
Gone the garb that Falsehood wore!
Gone the shame of being bare!
We may close the door.

All the guests are slunk away.
Not a footstep on the stairs!
Not a friend here, left to say
"*Amen*" to a sinner's prayers,
If he cared to pray!

Gone is Friendship's friendliness,
After Love's fidelity:
Gone is Honour in the mess,
Spat upon by Charity:
Faith has fled Distress.

Those grim tipstaves at the gate
Freely may their work begin.
Let them in! they shall not wait.
There is little now within
Left for Scorn and Hate.

Oh, no doubt the air is foul!
'Tis the last lamp spits and stinks,
Shuddering downward in the bowl
Of the socket, from the brinks.
What's a burn'd-out soul?

Let them all go, unreproved!
For the source of tears is dried.
What!... One rests?... hath nothing moved
That pale woman from my side,
Whom I never loved?

You, with those dim eyes of yours,
Sadder than all eyes save mine!
That dim forehead which immures
Such faint helpless griefs, that pine
For such hopeless cures!

Must you love me, spite of loathing?
Can't you leave me where I'm lying?
Oh,... you wait for our betrothing?
I escape you, tho'— by dying!
Lay out my death-clothing.

Well I would that your white face
Were abolisht out of sight,
With the glory and the grace
Swallow'd long ago in night—
Gone — without a trace!

Reach me down my golden harp.
Set it here, beside my knee.
Never fear that I shall warp
All the chords of ecstasy,
Striking them too sharp!

Crown me with my crown of flowers.
Faded roses every one!
Pluckt in those long-perisht bowers,

By the nightshade overrun —
Fit for brows like ours!

Fill me, now, my golden cup.
Pour the black wine to the brim!
Till within me, while I sup,
All the fires, long quench'd and dim,
Flare, one moment, up.

I will sing you a last song.
I will pledge you a last health . . .
Here's to Weakness seeming strong!
Here's to Want that follows Wealth!
Here's to Right gone wrong!

Curse me now the Oppressor's rod,
And the meanness of the weak;
And the fool that apes the nod;
And the world at hide and seek
With the wrath of God.

Dreams of man's unvalued good,
By mankind's unholy means!
Curse the people in their mud!
And the wicked Kings and Queens
Lying by the Rood.

Fill! to every plague . . . and first,
Love, that breeds its own decay;
Rotten, ere the blossom burst.
Next, the friend that slinks away
When you need him worst.

O the world's inhuman ways!
And the heartless social lie!
And the coward, cheapening praise!
And the patience of the sky,
Lighting such bad days!

Curséd be the heritage
Of the sins we have not sinn'd!
Curséd be this boasting age,
And the blind that lead the blind
O'er its creaking stage!

O the vice within the blood,
And the sin within the sense!
And the fallen angelhood,
With its yearnings, too immense
To be understood!

Curse the hound with beaten hide,
When he turns and licks the hand
Curse this woman at my side!
And the memory of the land
Where my first love died.

Curséd be the next and most,
(With whatever curse most kills)
Me . . . the man whose soul is lost;
Foul'd by each of all these ills —
Fill'd with death and dust!

Take away the harp of gold,
And the empty wine-cup too.
Lay me out: for I grow cold.
There is something dim in view,
Which must pass untold: —

Something dim, and something vast —
Out of reach of all I say.
Language ceases . . . husht, aghast.
What am I, to curse or pray?
God succeeds at last!

BOOK VI.

PALINGENESIS.

A PRAYER.

MY Saviour, dare I come to Thee,
Who let the little children come?
But I? . . . my soul is faint in me!
I come from wandering to and fro
This weary world. There still his round
The Accuser goes: but Thee I found
Not anywhere. Both joy and woe
Have pass'd me by. I am too weak
To grieve or smile. And yet I know
That tears lie deep in all I do.
The homeless that are sick for home
Are not so wretched. Ere it break,
Receive my heart; and for the sake,
Not of my sorrows, but of Thine,
Bend down Thy holy eyes on mine,
Which are too full of misery
To see Thee clearly, tho' they seek.
Yet, if I heard Thy voice say . . . "Come,"
So might I, dying, die near Thee.
It shames me not, to have pass'd by
The temple-doors in every street
Where men profaned Thee: but that I
Have left neglected, choked with weeds,
Defrauded of its incense sweet

From holy thoughts and loyal deeds,
The fane Thou gavest me to inshrine
Thee in, this wretched heart of mine.
The Satyr there hath enter'd in;
The Owl that loves the darken'd hour;
And obscene shapes of night and sin
Still haunt, where God design'd a bower
For angels.
Yet I will not say
How oft I have aspired in vain,
How toil'd along the rugged way,
And held my faith above my pain,
For this Thou knowest. Thou knowest when
I falter'd, and when I was strong;
And how from that of other men
My fate was different: all the wrong
Which devastated hope in me:
The ravaged years; the excited heart,
That found in pain its only part
Of love: the master misery
That shatter'd all my early years,
From which, in vain, I sought to flee:
Thou knowest the long repentant tears,
Thou heard'st me cry against the spheres,
So sharp my anguish seem'd to be!
All this Thou knowest. Tho' I should keep
Silence, Thou knowest my hands were free
From sin, when all things cried to me
To sin. Thou knowest that, had I roll'd
My soul in hell-flame fifty-fold,
My sorrow could not be more deep.
Lord! there is nothing hid from Thee.

EUTHANASIA.

(WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.)

Spring to the world, and strength to me, returns;
And flowers return, — but not the flowers I knew.
I live: the fire of life within me burns;
But all my life is dead. The land I view
I know not; nor the life which I regain.
Within the hollow of the hand of death
I have lain so long, that now I draw the breath
Of life as unfamiliar, and with pain.

Of life: but not the life which is no more; —
That tender, tearful, warm, and passionate thing;
That wayward, restless, wistful life of yore;
Which now lies, cold, beneath the clasp of Spring,
As last year's leaves: but such a life as seems
A strange new-comer, coy and all-afraid.
No motion heaves the heart where it is laid,
Save when the past returns to me in dreams.

In dreams, like memories of another world:
The beauty, and the passion, and the pain
The wizardry by which my youth was whirl'd!
Round vain desires, — so violent, yet so vain!
The love which desolated life, yet made
So dear its desolation: and the creeds
Which, one by one, snapp'd in my hold like reeds,
Beneath the weight of need upon them laid!

For each man deems his own sand-house secure
While life's wild waves are lull'd; yet who can say,
If yet his faith's foundations do endure,

It is not that no wind hath blown that way?
Must we, even for their beauty's sake, keep furl'd
Our fairest creeds, lest earth should sully them,
And take what ruder help chance sends, to stem
The rubs and wrenchings of this boisterous world?

Alas! 'tis not the creed that saves the man:
It is the man that justifies the creed:
And each must save his own soul as he can,
Since each is burthen'd with a different need.
Round each the bandit passions lurk; and, fast
And furious, swarm to strip the pilgrim bare;
Then, oft, in lonely places unaware,
Fall on him, and do murder him at last.

And oft the light of truth, which thro' the dark
We fetch'd such toilful compass to detect,
Glares thro' the broken cloud on the lost bark,
And shows the rock — too late, when all is wreck'd!
Not from one watch-tower o'er the deep, alone,
It streams, but lightens there and lightens here
With lights so numberless (like heaven's eighth sphere)
That all their myriad splendours seem but one.

Time was, when it seem'd possible to be
(Then, when this shatter'd prow first felt the foam)
Columbus to some far Philosophy,
And bring, perchance, the golden Indies home.
O siren isles of the enchanted main
Thro' which I linger'd! altars, temples, groves,
Whelm'd in the salt sea wave, that rolls and roves
Around each desolated lost domain!

Over all these hath pass'd the deluge. And,
Saved from the sea, forlornly face to face
With the gaunt ruin of a world, I stand.
But two alone of all that perisht race
Survive to share with me my wanderings;
Doubt and Experience. These my steps attend,
Ever; and oft above my harp they bend,
And, weeping with me, weep among its strings

Yet, — saved, tho' in a land unconsecrate
By any memory, it seems good to me
To build an altar to the Lord; and wait
Some token, either from the land or sea,
To point me to my rest, which should be near.
Rude is the work, and simple is my skill;
Yet, if the hand could answer to the will,
This pile should lack not incense. Father, hear

My cry unto thee. Make thy covenant
Fast with my spirit. Bind within Thy bow
The whole horizon of my tears. I pant
For Thy refreshing. Bid Thy fountains flow
In this dry desert, where no springs I see.
Before I venture in an unknown land,
Here will I clear the ground on which I stand,
And justify the hope Thou gavest me.

I cannot make quite clear what comes and goes
In fitful light, by waning gleams descried.
The Spirit, blowing where it listeth, blows
Only at times, some single fold aside
Of that great veil which hangs o'er the Unknown
Yet do the feeble, fleeting lights that fall,
Reveal enough, in part, for hope in all:
And that seems surest which the least is shown.

God is a spirit. It is also said
Man is a spirit. Can I therefore deem

The two in nature separate? The made
Hath in it of the Maker. Hence I seem
A step towards light;—since 'tis the property
Of spirit to possess itself in all
It is possest by;—halv'd yet integral;
One person, various personality.

To say the Infinite is that which lies
Beyond the Finite, . . . were it not to set
A border mark to the immensities?
Far as these mortal senses measure yet
Their little region of the mighty plan,
Thro' valves of birth and death—are heard forever
The finite steps of infinite endeavour
Moving thro' Nature and the mind of man.

If man,—the finite spirit,—in infinity
Alone can find the truth of his ideal,
Dare I not deem that infinite Divinity
Within the finite must assume the real?
For what so feverish fancy, reckless hurl'd
Thro' a ruin'd brain, did ever yet descry
A symbol sad enough to signify
The conscious God of an unconscious world?

Wherefore, thus much perceived, to recognize
In God, the infinite spirit of Unity,
In man, the finite spirit, here implies
An interchanged perception;—Deity
Within humanity made manifest:
Not here man lonely, there a lonely God;
But, in all paths by human nature trod,
Infinity in Finity exprest.

This interchange, upon man's part, I call
Religion: revelation on the part
Of Deity: wherefrom there seems to fall
'Tis consequence (the point from which I start)

If God and man be one (a unity
  Of which religion is the human side)
  This must in man's religion be descried,
A consciousness and a reality.

Whilst man in nature dwells, his God is still
  In nature; thence, in time, there intervenes
The Law: he learns to fortify his will
  Against his passions, by external means:
And God becomes the Lawgiver: but when
  Corruption in the natural state we see,
  And in the legal hopeless tyranny,
We seem to need (if needed not till then)

That which doth uplift nature, and yet makes
  More light the heavy letter of the law.
Then for the Perfect the Imperfect aches,
  Till love is born upon the deeps of awe.
Yet what of this, . . . that God in man may be,
  And man, tho' mortal, of a race divine,
  If no assurance lives which may incline
The heart of man to man's divinity?

"There is no God" . . . the Fool saith — to his *heart*,
  Yet shapes a godhead from his *intellect*.
Is mind than heart less human, . . . that we part
  Thought from affection, and from mind erect
A deity merely intellectual?
  If God there be, devoid of sympathy
  For man, he is not man's divinity.
A God unloving were no God at all.

This felt, . . . I ask not . . . "What is God?" but "What
  Are my relations with Him?" This alone
Concerns me now: since, if I know this not,
  Tho' I should know the sources of the sun,

Or what within the hot heart of the earth
Lulls the soft spirit of the fire, altho'
The mandate of the thunder I should know,
To me my knowledge would be nothing worth.

What message, or what messenger to man?
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul?
For who, by searching, finds out God? How can
My utmost steps, unguided, gain the goal
Of necessary knowledge? It is clear
I cannot reach the gates of heaven, and knock
And enter: tho' I stood upon the rock
Like Moses, God must speak ere I can hear,

And touch me ere I feel him. He must come
To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud)
Stand at the dim doors of my mortal home;
Lift the low latch of life; and enter, bow'd
Unto this earthly roof; and sit within
The circle of the senses; at the hearth
Of the affections; be my guest on earth,
Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.

Since, tho' I stripp'd Divinity, in thought,
From passion, which is personality,
My God would still be human: tho' I sought
In the bird's wing or in the insect's eye.
Rather than in this broken heart of mine,
His presence, human still: human would be
All human thought conceives. Humanity,
Being less human, is not more divine.

The soul, then, cannot stipulate or refuse
The fashion of the heavenly embassy.
Since God is here the speaker, He must choose
The words He wills. Already I descry
That God and man are one, divided here,
Yet reconcilable. One [illegible] survives.

There is a dread condition to men's lives:
We die: and, from its death, it would appear

Our nature is not one with the divine.
Not so. The Man-God dies; and by his death
Doth with his own immortal life combine
The spirit pining in this mortal breath.
Who from himself himself did alienate
That he, returning to himself, might pave
A pathway hence, to heaven from the grave,
For man to follow — thro' the heavenly gate.

Wert thou, my Christ, not ignorant of grief?
A man of sorrows? Not for sorrow's sake
(Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!)
Beneath the thorns did thy pure forehead
ache:
But that in sorrow only, unto sorrow,
Can comfort come; in manhood only, man
Perceive man's destiny. In Nature's plan
Our path is over Midnight to To-morrow.

And so the Prince of Life, in dying, gave
Undying life to mortals. Once he stood
Among his fellows, on this side the grave,
A man, perceptible to flesh and blood:
Now, taken from our sight, he dwells no less
Within our mortal memory and thought,
The mystery of all he was, and wrought,
Is made a part of general consciousness.

And in this consciousness I reach repose.
Spent with the howling main and desert sand
Almost too faint to pluck the unfading rose
Of peace, that bows its beauty to my hand.
Here Reason fails, and leaves me; my pale guide
Across the wilderness — by a stern command,
Shut out, like Moses, from the Promist Land.
Touching its own achievement, it hath died

Ah yet! I have but wrung the victory
From Thought! Not passionless will be my path.
Yet on my life's pale forehead I can see
The flush of squander'd fires. Passion hath
Yet, in the purpose of my days its place.
But changed in aspect: turn'd unto the East,
Whence grows the dayspring from on high, at least
A finer fervour trembles on its face.

THE SOUL'S SCIENCE.

Can History prove the truth which hath
Its record in the silent soul?
Or Mathematics mete the path
Whereby the spirit seeks its goal?

Can Love of aught but Love inherit
The blessing which is born of Love?
The spirit knoweth of the spirit:
The soul alone the soul can prove.

The eye to see: the ear to hear:
The working hand to help the will:
To every sense his separate sphere:
And unto each his several skill.

The ear to sight, the eye to sound,
Is callous: unto each is given
His lorddom in his proper bound.
The soul, the soul to find out heaven!

There is a glory veil'd to sight;
A voice which never ear hath heard;
There is a law no hand can write,
Yet stronger than the written word.

And hast thou tidings for my soul
O teacher? to my soul intrust
Alone the purport of thy scroll:
Or vex me not with learnéd dust.

A PSALM OF CONFESSION.

FULL soon doth Sorrow make her covenant
With Life; and leave her shadow in the door:
And all those future days, for which we pant,
Do come in mourning for the days of yore.
Still thro' the world gleams Memory seeking Love,
Pale as the torch which grieving Ceres bore,
Seeking Proserpina, on that dark shore
Where only phantoms thro' the twilight move.

The more we change, the more is all the same,
Our last grief was a tale of other years
Quite outworn, till to our own hearts it came.
Wishes are pilgrims to the Vale of Tears.
Our brightest joys are but as airy shapes
Of cloud, that fade on evening's glimmering slope;
And disappointment hawks the hovering hope
Forever pecking at the painted grapes.

Why can we not one moment pause, and cherish
Love, tho' love turn to tears? or for hope's sake
Bless hope, albeit the thing we hope may perish?
For happiness is not in what we take,
But what we give. What matter tho' the thing
We cling to most should fail us? Dust to dust
It is the *feeling* for the thing — the trust
In beauty somewhere, to which souls should cling.

My youth has fail'd, if failure lies in aught
The warm heart dreams, or which the working hand,
Is set to do. I have fail'd in aidless thought,
And steadfast purpose, and in self-command.
I have fail'd in hope, in health, in love: fail'd in the word,
And in the deed too I have fail'd. Ah yet,
Albeit with eyes from recent weepings wet,
Sing thou, my Soul, thy psalm unto The Lord!

The burthen of the desert and the sea!
The burthen of the vision in the vale!
My threshing-floor, my threshing-floor! ah, me,
Thy wind hath strewn my corn, and spoil'd the flail!
The burthen of Dumah and of Dedanim!
What of the night, O watchman, of the night?
The glory of Kedar faileth: and the might
Of mighty men is minished and dim.

The morning cometh, and the night, he cries.
The watchman cries the morning, too, is nigher.
And, if ye would inquire, lift up your eyes,
Inquire of the Lord, return, inquire!
I stand upon the watchtower all day long:
And all the night long I am set in ward.
Is it thy feet upon the mountains, Lord?
I sing against the darkness: hear my song!

The majesty of Kedar hath been spoil'd:
Bound are the arrows: broken is the bow.
I come before the Lord with garments soil'd.
The ashes of my life are on my brow.
Take thou thy harp, and go about the city,
O daughter of Desire, with garments torn
Sing many songs, make melody, and mourn
That thou may'st be remember'd unto pity.

Just, awful God! here at thy feet I lay
My life's most precious offering: dearly bought,
Thou knowest with what toil by night and day:
Thou knowest the pain, the passion, and the thought.
I bring thee my youth's failure. I have spent
My youth upon it. All I have is here.
Were it worth all it is not, price more dear
Could I have paid for its accomplishment?

Yet it is much. If I could say to thee
"Acquit me, Judge; for I am thus, and thus;
And have achieved — even so much." Should I be
Thus wholly fearless and impetuous
To rush into thy presence? I might weigh
The little done against the undone much:
My merit with thy mercy: and, as such,
Haggle with pardon for a price to pay.

But now the fulness of its failure makes
My spirit fearless; and despair grows bold.
My brow, beneath its sad self-knowledge aches.
Life's presence passes Thine a thousand fold
In contemplated terror. Can I lose
Aught by that desperate temerity
Which leaves no choice but to surrender Thee
My life without condition? Could I choose

A stipulated sentence, I might ask
For ceded dalliance to some cherisht vice:
Or half-remission of some desperate task:
Now, all I have is hateful. What is the price?
Speak, Lord! I hear the Fiend's hand at the door.
Hell's slavery or heaven's service is it the choice?
How can I palter with the terms? O voice
Whence do I hear thee . . . "Go: and sin no more"?

No more, no more? But I have kist dead white
The cheek of Vice. No more the harlot hides
Her loathsomeness of lineament from my sight.
No more within my bosom there abides
Her poison'd perfume. Oh, the witch's mice
Have eat her scarlet robe and diaper,
And she fares naked! Part from her — from her?
Is this the price, O Lord, is this the price?

Yet, tho' her web be broken, bonds, I know,
Slow custom frames in the strong forge of time,
Which outlast love, and will not wear with woe,
Nor break beneath the cognizance of crime.
The witch goes bare. But he, — the father fiend,
That roams the unthrifty furrows of my days,
Yet walks the field of life; and, where he strays,
The husbandry of heaven for hell is glean'd.

Lulls are there in man's life which are not peace.
Tumults which are not triumphs. Do I take
The pause of passion for the fiend's decease?
This frost of grief hath numb'd the drowsing snake;
Which yet may wake, and sting me in the heat
Of new emotions. What shall bar the door
Against the old familiar, that of yore
Came without call, and sat within my seat?

When evening brings its dim grim hour again,
And hell lets loose its dusky brood awhile,
Shall I not find him in the darkness then?
The same subservient and yet insolent smile?
The same indifferent ignominious face?
The same old sense of household horror, come
Like a tame creature, back into its home?
Meeting me, haply, in my wonted place,

With the loath'd freedom of an unloved mate,
Or crouching on my pillow as of old?
Knowing I hate him, impotent in hate!
Therefore more subtle, strenuous, and bold.
Thus ancient habit will usurp young will,
And each new effort rivet the old thrall.
No matter! those who climb must count to fall,
But each new fall will prove them climbing still.

O wretched man! the body of this death
Which, groaning in the spirit, I yet bear
On to the end (so that I breathe the breath
Of its corruption, even tho' breathing prayer)
What shall take from me? Must I drag forever
The cold corpse of the life which I have kill'd
But cannot bury? Must my heart be fill'd
With the dry dust of every dead endeavour?

For often, at the mid of the long night,
Some devil enters into the dead clay,
And gives it life unnatural in my sight.
The dead man rises up; and roams away,
Back to the moulder'd mansions of the Past:
And lights a lurid revel in the halls
Of vacant years; and lifts his voice, and calls,
Till troops of phantoms gather round him fast.

Frail gold-hair'd corpses, in whose eyes there lives
A strange regret too wild to let them rest:
Crowds of pale maidens, who were never wives
And infants that all died upon the breast
That suckled them. And these make revelry
Mingled with wailing all the midnight thro'
Till the sad day doth with stern light renew
The toiling land, and the complaining sea.

Full well I know that in this world of ours
The dreadful Commonplace succeeds all changes

We catch at times a gleam of flying powers
That pass in storm some windy mountain range.
But, while we gaze, the cloud returns o'er all.
And each, to guide him up the devious height,
Must take, and bless, whatever earthly light
From household hearths, or shepherd fires, may fall.

This wave, that groans and writhes upon the beach,
To-morrow will submit itself to calm;
That wind that rushes, moaning, out of reach,
Will die anon beneath some breathless palm;
These tears, these sighs, these motions of the soul,
This inexpressible pining of the mind,
The stern indifferent laws of life shall bind,
And fix forever in their old control.

Behold this half-tamed universe of things!
That cannot break, nor wholly bear, its chain
Its heart by fits grows wild: it leaps, it springs;
Then the chain galls, and kennels it again.
If man were formed with all his faculties
For sorrow, I should sorrow for him less.
Considering a life so brief, the stress
Of its short passion I might well despise:

But all man's faculties are for delight;
But all man's life is compass'd with what seems
Framed for enjoyment: but from all that sight
And sense reveal a magic murmur streams
Into man's heart, which says, or seems to say,
"Be happy!" . . . and the heart of man replies
"Leave happiness to brutes: I would be wise
Give me, not peace, but science, glory, art."

Therefore, age, sickness, and mortality
Are but the lightest portion of his pain:
Therefore, shut out from joy, incessantly
Death finds him toiling at a task that's vain.
I weep the want of all he pines to have:
I weep the loss of all he leaves behind:—
Contentment, and repose, and peace of mind,
Pawn'd for the purchase of a little grave:

I weep the hundred centuries of time;
I weep the millions that have squander'd them
In error, doubt, anxiety, and crime,
Here, where the free birds sing from leaf and stem:
I weep . . . but what are tears? What I deplore
I knew not, half a hundred years ago:
And half a hundred years from hence, I know
That what I weep for I shall know no more.

The spirit of that wide and leafless wind
That wanders o'er the uncompanion'd sea,
Searching for what it never seems to find,
Stirr'd in my hair, and moved my heart in me,
To follow it, far over land and main:
And everywhere over this earth's scarr'd face
The footsteps of a God I seem'd to trace;
But everywhere steps of a God in pain.

If, haply, he that made this heart of mine,
Himself in sorrow walk'd the world erewhile,
What then am I, to marvel or repine
That I go mourning ever in the smile
Of universal nature, searching ever
The phantom of a joy which here I miss?
My heart inhabits other worlds than this,
Therefore my search is here a vain endeavour.

Methought, . . . (it was the midnight of my soul,
Dead midnight) that I stood on Calvary:

I found the cross, but not the Christ. The whole
Of heaven was dark: and I went bitterly
Weeping, because I found him not. Methought, . . .
(It was the twilight of the dawn and mist)
I stood before the sepulchre of Christ:
The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught

Saving the cere-clothes of the grave, which were
Upfolden straight and empty: bitterly
Weeping I stood, because not even there
I found him. Then a voice spake unto me,
"Whom seekest thou? Why is thy heart dismay'd?
Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here:
Behold, the Lord is risen. Be of cheer:
Approach, behold the place where he was laid."

And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
"Go forth, and tell thy brethren," spake the voice;
"The Lord is risen." Suddenly unfurl'd,
The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
My heart feels vacant of what most it needs?
Christ is arisen! . . . the cere-clothes and the weeds
That wrapp'd him lying in this sepulchre

Of earth, he hath abandon'd; being gone
Back into heaven, where we too must turn
Our gaze to find him. Pour, O risen Sun
Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn
Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
This tract of night in which I walk forlorn:
Behold the night is now far spent. The morn
Breaks, breaking from afar thro' a night shower

REQUIESCAT.

I SOUGHT to build a deathless monument
To my dead love. Therein I meant to place
All precious things, and rare: as Nature blent
All single sweetnesses in one sweet face.
I could not build it worthy her mute merit,
Nor worthy her white brows and holy eyes,
Nor worthy of her perfect and pure spirit,
Nor of my own immortal memories.
But, as some rapt artificer of old,
To enshrine the ashes of a virgin saint,
Might scheme to work with ivory, and fine gold,
And carven gems, and legended and quaint
Seraphic heraldries; searching far lands,
Orient and occident, for all things rare,
To consecrate the toil of reverent hands,
And make his labour, like her virtue, fair;
Knowing no beauty beautiful as she,
And all his labour void, but to beguile
A sacred sorrow; so I work'd. Ah, see
Here are the fragments of my shatter'd pile!
I keep them, and the flowers that sprang between
Their broken workmanship — the flowers and weeds!
Sleep soft among the violets, O my Queen —
Lie calm among my ruin'd thoughts and deeds.

EPILOGUE.

PART I.

CHANGE without term, and strife without result,
Persons that pass, and shadows that remain,
One strange, impenetrable, and occult
Suggestion of a hope, that's hoped in vain,

Behold the world man reigns in! His delight
Deceives; his power fatigues; his strength is brief;
Even his religion presupposes grief,
His morning is not certain of the night.

I have beheld, without regret, the trunk,
Which propp'd three hundred summers on its boughs,
Which housed, of old, the merry bird, and drunk
The divine dews of air, and gave carouse
To the free winds of heaven, lie overthrown
Amidst the trees which its own fruitage bore.
Its promise is fulfill'd. It is no more,
But it hath been. Its destiny is done.

But the wild ash, that springs above the marsh!
Strong, and superb, it rises o'er the wild.
Vain energy of being! For the harsh
And fetid ooze already hath defiled
The roots whose sap it lives by. Heaven doth give
No blessing to its boughs. The humid wind
Rots them. The vapours warp them. All declined,
Its life hath ceased, ere it hath ceased to live.

Child of the waste, and nursling of the pest!
A kindred fate hath watch'd, and wept, thine own.
Thine epitaph is written in my breast.
Years change. Day treads out day. For me alone
No change is nurst within the brooding bud.
Satiety I have not known, and yet
I wither in the void of life, and fret
A futile time, with an unpeaceful blood.

The days are all too long, the nights too fair,
  And too much redness satiates the rose.
O blissful season! blest and balmy air!
  Waves! moonlight! silence! years of lost repose!
Bowers, and shades, that echoed to the tread
  Of young Romance! birds that, from woodland bars,
  Sang, serenading forth the timid stars!
Youth! beauty! passion! whither are ye fled?

I wait, and long have waited, and yet wait
  The coming of the footsteps which ye told
My heart to watch for. Yet the hour is late,
  And ye have left me. Did they lie, of old,
Your thousand voices prophesying bliss?
  That troubled all the current of a fate
  Which else might have been peaceful! I await
The thing I have not found, yet would not miss.

To face out childhood, and grow up to man,
  To make a noise, and question all one sees,
The astral orbit of a world to span,
  And, after a few days, to take one's ease
Under the graveyard grasses, — this, my friend,
  Appears to me a thing too strange but what
  I wish to know its meaning. I would not
Depart before I have perceived the end.

And I would know what, here below the sun,
  He is, and what his place, that being which seems
The end of all means, yet the means of none;
  Who searches, and combines, aspires, and dreams;
Seeking new things with ever the same hope,
  Seeking new hopes in ever the same thing,
  A king without the powers of a king,
A beggar with a kingdom in his scope;

Who only sees in what he hath attain'd
  The means whereby he may attain to more;
Who only finds in that which he hath gain'd
  The want of what he did not want before
Whom weakness strengthens; who is soothed by
    strife;
  Who seeks new joys to prize the absent most;
  Still from illusion to illusion tost,
Himself the great illusion of his life!

Why is it, all deep emotion makes us sigh
  To quit this world? What better thing than
    death
Can follow after rapture? "Let us die!"
  This is the last wish on the lover's breath.
If thou wouldst live, content thee. To enjoy
  Is to begin to perish. What is bliss,
  But transit to some other state from this?
That, which we live for, must our life destroy.

Hast thou not ever long'd for death? If not,
  Not yet thy life's experience is attain'd.
But if thy days be favour'd, if thy lot
  Be easy, if hope's summit thou hast gain'd,
Die! Death is the sole future left to thee.
  The knowledge of this life is bound, for each,
  By his own powers. Death lies between our
    reach
And all which, living, we have lived to be.

Death is no evil, since it comes to all.
  For evil is the exception, not the law.
What is it in the tempest that doth call
  Our spirits down its pathways? or the awe
Of that abyss and solitude beneath
  High mountain passes, which doth aye attract
  Such strange desire? or in the cataract?
The sea? It is the sentiment of death.

If life no more than a mere seeming be,
Away with the imposture! If it tend
To nothing, and to have lived seemingly
Prove to be vain and futile in the end,
Then let us die, that we may really live,
Or cease to feign to live. Let us possess
Lasting delight, or lasting quietness.
What life desires, death, only death, can give.

Where are the violets of vanisht years?
The sunsets Rachel watch'd by Laban's well?
Where is Fidele's face? where Juliet's tears?
There comes no answer. There is none to tell
What we go questioning, till our mouths are stopt
By a clod of earth. Ask of the plangent sea,
The wild wind wailing thro' the leafless tree,
Ask of the meteor from the midnight dropt!

Come, Death, and bring the beauty back to all!
I do not seek thee, but I will not shun.
And let thy coming be at even-fall,
Thy pathway thro' the setting of the sun.
And let us go together, I with thee,
What time the lamps in Eden bowers are lit,
And Melancholy, all alone, doth sit
By the wide marge of some neglected sea.

PART II.

One hour of English twilight once again!
Lo! in the rosy regions of the dew
The confines of the world begin to wane,
And Hesper doth his trembling lamp renew.
Now is the inauguration of the night!
Nature's release to wearied earth and skies!
Sweet truce of Care! Labor's brief armistice
Best, loveliest interlude of dark and light!

The rookery, babbling in the sunken wood;
The watchdog, barking from the distant farm
The dim light fading from the hornéd flood,
That winds the woodland in its silver arm;
The mass'd, and immemorial oaks, whose leaves
Are husht in yonder heathy dells below;
The fragrance of the meadows that I know;
The bat, that now his wavering circle weaves

Around these antique towers, and casements deep
That glimmer, thro' the ivy and the rose,
To the faint moon, which doth begin to creep
Out of the inmost heart o' the heavens' repose,
To wander, all night long, without a sound,
Above the fields my feet oft wander'd once;
The larches tall and dark, which do ensconce
The little churchyard, in whose hallow'd ground

Sleep half the simple friends my childhood knew:
All, all the sounds and sights of this blest hour,
Sinking within my heart of hearts, like dew,
Revive that so long parcht and drooping flower
Of youth, the world's hot breath for many years
Hath burn'd and wither'd; till once more, once more,
The revelation and the dream of yore
Return to solace these sad eyes with tears!

Where now, alone, a solitary man,
I pace once more the pathways of my home,
Light-hearted, and together, once we ran,
I, and the infant guide that used to roam
With me, the meads and meadow-banks among,
At dusk and dawn. How light those little feet
Danced thro' the dancing grass, and waving wheat,
Where'er, far off, we heard the cuckoo's song

I know now, little Ella, what the flowers
  Said to you then, to make your cheek so pale;
And why the blackbird in our laurel bowers
  Spake to you, only; and the poor, pink snail
Fear'd less your steps than those of the May-
    shower.
  It was not strange these creatures loved you
    so,
  And told you all. 'Twas not so long ago
You were, yourself, a bird, or else a flower.

And, little Ella, you were pale, because
  So soon you were to die. I know that now.
And why there ever seem'd a sort of gauze
  Over your deep blue eyes, and sad young
    brow.
You were too good to grow up, Ella, you,
  And be a woman such as I have known!
  And so upon your heart they put a stone,
And left you, dear, amongst the flowers and
    dew.

God's will is good. He knew what would be best.
  I will not weep thee, darling, any more;
I have not wept thee; tho' my heart, opprest
  With many memories, for thy sake is sore.
God's will is good, and great His wisdom is.
  Thou wast a little star, and thou didst shine
  Upon my cradle; but thou wast not mine,
Thou wast not mine, my darling; thou art His.

My morning star! twin sister of my soul!
  My little elfin friend from Fairy-Land!
Whose memory is yet innocent of the whole
  Of that which makes me doubly need thy hand,
Thy little guiding hand so soon withdrawn!
  Here where I find so little like to thee.
  For thou wert as the breath of dawn to me,
Starry, and pure, and brief as is the dawn.

Thy knight was I, and thou my Fairy Queen.
('Twas in the days of love and chivalry!)
And thou didst hide thee in a bower of green.
But thou so well hast hidden thee, that I
Have never found thee since. And thou didst set
Many a task, and quest, and high emprise,
Ere I should win my guerdon from thine eyes,
So many, and so many, that not yet

My tasks are ended or my wanderings o'er.
But some day thou wilt send across the main
A magic bark, and I shall quit this shore
Of care, and find thee, in thy bower, again;
And thou wilt say "My brother, hast thou found
Our home, at last?" . . . Whilst I, in answer, Sweet,
Shall heap my life's last booty at thy feet,
And bare my breast with many a bleeding wound

The spoils of time! the trophies of the world!
The keys of conquer'd towns, and captived kings;
And many a broken sword, and banner furl'd;
The heads of giants, and swart Soldan's rings;
And many a maiden's scarf; and many a wand
Of baffled wizard; many an amulet;
And many a shield, with mine own heart's blood wet;
And jewels, dear, from many a distant land!

God's will is good. He knew what would be best,
I thought last year to pass away from life.
I thought my toils were ended, and my quest
Completed, and my part in this world's strife
Accomplisht. And, behold! about me now
There rest the gloom, the glory, and the awe
Of a new martyrdom, no dreams foresaw;
And the thorn-crown hath blossom'd on my brow

, but with a martyr's joy!
A hope I never hoped for! and a sense
That nothing henceforth ever can destroy:—
Within my breast the serene confidence
Of mercy in the misery of things;
Of meaning in the mystery of all;
Of blessing in whatever may befall;
Of rest predestined to all wanderings.

How sweet, with thee, my sister, to renew,
In lands of light, the search for those bright birds
Of plumage so ethereal in its hue,
And music sweeter than all mortal words,
Which some good angel to our childhood sent
With messages from Paradisal flowers,
So lately left, the scent of Eden bowers
Yet linger'd in our hair, where'er we went!

Now, they are all fled by, this many a year,
Adown the viewless valleys of the wind,
And never more will cross this hemisphere,
Those birds of passage! Never shall I find,
Dropt from the flight, you follow'd, dear, so far
That you will never come again, I know,
One plumelet on the paths by which I go,
Missing thy light there, O my morning star!

Soft, over all, doth ancient twilight cast
Her dim gray robe, vague as futurity,
And sad and hoary as the ghostly past,
Till earth assumes invisibility.
I hear the night-bird's note, wherewith she starts
The bee within the blossom from his dream.
A light, like hope, from yonder pane doth beam,
And now, like hope, it silently departs.

Hush! from the clock within yon dark church spire,

Another hour broke, clanging, out of time,
And pass'd me, throbbing like my own desire,
Into the sevenfold heavens. And now, the chime
Over the vale, the woodland, and the river,
More faint, more far, a quivering echo, strays
From that small twelve-hour'd circle of our days,
And spreads, and spreads, to the great round Forever.

Pensive, the sombre ivied porch I pass.
Thro' the dark hall, the sound of my own feet
Pursues me, like the ghost of what I was,
Into this silent chamber, where I meet
From wall to wall the fathers of my race;
The pictures of the past from wall to wall;
Wandering o'er which, my wistful glances fall,
To sink, at last, on little Ella's face.

This is my home. And hither I return,
After much wandering in the ways of men,
Weary but not outworn. Here, with her urn
Shall Memory come, and be my denizen.
And blue-eyed Hope shall through the window look,
And lean her fair child's face into the room,
What time the hawthorn buds anew, and bloom
The bright forget-me-nots beside the brook.

Father of all which is, or yet may be,
Ere to the pillow which my childhood prest
This night restores my troubled brows, by Thee
May this, the last prayer I have learn'd, be blest!
Grant me to live that I may need from life
No more than life hath given me, and to die
That I may give to death no more than I
Have long abandon'd. And, if toil and strife

Yet in the portion of my days must be,
  Firm be my faith, and quiet be my heart!
That so my work may with my will agree,
  And strength be mine to calmly fill my part
In Nature's purpose, questioning not the end.
  For love is more than raiment or than food.
  Shall I not take the evil with the good?
Blessèd to me be all which thou dost send!

Nor blest the least, recalling what hath been,
  The knowledge of the evil I have known
Without me, and within me. Since, to lean
  Upon a strength far mightier than my own
Such knowledge brought me. In whose strength
    I stand,
  Firmly upheld, even tho', in ruin hurl'd,
  The fix'd foundations of this rolling world
Should topple at the waving of Thy hand.

PART III.

Hail thou! sole Muse that, in an age of toil,
  Of all the old Uranian sisterhood,
Art left to light us o'er the furrowed soil
  Of this laborious star! Muse, unsubdued
By that strong hand which hath in ruin raz'd
  The temples of dread Jove! Muse most divine,
  Albeit but ill by these pale lips of mine,
In days degenerate, first named and praised!

Now the high airy kingdoms of the day
  Hyperion holds not. The disloyal seas
Have broken from Poseidon's purple sway.
  Thro' Heaven's harmonious golden palaces
No more the silver sandal'd messengers
  Slide to sweet airs. Upon Olympus' brow
  The gods' great citadel is vacant now.
And not a lute to Love in Lesbos stirs

But thou wert born not on the Forkéd Hill,
Nor fed from Hybla's hives by Attic bees,
Nor on the honey Cretan oaks distil,
Or once distill'd, when gods had homes in trees
And young Apollo knew thee not. Yet thou
With Ceres wast, when the pale mother trod
The gloomy pathway to the nether god,
And spake with that dim Power which dwells below

The surface of whatever, where he wends,
The circling sun illumineth. And thou
Wast aye a friend to man. Of all his friends,
Perchance the friend most needed: needed now
Yet more than ever; in a complex age
Which changes while we gaze at it: from heaven
Seeking a sign, and finding no sign given,
And questioning Life's worn book at every page

Nor ever yet, was song, untaught by thee,
Worthy to live immortally with man.
Wherefore, divine Experience, bend on me
Thy deep and searching eyes. Since life began,
Meek at thy mighty knees, tho' oft reproved,
I have sat, spelling out slow time with tears,
Where down the riddling alphabet of years,
Thy guiding finger o'er the horn-book moved.

And I have put together many names:
Sorrow, and Joy, and Hope, and Memory,
And Love, and Anger; as an infant frames
The initials of a language wherein he
In manhood must with men communicate.
And oft, the words were hard to understand,
Harder to utter; still the solemn hand
Would pause, and point, and wait, and move, and wait;

Till words grew into language. Language grew
To utterance. Utterance into music pass'd.
I sang of all I learn'd, and all I knew.
And, looking upward in thy face, at last,
Beheld it flusht, as when a mother hears
Her infant feebly singing his first hymn,
And dreams she sees, albeit unseen of him,
Some radiant listener lured from other spheres.

Such songs have been my solace many a while
And oft, when other solace I had none,
From grief which lay heart-broken on a smile,
And joy that glitter'd like a winter sun,
And froze, and fever'd: from the great man's scorn,
The mean man's envy; friends' unfriendliness;
Love's want of human kindness, and the stress
Of nights that hoped for nothing from the morn.

From these, and worse than these, did song unbar
A refuge thro' the ivory gate of dreams,
Wherein my spirit grew familiar
With spirits that glide by spiritual streams;
Song hath, for me, unseal'd the genii sleeping
Under mid seas, and lured out of their lair
Beings with wondering eyes, and wondrous hair,
Tame to my feet at twilight softly creeping.

And song hath been my cymbal in the hours
Of triumph; when behind me, far away,
Lay Egypt, with its plagues; and. by strange powers,
Not mine, upheld, life's heaped ocean lay
On either side a passage for my soul.
A passage to the Land of Promise! trod
By giants, where the chosen race of God
Shall find, at last, its long predestin'd goal.

The breath which stirr'd these songs a little while
Has fleeted by; and, with it, fleeted too
The days I sought, thus singing, to beguile
Of thoughts that spring like weeds, which will creep thro'
The blank interstices of ruin'd fanes,
Where Youth, adoring, sacrificed — its heart,
To gods forever fallen.
Now, we part,
My songs and I. We part, and what remains?

Perchance an echo, and perchance no more,
Harp of my heart, from thy brief music dwells
In hearts, unknown, afar: as the wide shore
Retains within its hundred hollow shells
The voices of the spirits of the foam,
Which murmur in the language of the deeps,
Tho'. haply far away, to one who keeps
Such ocean wealth to grace an inland home.

Within these cells of song, how frail soe'er,
The vast and wandering tides of human life
Have murmur'd once; and left, in passing, there,
Faint echoes of the tumult and the strife
Of the great ocean of humanity.
Fairies have danced within these hollow caves,
And Memory mused above the moonlit waves,
And Youth, the lover, here hath linger'd by.

I sung of life, as life would have me sing,
Of falsehood, and of evil, and of wrong;
For many a false, and many an evil thing,
I found in life; and by my life my song
Was shaped within me while I sung: I sung
Of Good, for good is life's predestin'd end;
Of Sorrow, for I knew her as my friend;
Of Love, for by his hand my harp was strung.

I have not scrawl'd above the tomb of Youth
Those lying epitaphs, which represent
All virtues, and all excellence, save truth.
'Twere easy, thus, to have been eloquent,
If I had held the fashion, of the age
Which loves to hear its sounding flattery
Blown by all dusty winds from sky to sky,
And find its praises blotting every page.

And yet, the Poet and the Age are one.
And if the age be flaw'd, howe'er minute,
Deep thro' the poet's heart that rent doth run,
And shakes and mars the music of his lute.
It is not that his sympathy is less
With all that lives and all that feels around him,
But that so close a sympathy hath bound him
To these, that he must utter their distress.

We build the bridge, and swing the wondrous wire,
Bind with an iron hoop the rolling world;
Sport with the spirits of the ductile fire;
And leave our spells upon the vapour furl'd;
And cry — Behold the progress of the time!
Yet are we tending in an unknown land,
Whither, we neither ask nor understand,
Far from the peace of our unvalued prime!

And Strength and Force, the fiends which minister
To some new-risen Power beyond our span,
On either hand, with hook and nail, confer
To rivet the Promethean heart of man
Under the ravening and relentless beak
Of unappeasable Desire, which yet
The very vitals of the age doth fret.
The limbs are mighty, but the heart is weak.

Writhe on, Prometheus! or whate'er thou art,
Thou giant sufferer, groaning for a race
Thou canst not save, for all thy bleeding heart!

Thy wail my harp hath waken'd; and my place
Shall be beside thee; and my blessing be
On all that makes me worthy yet to share
Thy lonely martyrdom, and with thee wear
That crown of anguish given to poets, and thee!

If to have wept, and wildly; to have loved
Till love grew torture; to have grieved till grief
Became a part of life; if to have proved
The want of all things; if, to draw relief
From poesy for passion, this avail,
I lack no title to my crown. The sea
Hath sent up nymphs for my society,
The mountains have been moved to hear my wail.

Nature and man were children long ago
In glad simplicity of heart and speech.
Now they are strangers to each other's woe;
And each hath language different from each.
The simplest songs sound sweetest, and most good.
The simplest loves are the most loving ones.
Happier were song's forefathers than their sons.
And Homer sung as Byron never could.

But Homer cannot come again: nor ever
The quiet of the age in which he sung.
This age is one of tumult and endeavour,
And by a fever'd hand its harps are strung.
And yet, I do not quarrel with the time;
Nor quarrel with the tumult of my heart,
Which of the tumult of the age is part;
Because its very weakness is sublime.

The passions are as winds on the wide sea
Of human life; which do impel the sails
Of man's great enterprise, whate'er that be.
The reckless helmsman, caught upon these gales,
Under the roaring gulfs goes down aghast

The prudent pilot to the steadying breeze
Sparely gives head; and, over perilous seas,
Drops anchor 'mid the Fortunate Isles, at last.

We pray against the tempest and the strife,
The storm, the whirlwind, and the troublous hour,
Which vex the fretful element of life.
Me rather save, O dread disposing Power,
From those dead calms, that flat and hopeless lull,
In which the dull sea rots around the bark,
And nothing moves save the sure-creeping dark,
That slowly settles o'er an idle hull.

For in the storm, the tumult, and the stir
That shakes the soul, man finds his power and place
Among the elements. Deeps with deeps confer,
And Nature's secret settles in her face.
Let ocean to his inmost caves be stirr'd;
Let the wild light be smitten from the cloud.
The decks may reel, the masts be snapt and bow'd,
But God hath spoken out, and man hath heard!

Farewell, you lost inhabitants of my mind,
You fair ephemerals of faded hours!
Farewell, you lands of exile, whence each wind
Of memory steals with fragrance over flowers!
Farewell Cordelia! Ella! . . . But not so
Farewell the memories of you which I have
Till strangers shall be sitting on my grave
And babbling of the dust which lies below.

Blessèd the man whose life, how sad soe'er,
Hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace
Of one pure woman! With religious care
We close the doors, with reverent feet we pace
The vacant chambers, where, of yore, a Queen

One night hath rested. From my Past's pale
walls
Yet gleam the unfaded fair memorials
Of her whose beauty there, awhile, hath been.

She pass'd, into my youth, at its night-time,
When low the lamplight, and the music husht.
She pass'd and pass'd away. Some broken rhyme
Scrawl'd on the panel or the pane: the crusht
And faded rose she dropp'd: the page she turn'd
And finish'd not: the ribbon or the knot
That flutter'd from her . . . Stranger, harm them
not!
I keep these sacred relics undiscern'd.

Men's truths are often lies, and women's lies
Often the setting of a truth most tender
In an unconscious poesy. The child cries
To clutch the star that lights its rosy splendour
In airy Edens of the west afar.
"Ah, folly!" sighs the father, o'er his book.
"Millions of miles above thy foolish nook
Of infantile desire, the Hesperus-star

"Descends not, child, to twinkle on thy cot."
Then readjusts his blind-wise spectacles,
While tears to sobs are changing, were it not
The mother, with those tender syllables
Which even Dutch mothers can make musical too,
Murmurs, "Sleep, sleep my little one! and I
Will pluck thy star for thee, and by and bye
Lay it upon thy pillow bright with dew."

And the child sleeps, and dreams of stars whose
light
Beams in his own bright eyes when he awakes.
So sleep! so dream! If aught I read aright
That star, poor babe, which o'er thy cradle shakes,
Thy fate may fall, in after years, to be

That other child that, like thee, loves the star,
And, like thee, weeps to find it all so far,
Feeling its force in his nativity: —

That other infant, all as weak, as wild,
As passionate, and as helpless, as thou art,
Whom men will call a Poet (Poet, or child,
The star is still so distant from the heart!)
If so, heaven grant that thou may'st find at last,
Since such there are, some woman, whose sweet smile,
Pitying, may thy fond fancy yet beguile
To dream the star, which thou hast sought, thou hast!

For men, if thou shouldst heed what they may say,
Will break thy heart, or leave thee, like themselves
No heart for breaking. Wherefore I do pray
My book may lie upon no learnéd shelves,
But that in some deep summer eve, perchance,
Some woman, melancholy-eyed, and pale,
Whose heart, like mine, hath suffered, may this tale
Read by the soft light of her own romance.

Go forth over the wide world, Song of mine!
As Noah's dove out of his bosom flew
Over the desolate, vast, and wandering brine.
Seek thou thy nest afar. Thy plaint renew
From heart to heart, and on from land to land
Fly boldly, till thou find that unknown friend
Whose face, in dreams, above my own doth bend
Then tell that spirit, what it will understand,

Why men can tell to strangers all the tale
From friends reserved. And tell that spirit, my Song,
Wherefore I have not falter'd to unveil

The cryptic forms of error and of wrong.
And say, I suffer'd more than I recorded,
That each man's life is all men's lesson. Say,
And let the world believe thee, as it may,
Thy tale is true, however weakly worded.

TANNHÄUSER;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

A PORTION OF THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN BY ANOTHER HAND.

TANNHÄUSER.*

THIS is the Land, the happy valleys these,
Broad breadths of plain, blue-vein'd by many a stream,
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair,
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules.
This is Thuringia: yonder, on the heights,
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,
Famous through Christendom for many a feat
Of deftest knights, chief stars of chivalry,
At tourney in its courts; nor more renown'd
For deeds of Prowess than exploits of Art,
Achieved when, vocal in its Muses' hall,
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew,
And for the laurel wage harmonious war.
On this side spreads the Chase in wooded slopes
And sweet acclivities; and, all beyond,
The open flats lie fruitful to the sun
Full many a league; till, dark against the sky,
Bounding the limits of our lord's domain,
The Hill of Hörsel rears his horrid front.
Woe to the man who wanders in the vast
Of those unhallow'd solitudes, if Sin,

* The reader is solicited to adopt the German pronunciation of TANNHAUSER, by sounding it as if it were written, in English, "Tannh*oi*ser."

Quickening the lust of carnal appetite,
Lurk secret in his heart: for all their caves
Echo weird strains of magic, direful-sweet,
That lap the wanton sense in blissful ease;
While through the ear a reptile music creeps,
And, blandly-busy, round about the soul
Weaves its fell web of sounds. The unhappy wight,
Thus captive made in soft and silken bands
Of tangled harmony, is led away —
Away adown the ever-darkening caves,
Away from fairness and the face of God,
Away into the mountain's mystic womb,
To where, reclining on her impious couch
All the fair length of her lascivious limbs,
Languid in light from roseate tapers flung,
Incensed with perfumes, tended on by fays,
The lustful Queen, waiting damnation, holds
Her bestial revels. The Queen of Beauty once,
A goddess call'd and worshipp'd in the days
When men their own infirmities adored,
Deeming divine who in themselves summ'd up
The full-blown passions of humanity.
Large fame and lavish service had she then,
Venus yclep'd, of all the Olympian crew
Least continent of Spirits and most fair.
So reap'd she honour of unwistful men,
Roman, or Greek, or dwellers on the plains
Of Egypt, or the isles to utmost Ind;
Till came the crack of that tremendous Doom
That sent the false gods shivering from their seats,
Shatter'd the superstitious dome that blear'd
Heaven's face to man, and on the lurid world
Let in effulgence of untainted light.
As when, laid bare beneath the delver's toil
On some huge bulk of buried masonry
In hoar Assyria, suddenly reveal'd
A chamber, gay with sculpture and the pomp
Of pictur'd tracery on its glowing walls,
No sooner breathes the wholesome heavenly air

Than fast its coloured bravery fades, and fall
Its ruin'd statues, crumbled from their crypts,
And all its gauds grow dark at sight of day;
So darken'd and to dusty ruin fell
The fleeting glories of a Pagan faith,
Bared to Truth's influences bland, and smit
Blind by the splendours of the Bethlehem Dawn.
Then from their shatter'd temple in the minds
Of men, and from their long familiar homes,
Their altars, fanes, and shrines, the sumptuous seats
Of their mendacious oracles, out-slunk
The wantons of Olympus. Forth they fled,
Forth from Dodona, Delos, and the depths
Of wooded Ida; from Athenæ forth,
Cithæron, Paphos, Thebes, and all their groves
Of oak or poplar, dismally to roam
About the new-baptizéd earth; exiled,
Bearing the curse, yet suffer'd for a space,
By Heaven's clear sapience and inscrutable ken,
To range the wide world, and assay their powers
To unregenerate redeem'd mankind:
If haply they by shadows and by shows,
Phantasmagoria, and illusions wrought
Of sight or sound by sorcery, may draw
Unwary men, or weak, into the nets
Of Satan their great Captain. She renown'd
"The fairest," fleeing from her Cyprian isle,
Swept to the northwards many a league, and lodged
At length on Hörsel, into whose dark womb
She crept confounded. Thither soon she drew
Lewd Spirits to herself, and there abides,
Holding her devilish orgies; and has power
With siren voices crafty to compel
Into her wanton home unhappy men
Whose souls to sin are prone. The pure at heart
Natheless may roam about her pestilent hill
Untainted, proof against perfidious sounds

Within whose ears an angel ever sings
Good tidings of great joy. Nor even they,
Whose hearts are gross, and who inflamed with lust
Enter, entrapp'd by sorceries, to her cave,
Are damn'd beyond redemption. For a while,
Slaves of their bodies, in the sloughs of Sin,
They roll contented, wallowing in the arms
Of their libidinous goddess. But, ere long,
Comes loathing of the sensual air they breathe,
Loathing of light unhallow'd, sickening sense
Of surfeited enjoyment; and their lips,
Spurning the reeky pasture, yearn for draughts
Of rock-rebounding rills, their eyes for sight
Of Heaven, their limbs for lengths of dewy grass:
What time sharp Conscience pricks them, and awake
Starts the requicken'd soul with all her powers,
And breaks, if so she will, the murderous spell
Calling on God. God to her rescue sends
Voiced seraphims that lead the sinner forth
From darkness unto day, from foul embrace
Of that bloat Queen into the mother-lap
Of earth, and the caressent airs of Heaven;
Where he, by strong persistency of prayer,
By painful pilgrimage, by lengths of fast
That tame the rebel flesh, by many a night
Of vigil, days of deep repentant tears,
May cleanse his soul of her adulterate stains
May from his sin-encrusted spirit shake
The leprous scales, — and, purely at the feet
Of his Redemption falling, may arise
Of Christ accepted. Whoso doubts the truth,
Doubting how deep divine Compassion is,
Lend to my tale a willing ear, and learn.

Full twenty summers have fled o'er the land,
A score of winters on our Landgrave's head

Have shower'd their snowy honours, since the days
When in his court no nobler knight was known,
And in his halls no happier bard was heard,
Than bright Tannhäuser. Warrior, minstrel, he
Throve for a while within the general eye,
As some king-cedar, in Crusader tales,
The stateliest growth of Lebanonian groves:
For now I sing him in his matchless prime,
Not, as in latter days, defaced and marr'd
By secret sin, and like the wasted torch
Found in the dank grass at the ghastly dawn,
After a witches' revel. He was a man
In whom prompt Nature, as in those soft climes
Where life is indolently opulent,
Blossom'd unbid to graces barely won
From tedious culture, where less kindly stars
Cold influence keep; and trothful men, who once
Look'd in his lordly, luminous eyes, and scann'd
His sinewous frame, compact of pliant power,
Aver he was the fairest-favour'd knight
That ever, in the light of ladies' looks,
Made gay these goodly halls. Oh! deeper dole,
That so august a Spirit, sphered so fair,
Should from the starry sessions of his peers
Decline, to quench so bright a brilliancy
In Hell's sick spume. Ay me, the deeper dole!

From yonder tower the wheeling lapwing loves
Beyond all others, that o'ertops the pines,
And from his one white, wistful, window stares
Into the sullen heart o' the land, — erewhile
The wandering woodman oft, at nightfall, heard
A sad, wild strain of solitary song
Float o er the forest. Whoso heard it, paused
Compassionately, cross'd himself, and sigh'd
"Alas! poor Princess, to thy piteous moan
Heaven send sweet peace!" Heaven heard
And now she lies
Under the marble, 'mid the silent tombs,

Calm with her kindred; as her soul above
Rests with the saints of God.
The brother's child
Of our good lord the Landgrave was this maid,
And here with him abode; for in the breach
At Ascalon her sire in Holy Land
Had fallen, fighting for the Cross. These halls
Shelter'd her infancy, and here she grew
Among the shaggy barons, like the pale,
Mild-eyed, March-violet of the North, that blows
Bleak under bergs of ice. Full fair she grew,
And all men loved the rare Elizabeth;
But she, of all men, loved one man the most,
Tannhäuser, minstrel, knight, the man in whom
All mankind flower'd. Fairer growth, indeed,
Of knighthood never blossom'd to the eye;
But, furl'd beneath that florid surface, lurk'd
A vice of nature, breeding death, not life;
Such as where some rich Roman, to delight
Luxurious days with labyrinthian walks
Of rose and lily, marble fountains, forms
Wanton of Grace or Nymph, and winding frieze
With sculpture rough, hath deck'd the summer
haunts
Of his voluptuous villa, — there, festoon'd
With flowers, among the Graces and the Gods,
The lurking fever glides.
A dangerous skill,
Caught from the custom of those troubadours
That roam the wanton South, too near the homes
Of the lost gods, had crept in careless use
Among our northern bards; to play the thief
Upon the poets of a pagan time,
And steal, to purfle their embroider'd lays,
Voluptuous trappings of lascivious love.
Hence had Tannhäuser, from of old, indulged
In song too lavish license to mislead
The sense among those fair but phantom forms
That haunt the unhallow'd past: wherefrom One
Shape

Forth of the cloudy circle gradual grew
Distinct, in dissolute beauty. She of old,
Who from the idle foam uprose, to reign
In fancies all as idle, — that fair fiend,
Venus, whose temples are the veins in youth.

Now more and ever more she mix'd herself
With all his moods, and whisper'd in his walks;
Or through the misty minster, when he kneel'd
Meek on the flint, athwart the incense-smoke
She stole on sleeping sunbeams, sprinkled sounds
Of cymbals through the silver psalms, and marr'd
His adoration: most of all, whene'er
He sought to fan those fires of holy love
That, sleeping oftenest, sometimes leapt to flame,
Kindled by kindred passion in the eyes
Of sweet Elizabeth, round him rose and roll'd
That miserable magic; and, at times,
It drove him forth to wander in the waste
And desert places, there where prayerless man
Is most within the power of prowling fiends.

Time put his sickle in among the days.
Outcropp'd the coming harvest; and there came
An evening with the Princess, when they twain
Together ranged the terrace that o'erlaps
The great south garden. All her simple hair
A single sunbeam from the sleepy west
O'erfloated; swam her soft blue eyes suffused
With tender ruth, and her meek face was moved
To one slow, serious smile, that stole to find
Its resting-place on his.
Then, while he look'd
On that pure loveliness, within himself
He faintly felt a mystery like pure love:
For through the arid hollows of a heart
Sered by delirious dreams, the dewy sense
Of innocent worship stole. The one great word
That long had hover'd in the silent mind

Now on the lip half settled; for not yet
Had love between them been a spoken sound
For after speech to lean on; only here
And there, where scatter'd pauses strew'd their talk,
Love seem'd to o'erpoise the silence, like a star
Seen through a tender trouble of light clouds.
But, in that moment, some mysterious touch,
A thought — who knows? — a memory — something caught
Perchance from flying fancies, taking form
Among the sunset clouds, or scented gusts
Of evening through the gorgeous glooms, shrunk up
His better angel, and at once awaked
The carnal creature sleeping in the flesh.
Then died within his heart that word of life
Unspoken, which, if spoken, might have saved
The dreadful doom impending. So they twain
Parted, and nothing said: she to her tower,
There with meek wonder to renew the calm
And customary labour of the loom;
And he into the gradual-creeping dark
Which now began to draw the rooks to roost
Along the windless woods.
His soul that eve
Shook strangely if some flickering shadow stole
Across the slopes where sunset, sleeping out
The day's last dream, yet linger'd low. Old songs
Were sweet about his brain, old fancies fair
O'erflow'd with lurid life the lonely land:
The twilight troop'd with antic shapes, and swarm'd
Above him, and the deep mysterious woods
With mystic music drew him to his doom.
So rapt, with idle and with errant foot
He wander'd on to Hörsel, and those glades
Of melancholy fame, whose poisonous glooms,
Deck'd with the gleaming hemlock, darkly fringe

The Mount of Venus. There, a drowsy sense
Of languor seized him; and he sat him down
Among a litter of loose stones and blocks
Of broken columns, overrun with weed,
Remnants of heathen work that sometime propp'd
A pagan temple.
Suddenly, the moon,
Slant from the shoulder of the monstrous hill,
Swung o'er a sullen lake, and softly touch'd
With light a shatter'd statue in the weed.
He lifted up his eyes, and all at once,
Bright in her baleful beauty, he beheld
The goddess of his dreams. Beholding whom,
Lost to his love, forgetful of his faith,
And fever'd by the stimulated sense
Of reprobate desire, the madman cried:
"Descend, Dame Venus, on my soul descend!
Break up the marble sleep of those still brows
Where beauty broods! Down all my senses swim,
As yonder moon to yonder love-lit lake
Swims down in glory!"
Hell the horrid prayer
Accorded with a curse. Scarce those wild words
Were utter'd, when like mist the marble moved,
Flusht with false life. Deep in a sleepy cloud
He seem'd to sink beneath the sumptuous face
Lean'd o'er him, — all the whiteness, all the warmth,
And all the luxury of languid limbs,
Where violet vein-streaks, lost in limpid lengths
Of snowy surface, wander faint and fine;
Whilst cymbal'd music, stol'n from underneath,
Creeps through a throbbing light that grows and glows
From glare to greater glare, until it gluts
And gulfs him in.
And from that hour, in court,
And chase, and tilted tourney, many a month,

From mass in holy church, and mirth in hall,
From all the fair assemblage of his peers,
And all the feudatory festivals,
Men miss'd Tannhäuser.
At the first, as when
From some great oak his goodliest branch is lopp'd,
The little noisy birds, that built about
The foliage, gather in the gap with shrill
And querulous curiosity; even so,
From all the twittering tongues that throng'd the court
Rose general hubbub of astonishment,
And vext surmise about the absent man:
Why absent? whither wander'd? on what ques
Of errant prowess? — for, as yet, none knew
His miserable fall. But time wore on,
The wonder wore away; round absence crep
The weed of custom, and the absent one
Became at last a memory, and no more.

One heart within that memory lived aloof;
One face, remembering his, forgot to smile;
Our Landgrave's niece the old familiar ways
Walk'd like a ghost with unfamiliar looks.

Time put his sickle in among the days.
The rose burn'd out; red Autumn lit the woods,
The last snows, melting, changed to snowy clouds;
And Spring once more with incantations came
To wake the buried year. Then did our liege,
Lord Landgrave Herman — for he loved his niece,
And lightly from her simple heart had won
The secret of lost smiles, and why she droop'd,
A wilted flower — thinking to dispel,
If that might be, her mournfulness, let cry
By heralds that, at coming Whitsuntide,
The minstrel-knights in Wartburg should convene

To hold high combat in the craft of song,
And sing before the Princess for the prize.

But, ere that time, it fell upon a day
When our good lord went forth to hunt the hart,
That he with certain of his court, 'mid whom
Was Wolfram, — once Tannhäuser's friend, himself
Among the minstrels held in high renown —
Came down the Wartburg valley, where they deem'd
To hold the hart at siege, and found him not:
But found, far down, at bottom of the glade,
Beneath a broken cross, a lonely knight
Who sat on a great stone, watching the clouds.
And Wolfram, being a little in the van
Of all his fellows, eager for the hunt,
Hurriedly ran to question of the knight
If he had view'd the hart. But when he came
To parley with him, suddenly he gave
A shout of great good cheer; for, all at once,
In that same knight he saw, and knew, though changed,
Tannhäuser, his old friend and fellow-bard.

Now, Wolfram long had loved Elizabeth
As one should love a star in heaven, who knows
The distance of it, and the reachlessness.
But when he knew Tannhäuser in her heart,
(For loving eyes in eyes beloved are swift
To search out secrets) not the less his own
Clave unto both; and, from that time, his love
Lived like an orphan child in charity,
Whose loss came early, and is gently borne,
Too deep for tears, too constant for complaint.
And, therefore, in the absence of his friend
His inmost heart was heavy, when he saw
The shadow of that absence in the face
He loved beyond all faces upon earth.

So that when now he found that friend again
Whom he had miss'd and mourn'd, right glad was he
Both for his own and for the Princess' sake:
And ran and fell upon Tannhäuser's neck,
And all for joy constrain'd him to his heart,
Calling his fellows from the neighbouring hills,
Who, crowding, came, great hearts and open arms
To welcome back their peer. The Landgrave then,
When he perceived his well-beloved knight,
Was passing glad, and would have question'd him
Of his long absence. But the man himself
Could answer nothing; staring with blank eyes
From face to face, then up into the blue
Bland heavens above; astonied, and like one
Who, suddenly awaking out of sleep
After sore sickness, knows his friends again,
And would peruse their faces, but breaks off
To list the frolic bleating of the lamb
In far-off fields, and wonder at the world
And all its strangeness. Then, while the glad knights
Clung round him, wrung his hands, and dinn'd his ears
With clattering query, our fair lord himself
Unfolded how, upon the morrow morn,
There should be holden festive in his halls
High meeting of the minstrels of the land,
To sing before the Princess for the prize:
Whereto he bade him with "O sir, be sure
There lives a young voice that shall tax your wit
To justify this absence from your friends.
We trust, at least, that you have brought us back
A score of giants' beards, or dragons' tails,
To lay them at the feet of our fair niece.

For think not, truant, that Elizabeth
Will hold you lightly quitted."
At that name,
Elizabeth, he started as a man
That hears on foreign shores, from alien lips,
Some name familiar to his fatherland;
And all at once the man's heart inly yearns
For brooks that bubble, and for woods that wave
Before his father's door, while he forgets
The forms about him. So Tannhäuser mused
A little space, then falter'd: "O my liege,
Fares my good lady well? — I pray my lord
That I may draw me hence a little while,
For all my mind is troubled: and, indeed,
I know not if my harp have lost his skill,
But, skill'd, or skilless, it shall find some tone
To render thanks to-morrow to my lord;
To whose behests a bondsman, in so far
As my poor service holds, I will assay
To sing before the Princess for the prize."

Then, on the morrow morn, from far and near
Flow'd in the feudatory lords. The hills
Broke out ablaze with banners, and rung loud
With tingling trumpet notes, and neighing steeds.
For all the land, elate with lusty life,
Buzz'd like a beehive in the sun; and all
The castle swarm'd from bridge to barbican
With mantle and with mail, whilst minster-bells
Rang hoarse their happy chimes, till the high noon
Clang'd from the towers. Then, o'er the platform stoled
And canopied in crimson, lightly blew
The scepter'd heralds on the silver trump
Intense sonorous music, sounding in
The knights to hall. Shrill clink'd the corridors
Through all the courts with clashing heels, or moved

With silken murmurs, and elastic sounds
Of lady laughters light; as in they flow'd
Lord, Liegeman, Peer, and Prince, and Paladin,
And dame and damsel, clad in dimpling silk
And gleaming pearl; who, while the groaning roofs
Re-echo'd royal music, swept adown
The spacious hall, with due obeisance made
To the high daïs, and on glittering seats
Dropp'd one by one, like flocks of burnish'd birds
That settle down with sunset-painted plumes
On gorgeous woods. Again from the outer wall
The intermitted trumpet blared; and each
Pert page, a-tiptoe, from the benches lean'd
To see the minstrel-knights, gold-filleted,
That enter'd now the hall: Sir Mandeville,
The swan of Eisnach; Wilfred of the Hills;
Wolfram, surnamed of Willow-brook; and next
Tannhäuser, christen'd of the Golden Harp;
With Walter of the Heron-chase; and Max,
The seer; Sir Rudolf, of the Raven-crest;
And Franz, the falconer. They enter'd, each
In order, follow'd by a blooming boy
That bore his harp, and, pacing forward, bow'd
Before the Landgrave and Elizabeth.

Pale sat the Princess in her chair of state,
Perusing with fix'd eyes, that all belied
Her throbbing heart, the carven architrave,
Whereon the intricate much-vex'd design
Of leaf and stem disintertwined itself
With infinite laboriousness, at last
Escaping in a flight of angel forms;
As tho' the carver's thought had been to show
The weary struggle of the soul to free
Her flight from earth's bewilderment, and all
That frets her in the flesh. But when, erewhile
The minstrels enter'd, and Tannhäuser bow'd
Before the daïs, the Landgrave, at her side,

Saw, as he mused what theme to give for song,
The pallid forehead of Elizabeth
Flush to the fair roots of her golden hair,
And thought within himself: "Our knight delays
To own a love that aims so near our throne;
Hence, haply, this late absence from our court,
And those bewilder'd moods which I have mark'd:
But since love lightly catches, where it can,
At any means to make itself approved,
And since the singer may to song confide
What the man dares not trust to simple speech,
I, therefore, so to ease two hearts at once,
And signify our favour unto both,
Will to our well-belovéd minstrels give
No theme less sweet than Love: for, surely, he
That loves the best, will sing the best, and bear
The prize from all." Therewith the Landgrave rose,
And all the murmuring Hall was hush'd to hear.

"O well-belovéd minstrels, in my mind
I do embrace you all, and heartily
Bid you a lavish welcome to these halls.
Oft have you flooded this fair space with song,
Waked these voiced walls, and vocal made yon roof,
As waves of surging music lapp'd against
Its resonant rafters. Often have your strains
Ennobled souls of true nobility,
Rapt by your perfect pleadings in the cause
Of all things pure unto a purer sense
Of their exceeding loveliness. No power
Is subtler o'er the spirit of man than Song —
Sweet echo of great thoughts, that, in the mind
Of him who hears congenial echoes waking,
Remultiplies the praise of what is good.
Song cheers the emulous spirit to the top
Of Virtue's rugged steep, from whence, all heights
Of human worth attain'd, the mortal may

Conjecture of God's unattainable,
Which is Perfection. — Faith, with her sisters twain
Of Hope and Charity, ye oft have sung,
And loyal Truth have lauded, and have wreathed
A coronal of music round the brows
Of stainless Chastity; nor less have praised
High-minded Valour, in whose righteous hand
Burns the great sword of flaming Fortitude,
And have stirr'd up to deeds of high emprize
Our noble knights (yourselves among the noblest)
Whether on German soil for me, their prince,
Fighting, or in the Land of Christ for God.
Sing ye to-day another theme; to-day
Within our glad society we see,
To fellowship of loving friends restored,
A long-miss'd face; and hungerly our ears
Wait the melodious murmurs of a harp
That wont to feed them daintily. What drew
Our singer forth, and led the fairest light
Of all our galaxy to swerve astray
From his fix'd orbit, and what now respheres,
After deflection long, our errant orb,
Implies a secret that the subtle power
Of Song, perchance, may solve. Be then your theme
As universal as the heart of man,
Giving you scope to touch its deepest depths,
Its highest heights, and reverently to explore
Its mystery of mysteries. Sing of Love:
Tell us, ye noble poets, from what source
Springs the prime passion; to what goal it tends
Sing it how brave, how beautiful, how bright,
In essence how ethereal, in effect
How palpable, how human yet divine.
Up! up! loved singers, smite into the chords,
The lists are open'd, set your lays in rest,
And who of Love best chants the perfect praise

Him shall Elizabeth as conqueror hail
And round his royal temples bind the bays."

He said, and sat. And from the middle-hall
Four pages, bearers of the blazon'd urn
That held the name-scrolls of the listed bards,
Moved to Elizabeth. Daintily her hand
Dipp'd in the bowl, and one drawn scroll deliver'd
Back to the pages, who, perusing, cried:
"Sir Wolfram of the Willow-brook, — begin."

Up-rose the gentle singer — he whose lays,
Melodious-melancholy, through the Land
Live to this day — and, fair obeisance made,
Assumed his harp and stood in act to sing.
Awhile, his dreamy fingers o'er the chords
Wander'd at will, and to the roof was turn'd
His meditative face; till, suddenly,
A soft light from his spiritual eyes
Broke, and his canticle he thus began:

"Love among the saints of God,
Love within the hearts of men,
Love in every kindly sod
That breeds a violet in the glen;
Love in heaven, and Love on earth,
Love in all the amorous air;
Whence comes Love? ah! tell me where
Had such a gracious Presence birth?
Lift thy thoughts to Him, all-knowing,
In the hallow'd courts above;
From His throne, forever flowing,
Springs the fountain of all Love:
Down to earth the stream descending
Meets the hills, and murmurs then,
In a myriad channels wending,
Through the happy haunts of men.
Blessèd ye, earth's sons and daughters,

Love among you flowing free;
Guard, oh! guard its sacred waters,
Tend on them religiously:
Let them through your hearts steal sweet'y,
With the Spirit, wise and bland,
Minister unto them meetly,
Touch them not with carnal hand.

"Maiden, fashion'd so divinely,
Whom I worship from afar,
Smile thou on my soul benignly,
Sweet, my solitary star:
Gentle harbinger of gladness,
Still be with me on the way;
Only soother of my sadness,
Always near, though far away:
Always near, since first upon me
Fell thy brightness from above,
And my troubled heart within me
Felt the sudden flow of Love;
At thy sight that gushing river
Paused, and fell to perfect rest,
And the pool of Love forever
Took thy image to its breast.

"Let me keep my passion purely,
Guard its waters free from blame,
Hallow Love, as knowing surely
It returneth whence it came;
From all channels, good or evil,
Love, to its pure source enticed,
Finds its own immortal level
In the charity of Christ.

"Ye who hear, behold the river,
Whence it cometh, whither goes;
Glory be to God, the Giver,
From whose grace the fountain flows,
Flows and spreads through all creation,

Counter-charm of every curse,
Love, the waters of Salvation,
Flowing through the universe!"

And still the rapt bard, though his voice had ceased,
And all the Hall had murmur'd into praise,
Pursued his plaintive theme among the chords
Blending with instinct fine the intricate throng
Of thoughts that flow'd beneath his touch to find
Harmonious resolution. As he closed,
Tannhäuser rising, fretted with delay,
Sent flying fingers o'er the strings, and sang

"Love be my theme! Sing her awake,
My harp, for she hath tamely slept
In Wolfram's song, a stagnant lake
O'er which a shivering star hath crept.

"Awake, dull waters, from your sleep,
Rise, Love, from thy delicious well,
A fountain!—yea, but flowing deep
With nectar and with hydromel;

"With gurgling murmurs sweet, that teach
My soul a sleep-distracting dream,
Till on the marge I lie, and reach
My longing lips towards the stream;

"Whose waves leap upwards to the brink
With drowning kisses to invite
And drag me, willing, down to drink
Delirious draughts of rare Delight;

"Who careless drink, as knowing well
The happy pastime shall not tire,
For Love is inexhaustible,
And all-unfailing my Desire

" Love's fountain-marge is fairly spread
With every incense-flower that blows,
With flossy sedge, and moss that grows
For fervid limbs a dewy bed;

" And fays and fairies flit and wend
To keep the sweet stream flowing free,
And on Love's languid votary
The little elves delighted tend;

" And bring him honey-dews to sip,
Rare balms to cool him after play,
Or with sweet unguents smooth away
The kiss-crease on his ruffled lip;

" And lilywhite his limbs they lave,
And roses in his cheeks renew,
That he, refresh'd, return to glue
His lips to Love's caressent wave;

" And feel, in that immortal kiss,
His mortal instincts die the death,
And human fancy fade beneath
The taste of unimagined bliss!

" Thus, gentle audience, since your ear
Best loves a metaphoric lay,
Of mighty Love I warble here
In figures, such as Fancy may:

" Now know ye how of Love I think
As of a fountain, failing never,
On whose soft marge I lie, and drink
Delicious draughts of Joy forever."

Abrupt he ceased, and sat. And for a space,
No longer than the subtle lightning rests

Upon a sultry cloud at eventide,
The Princess smiled, and on her parted lips
Hung inarticulate applause; but she
Sudden was ware that all the hall was mute
With blank disapprobation; and her smile
Died, and vague fear was quicken'd in her heart
As Walter of the Heron-chase began:

"O fountain ever fair and bright,
He hath beheld thee, source of Love,
Who sung thee springing from above,
Celestial from the founts of Light;

"But he who from thy waters rare
Hath thought to drain a gross delight,
Blind in his spiritual sight,
Hath ne'er beheld thee, fountain fair!

"Hath never seen the silver glow
Of thy glad waves, crystalline clear,
Hath never heard within his ear
The music of thy murmurous flow.

"The essence of all Good thou art,
Thy waters are immortal Ruth,
Thy murmurs are the voice of Truth,
And music in the human heart:

"Thou yieldest Faith that soars on high,
And Sympathy that dwells on earth;
The tender trust in human worth,
The hope that lives beyond the sky.

"Oh! waters of the living Word,
Oh! fair vouchsafed us from above,
Oh! fountain of immortal Love
What song of thee erewhile I heard!

"Learn, sacrilegious bard, from me
How all ignoble was thy strain,

That sought with trivial song to stain
The fountain of Love's purity;

"That fountain thou hast never found,
And should'st thou come with lips of fire
To slake the thirst of brute Desire,
'Twould shrink and shrivel to the ground:

"Who seeks in Love's pure stream to lave
His gross heart finds damnation near;
Who laves in Love his spirit clear
Shall win Salvation from the wave."

And now again, as when the plaintive lay
Of Wolfram warbled to harmonious close,
The crowd grew glad with plaudits; and again
Tannhäuser, ruffled, rose his height, and smote
Rude in the chords his prelude of reply:

"What Love is this that melts with Ruth,
Whose murmurs are the voice of Truth?
Ye dazéd singers, cease to dream,
And learn of me your human theme:
Of that great Passion at whose feet
The vassal-world lies low,
Of Love the mighty, Love the sweet,
I sing, who reigns below;
Who makes men fierce, tame, wild, or kind,
Sovran of every mood,
Who rules the heart, and rules the mind,
And courses through the blood:
Slave, of that lavish Power I sing,
Dispenser of all good,
Whose pleasure-fountain is the spring
Of sole beatitude.

"Sing ye of Love ye ne'er possess'd
In wretched tropes — a vain employment!
I sing the passion in my breast,
And know Love only in Enjoyment."

To whom, while all the rustling hall was moved
With stormy indignation, stern up-rose,
Sharp in retort, Sir Wilfrid of the hills:

"Up, minstrels! rally to the cry
Of outraged Love and Loyalty;
Drive on this slanderer, all the throng,
And slay him in a storm of song.
Oh lecher! shall I sing to thee
Of Love's untainted purity,
Of simple Faith, and tender Ruth,
Of Chastity and loyal Truth?
As well sing Day's resplendent birth
To the blind mole that delves the earth
As seek from gross hearts, slough'd in sin,
Approval of pure Love to win!
Rather from thee I'll wring applause
For Love, the Avenger of his cause;
Great Love, the chivalrous and strong,
To whose wide grasp all arms belong,
The lance, the battle-axe, and thong,—
And eke the mastery in song.

"Love in my heart in all the pride
Of kinghood sits, and at his side,
To do the bidding of his lord,
Martial Valour holds the sword;
He strikes for Honour, in the name
Of Virtue and fair woman's fame,
And bids me shed my dearest blood
To venge asperséd maidenhood:
Who soils her with licentious lie,
Him will I hew both hip and thigh,
Or in her cause will dearly die.
But thou, who in thy flashy song
Hast sought to do *all* Honour wrong,
Pass on,—I will not stoop my crest
To smite thee, nor lay lance in rest.
Thy brawling words, of riot born,

Are worthy only of my scorn;
Thus at thy ears this song I fling,
Which in thy heart may plant its sting,
If ruin'd Conscience yet may wring
Remorse from such a guilty thing."

Scarce from his lips had parted the last word
When, through the rapturous praise that rang around,
Fierce from his seat up-rising, red with rage,
With scornful lip, and contumelious eye,
Tannhäuser clang'd among the chords, and sang.

"Floutest thou me, thou grisly Bard?
Beware, lest I the just reward
On thy puff'd insolence bestow,
And cleave thee with my falchion's blow,—
When I in song have laid thee low.
I serve a Mistress mightier far
Than tinkling rill, or twinkling star,
And, as in my great Passion's glow
Thy passion-dream will melt like snow,
So I, Love's champion, at her call,
Will make thee shrink in field or hall,
And roll before me like a ball.

"Thou pauper-minded pedant dim,
Thou starveling-soul, lean heart and grim,
Wouldst thou of Love the praises hymn?
Then let the gaunt hyena howl
In praise of Pity; let the owl
Whoop the high glories of the noon,
And the hoarse chough becroak the moon!
What canst thou prate of Love? I trow
She never graced thy open brow,
Nor flush'd thy cheek, nor blossom'd fair
Upon thy parted lips; nor e'er
Bade unpent passion wildly start
Through the forced portals of thy heart

To stream in triumph from thine eye,
Or else delicious death to die
On other lips, in sigh on sigh.

"Of Love, dispenser of all bliss,
Of Love, that crowns me with a kiss,
I here proclaim me champion-knight;
And in her cause will dearly fight
With sword or song, in hall or plain,
And make the welkin ring again
With my fierce blows, or fervent strain.
But for such Love, as thou canst feel,
Thou wisely hast abjured the steel,
Averse to lay thy hand on hilt,
Or in her honour ride a tilt:
Tame Love full tamely may'st thou jilt,
And keep bone whole, and blood unspilt."

Outflush'd Sir Wilfrid's weapon, and outleapt
From every angry eye a thousand darts
Of unsheath'd indignation, and a shout
Went up among the rafters, and the Hall
Sway'd to and fro with tumult; till the voice
Of our liege lord roared "Peace!" and, 'midst the clang
Of those who parted the incensed bards,
Sounded the harp of Wolfram. Calm he stood,
He only calm of all the brawling crowd,
Which yet, as is its wont, contagion caught
From neighbouring nobleness, and a stillness fell
On all, and in the stillness soft he sang:

"Oh! from your sacred seats look down,
Angels and ministers of good;
With sanctity our spirits crown,
And crush the vices of the blood!

"Open our hearts and set them free,
That heavenly light may enter in;

And from this fair society
Obliterate the taint of sin.

"Thee, holy Love, I bid arise
Propitious to my votive lay;
Shine thou upon our darken'd eyes,
And lead us on the perfect way;

"As, in the likeness of a Star,
Thou once arosest, guidance meet,
And led'st the sages from afar
To sit at holy Jesu's feet:

"So guide us, safe from Satan's snares,
Shine out, sweet Star, around, above,
Till we have scaled the mighty stairs,
And reach'd thy mansions, Heavenly Love!"

Then, while great shouts went up of "Give the prize
To Wolfram," leapt Tannhäuser from his seat,
Fierce passion flaming from his lustrous orbs.
And, as a sinner, desperate to add
Depth to damnation by one latest crime,
Dies boastful of his blasphemies — even so,
Tannhäuser, conscious of the last disgrace
Incurr'd by such song in such company,
Intent to vaunt the vastness of his sin,
Thus, as in ecstasy, the song renew'd:

"Goddess of Beauty, thee I hymn,
And ever worship at thy shrine;
Thou, who on mortal senses dim
Descending, makest man divine.

"Who hath embraced thee on thy throne,
And pastured on thy royal kiss,
He, happy, knows, and knows alone,
Love's full beatitude of bliss.

"Grim bards, of Love who nothing know,
Now cease the unequal strife between us;
Dare as I dared; to Hörsel go,
And taste Love on the lips of Venus."

Up-rose on every side and rustled down
The affrighted dames; and, like the shuddering crowd
Of particolour'd leaves that flits before
The gust of mid October, all at once
A hundred jewell'd shoulders, huddling, swept
The hall, and slanted to the doors, and fled
Before the storm, which now from shaggy brows
'Gan dart indignant lightnings. One alone
Of all that awe-struck womanhood remain'd,
The Princess. She, a purple hairbell frail,
That, swathed with whirlwind, to the bleak rock clings
When half a forest falls before the blast,
Rooted in utter wretchedness, and robed
In mockery of splendid state, still sat;
Still watch'd the waste that widen'd in her life;
And look'd as one that in a nightmare hangs
Upon an edge of horror, while from beneath
The creeping billow of calamity
Sprays all his hair with cold; but hand or foot
He may not move, because the formless Fear
Gapes vast behind him. Grief within the void
Of her stark eyes stood tearless: terror blanch'd
Her countenance; and, over cloudy brows,
The shaken diamond made a restless light,
And trembled as the trembling star that hangs
O'er Cassiopeïa i' the windy north.

But now, from farthest end to end of all
The sullen movement swarming underneath,
Uproll'd deep hollow groans of growing wrath.
And, where erewhile in rainbow crescent ranged

The bright-eyed beauties of the court, fast
throng'd
Faces inflamed with wrath, that rose and fell
Tumultuously gathering from between
Sharp-slanting lanes of steel. For every sword
Flash'd bare upon a sudden; and over these,
Through the wide bursten doors the sinking sun
Stream'd lurid, lighting up that steely sea;
Which, spotted white with foamy plumes, and
ridged
With glittering iron, clash'd together and closed
About Tannhäuser. Careless of the wrath
Roused by his own rash song, the singer stood;
Rapt in remembrance, or by fancy fool'd
A visionary Venus to pursue,
With eyes that roam'd in rapture the blank air.
Until the sharp light of a hundred swords
Smote on the fatal trance, and scatter'd all
Its fervid fascination. Swift from sheath
Then leapt the glaive and glitter'd in his hand,
And warily, with eye upon the watch,
Receding to the mighty main support
That, from the centre, propp'd the ponderous
roof,
There, based against the pillar, fronting full
His sudden foes, he rested resolute,
Waiting assault.
But, hollow as a bell,
That tolls for tempest from a storm-clad tower,
Rang through the jangling shock of arms and
men
The loud voice of the Landgrave. Wide he
swept
The solemn sceptre, crying "Peace!" then said:

"Ye Lieges of Thuringia! whose just scorn,
In judgment sitting on your righteous brows,
Would seem to have forecast the dubious doom
Awaiting our decision; ye have heard,

Not wrung by torture from reluctant lips,
Nor yet breathed forth with penitential pain
In prayer for pardon, nay, but rather fledged
And barb'd with boastful insolence, such a crime
Confest, as turns to burning coals of wrath
The dewy eyes of Pity, nor to Hope
One refuge spares, save such as rests perchance
Within the bounteous bosom of the Church;
Who, caring for the frailty of her flock,
Holds mercy measureless as heaven is high.
Shuddering, ourselves have listen'd to what
breaks
All bonds that bound to this unhappy man
The covenanted courtesies of knights,
The loyalties of lives by faith knit fast
In spiritual communion. What behoves,
After deliberation, to award
In sentence, I to your high council leave,
Undoubting. What may mitigate in aught
The weight of this acknowledged infamy
Weigh with due balance. What to justice stern
Mild-minded mercy yet may reconcile
Search inly. Not with rashness, not in wrath,
Invoking from the right hand of high God
His dread irrevocable angel, Death;
Yet not unwary how one spark of hell,
If unextinguish'd, down the night of time
May, like the wreckers' beacon from the reefs,
Lure many to destruction: nor indeed
Unmindful of the doom by fire or steel
This realm's supreme tribunals have reserved
For those that, dealing in damnation, hold
Dark commerce with the common foe of man.
Weigh you in all its circumstance this crime:
And, worthily judging, though your judgment be
As sharp as conscience, be it as conscience clear."

He ended: and a bitter interval
Of silence o'er the solemn hall congeal'd,

Like frost on a waste water, in a place
Where rocks confront each other. Marshall round,
Black-bearded cheek and chin, with hand on heft
Bent o'er the pommels of their planted swords
A dreary cirque of faces ominous,
The sullen barons on each other stared
Significant. As, ere the storm descends
Upon a Druid grove, the great trees stand
Looking one way, and stiller than their wont,
Until the thunder, rolling, frees the wind
That rocks them altogether; even so,
That savage circle of grim-gnarléd men,
Awhile in silence storing stormy thoughts,
Stood breathless; till a murmur moved them all
And louder growing, and louder, burst at last
To a universal irrepressible roar
Of voices roaring, "Let him die the death!"
And, in that roar released, a hundred swords
Rush'd forward, and in narrowing circle sloped
Sharp rims of shining horror round the doom'd,
Undaunted minstrel. Then a piteous cry;
And from the purple baldachin down sprang
The Princess, gleaming like a ghost, and slid
Among the swords, and standing in the midst
Swept a wild arm of prohibition forth.
Cowering, recoil'd the angry, baffled surge,
Leaving on either side a horrid hedge
Of rifted glare, as when the Red Sea waves
Hung heap'd and sunder'd, ere they roaring fell
On Egypt's chariots. So there came a hush;
And in the hush her voice, heavy with scorn:

"Or shall I call you men? or beasts? who seem
No nobler than the bloodhound and the wolf
Which scorn to prey upon their proper kind!
Christians I will not call you! who defraud
That much-misapprehended holy name
Of reverence due by such a deed as, done,

Will clash against the charities of Christ,
And make a marr'd thing and a mockery
Of the fair face of Mercy. You dull hearts,
And hard! have ye no pity for yourselves?
For man no pity? man whose common cause
Is shamed and sadden'd by the stain that falls
Upon a noble nature! You blind hands,
Thrust out so fast to smite a fallen friend!
Did ye not all conspire, whilst yet he stood
The stateliest soul among you, to set forth
And fix him in the foremost ranks of men?
Content that he, your best, should bear the brunt,
And head the van against the scornful fiend
That will not waste his weapons on the herd,
But saves them for the noblest. And shall Hell
Triumph through you, that triumph in the shame
Of this eclipse that blots your brightest out,
And leaves you dark in his extinguish'd light?
Oh, who that lives but hath within his heart
Some cause to dread the suddenness of death?
And God is merciful; and suffers us,
Even for our sins' sake; and doth spare us time,
Time to grow ready, time to take farewell!
And sends us monitors and ministers —
Old age, that steals the fulness from the veins;
And griefs, that take the glory from the eyes;
And pains, that bring us timely news of death;
And tears, that teach us to be glad of him.
For who can take farewell of all his sins
On such a sudden summons to the grave?
Against high Heaven hath this man sinn'd, or you?
Oh, if it be against high Heaven, to Heaven
Remit the compt! lest, from the armoury
Of The Eternal Justice ye pluck down,
Heedless, that bolt The Highest yet withholds
From this low-fallen head, — how fall'n! how low!
Yet not so fall'n, not so low fall'n, but what
Divine Redemption, reaching everywhere,

May reach at last even to this wretchedness,
And, out of late repentance, raise it up
With pardon into peace."
She paused: she touch'd,
As with an angel's finger, him whose pride
Obdurate now had yielded, and he lay,
Vanquish'd by Pity, broken at her feet.
She, lingering, waited answer, but none came
Across the silence. And again she spake:

"Oh, not for him alone, and not for that
Which to remember now makes life for me
A wilderness of homeless griefs, I plead
Before you; but, O Princes, for yourselves;
For all that in your nobler nature stirs
To vindicate Forgiveness and enlarge
The lovely laws of Pity! Which of you,
Here in the witness of all-judging God,
Stands spotless? Which of you will boast himself
More miserably injured by this man
Than I, whose heart of all that lived in it
He hath untenanted? Oh horrible!
Unheard of! from the blesséd lap of life
To send the soul, asleep in all her sins,
Down to perdition! Be not yours the hands
To do this desperate wrong in sight of all
The ruthful faces of the Saints in Heaven."

She passionately pleading thus, her voice
Over their hearts moved like that earnest wind
That, labouring long against some great nigh cloud,
Sets free, at last, a solitary star,
Then sinks; but leaves the night not all forlorn
Ere the soft rain o'ercomes it.
This long while
Wolfram, whose harp and voice were overborne
By burly brawlers in the turbulence

That shook that stormy senate, stood apart
With vainly-vigilant eye, and writhen hands,
All in mute trouble: too gentle to approve,
Too gentle to prevent, what pass'd; and still
Divided in himself 'twixt sharpest grief
To see his friend so fallen, and a drear
Strange horror of the crime whereby he fell.
So, like a headland light that down dark waves
Shines o'er some sinking ship it fails to save,
Look'd the pale singer down the lurid hall.
But when the pure voice of Elizabeth
Ceased, and clearlighted all with noble thoughts
Her face glow'd as an angel's, the sweet Bard,
Whose generous heart had scaled with that loved voice
Up to the lofty levels where it ceased,
Stood forth, and from the dubious silence caught
And carried up the purpose of her prayer;
And drew it out, and drove it to the heart,
And clench'd it with conviction in the mind,
And fix'd it firm in judgment.

From deep muse
The Landgrave started, toward Tannhäuser strode,
And, standing o'er him with an eye wherein
Salt sorrow and a moody pity gleam'd,
Spake hoarse of utterance:

"Arise! go forth!
Go from us, mantled in the shames which make
Thee, stranger whom mine eye henceforth abhors,
The mockery of the man I loved, and mourn.
Go from these halls yet holy with the voice
Of her whose intercession for thy sake, —
If any sacred sorrow yet survive
All ruin'd virtues, — in remorse shall steep
The memory of her wrongs. For thee remains
One hope, unhappiest! reject it not.
There goeth a holy pilgrimage to Rome,
Which not yet from the borders of our land

Is parted; pious souls and meek, whom thou
Haply may'st join, and of those holy hands,
Which sole have power to bind or loose, receive
Remission of thy sin. For save alone
The hand of Christ's high Vicar upon earth
A hurt so heinous what may heal? What save
A soul so fall'n? Go forth upon thy ways,
Which are not ours: for we no more may mix
Congenial minds in converse sweet, no more
Together pace these halls, nor ever hear
Thy harp as once when all was pure and glad,
Among the days which have been. All thy paths
Henceforth be paths of penitence and prayer,
Whilst over ours thy memory moving makes
A shadow, and a silence in our talk.
Get thee from hence, O all that now remains
Of one we honour'd! Till the hand that holds
The keys of heaven hath ope'd for thee the doors
Of life in that far distance, let mine eye
See thee no more. Go from us!"

Even then,
Even whilst he spake, like some sweet miracle,
From darkening lands that glimmer'd through
the doors
Came, faintly heard along the filmy air
That bore it floating near, a choral chant
Of pilgrims pacing by the castle wall;
And "*salvum me fac Domine*" they sung
Sonorous, in the ghostly going out
Of the red-litten eve along the land.

Then, like a hand across the heart of him
That heard it moved that music from afar,
And beckon'd forth the better hope which leads
A man's life up along the rugged road
Of high resolve. Tannhäuser moved, as moves
The folded serpent smitten by the spring
And stirr'd with sudden sunlight, when he casts

His spotted skin, and, renovated, gleams
With novel hues. One lingering long look,
Wild with remorse and vague with vast regrets,
He lifted to Elizabeth. His thoughts
Were then as those dumb creatures in their pain
That make a language of a look. He toss'd
Aloft his arms, and down to the great doors
With droop'd brows striding, groan'd "To Rome
to Rome!"
Whilst the deep hall behind him caught the cry
And drove it clamorous after him, from all
Its hollow roofs reverberating "Rome!"

A fleeting darkness thro' the lurid arch;
A flying form along the glare beyond;
And he was gone. The scowling Eve reach'd out
Across the hills a fiery arm, and took
Tannhäuser to her, like a sudden death.

So ended that great Battle of the Bards,
Whereof some rumour to the end of time
Will echo in this land.
And, voided now
Of all his multitudes, the mighty Hall
Dumb, dismally dispageanted, laid bare
His ghostly galleries to the mournful moon;
And Night came down, and Silence, and the
twain
Mingled beneath the starlight. Wheel'd at will
The flitter-wingéd bat round lonely towers
Where, one by one, from darkening casements
died
The taper's shine; the howlet from the hills
Whoop'd: and Elizabeth, alone with Night
And Silence, and the Ghost of her slain youth,
Lay lost among the ruins of that day.

As when the buffeting gusts, that adverse blow
Over the Caribbean Sea, conspire

Conflicting breaths, and, savagely begot,
The fierce tornado rotatory wheels,
Or sweeps centripetal, or, all forces join'd,
Whirls circling o'er the madden'd waves, and they
Lift up their foaming backs beneath the keel
Of some frail vessel, and, careering high
Over a sunken rock, with a sudden plunge
Confound her, — stunn'd and strain'd, upon the peak
Poising one moment, ere she forward fall
To float, dishelm'd, a wreck upon the waves:
So rose, engender'd by what furious blasts
Of passion, that fell hurricane that swept
Elizabeth to her doom, and left her now
A helmless hull upon the savage seas
Of life, without an aim, to float forlorn.

Longwhile, still shuddering from the shock that jarr'd
The bases of her being, piteous wreck
Of ruin'd hopes, upon her couch she lay,
Of life and time oblivious; all her mind,
Lock'd in a rigid agony of grief,
Clasping, convulsed, its unwept woe; her heart
Writhing and riven; and her burthen'd brain
Blind with the weight of tears that would not flow.
But when, at last, the healing hand of Time
Had wrought repair upon her shatter'd frame;
And those unskill'd physicians of the mind —
Importunate, fond friends, a host of kin —
Drew her perforce from solitude, she pass'd
Back to the world, and walk'd its weary ways
With dull mechanic motions, such as make
A mockery of life. Yet gave she never,
By weeping or by wailing, outward sign
Of that great inward agony that she bore,
For she was not of those whose sternest sorrow
Outpours in plaints, or weeps itself in dew;

Not passionate she, nor of the happy souls
Whose grief comes tempered with the gift of tears.

So, through long weeks and many a weary moon,
Silent and self-involved, without a sigh,
She suffer'd. There, whence consolation comes,
She sought it — at the foot of Jesu's cross,
And on the bosom of the Virgin-spouse,
And in communion with the blessed Saints.
But chief for him she pray'd whose grievous sin
Had wrought her desolation; God besought
To touch the leprous soul and make it clean;
And sued the Heavenly Pastor to recall
The lost sheep, wander'd from the pleasant ways,
Back to the pasture of the paths of peace.
So thrice a day, what time the blushing morn
Crimson'd the orient sky, and when the sun
Glared from mid-heaven or welter'd in the west,
Fervent she pray'd; nor in the night forewent
Her vigils; till at last from prayer she drew
A calm into her soul, and in that calm
Heard a low whisper — like the breeze that breaks
The deep peace of the forest ere the chirp
Of earliest bird salutes the advent Day —
Thrill through her, herald of the dawn of Hope.

Then most she loved from forth her leafy tower
Listless to watch the irrevocable clouds
Roll on, and daylight waste itself away
Along those dreaming woods, whence evermore
She mused, "He will return;" and fondly wove
Her webs of wistful fantasy till the moon
Was high in heaven, and in its light she kneel'd,
A faded watcher through the weary night,
A meek, sweet statue at the silver shrines,
In deep, perpetual prayer for him she loved.

And from the pitying Sisterhood of Saints
Haply that prayer shall win an angel down
To be his unseen minister, and draw
A drowning conscience from the deeps of Hell.

Time put his sickle in among the days.
Blithe Summer came, and into dimples danced
The fair and fructifying Earth, anon
Showering the gather'd guerdon of her play
Into the lap of Autumn; Autumn stored
The gift, piled ready to the palsied hand
Of blind and begging Winter; and when he
Closed his well-provender'd days, Spring lightly
came
And scatter'd sweets upon his sullen grave.
And twice the seasons pass'd, the sisters three
Doing glad service for their hoary brother,
And twice twelve moons had wax'd and waned,
and twice
The weary world had pilgrim'd round the sun,
When from the outskirts of the land there came
Rumour of footsore penitents from Rome
Returning, jubilant of remitted sin.

So chanced it, on a silent April eve
The westering sun along the Wartburg vale
Shot level beams, and into glory touch'd
The image of Madonna — where it stands
Hard by the common way that climbs the
steep —
The image of Madonna, and the face
Of meek Elizabeth turn'd towards the Queen
Of Sorrows, sorrowful in patient prayer;
When, through the silence and the sleepy leaves,
A breeze blew up the vale, and on the breeze
Floated a plaintive music. She that heard,
Trembled; the prayer upon her parted lips
Suspended hung, and one swift hand she press'd
Against the palpitating heart whose throbs

Confused the cunning of her ears. Ah God!
Was this the voice of her returning joy?
The psalm of shriven pilgrims to their homes
Returning? Ay! it swells upon the breeze
The "*Nunc Dimittis*" of glad souls that sue
After salvation seen to part in peace.
Then up she sprung, and to a neighbouring copse
Swift as a startled hind, when the ghostly moon
Draws sudden o'er the silver'd heather-bells
The monstrous shadow of a cloud, she sped;
Pausing, low-crouch'd, within a maze of shrubs,
Whose emerald slivers fringed the rugged way
So broad, the pilgrim's garments as they passed
Would brush the leaves that hid her. And anon
They came in double rank, and two by two,
With cumber'd steps, with haggard gait that told
Of bodily toil and trouble, with besoil'd
And tatter'd garments; natheless with glad eyes,
Whence look'd the soul disburthen'd of her sin,
Climbing the rude path, two by two they came.
And she, that watch'd with what intensest gaze
Them coming, saw old faces that she knew,
And every face turn'd skywards, while the lips
Pour'd out the heavenly psalm, and every soul
Sitting seraphic in the upturn'd eyes
With holy fervour rapt upon the song.
And still they came and pass'd, and still she gazed;
And still she thought, 'Now comes he!' and the chant
Went heavenwards, and the filéd pilgrims fared
Beside her, till their tale well-nigh was told.
Then o'er her soul a shuddering horror crept,
And, in that agony of mind that makes
Doubt more intolerable than despair,
With sudden hand she brush'd aside the sprays,
And from the thicket lean'd and look'd. The last
Of all the pilgrims stood within the ken
Of her keen gaze — save him all scann'd, and he

No sooner scann'd than cancell'd from her eyes
By vivid lids swept down to lash away
Him hateful, being other than she sought.
So for a space, blind with dismay, she paused
But, he approaching, from the thicket leapt,
Clutch'd with wrung hands his robe, and gasp'd,
" The knight
That with you went, returns not ? " In his psalm
The fervid pilgrim made no pause, yet gazed
At his wild questioner, intelligent
Of her demand, and shook his head and pass'd.
Then she, with that mute answer stabb'd to the heart,
Sprung forward, clutch'd him yet once more, and cried,
" In Mary's name, and in the name of God,
Received the knight his shrift ? " And, once again,
The pilgrim, sorrowful, shook his head and sigh'd,
Sigh'd in the singing of his psalm, and pass'd.

Then prone she fell upon her face, and prone
Within her mind Hope's shatter'd fabric fell —
The dear and delicate fabric of frail Hope
Wrought by the simple cunning of her thoughts,
That, labouring long, through many a dreamy day
And many a vigil of the wakeful night,
Piecemeal had rear'd it, patiently, with pain,
From out the ruins of her ancient peace.
O, ancient Peace ! that never shalt return ;
O, ruin'd Hope ! O, Fancy ! over-fond,
Futile artificer that build'st on air,
Marr'd is thy handiwork, and thou shalt please
With plastic fantasies her soul no more.

So lay she cold against the callous ground,
Her pale face pillow'd on a stone, her eyes
Wide open, fix'd into a ghastly stare

That knew no speculation; for her mind
Was dark, and all her faculty of thought
Compassionately cancell'd. But she lay
Not in the embrace of loyal Death, who keeps
His bride forever, but in treacherous arms
Of Sleep that, sated, will restore to Grief
Her, snatch'd a sweet space from his cruel clutch,
So lay she cold against the callous ground,
And none was near to heed her, as the sun,
About him drawing the vast-skirted clouds,
Went down behind the western hill to die.

Now Wolfram, when the rumour reach'd his ears
That, from their quest of saving grace return'd,
The pilgrims all within the castle-court
Were gather'd, flock'd about by happy friends,
Pass'd from his portal swiftly, and ran out
And join'd the clustering crowd. Full many a face,
Wasted and wan, he recogniz'd, and clasp'd
Full many a lean hand clutching at his own,
Of those who, stretch'd upon the grass, or propp'd
Against the boulder-stones, were press'd about
By weeping women, clamorous to unbind
Their sandal-thongs and bathe the bruiséd feet.
Then up and down, and swiftly through and through,
And round about, skirting the crowd, he hurried,
With greetings fair to all; till, fill'd with fear,
Half-hopeless of his quest, yet harbouring hope,
He paused perplex'd beside the castle gates.
There, at his side, the youngest of the train,
A blue-eyed pilgrim tarried, and to him
Turn'd Wolfram questioning of Tannhäuser's fate,
And learnt in few words how, his sin pronounced
Deadly and irremediable, the knight
Had faded from before the awful face
Of Christ's incenséd Vicar; and none knew
Whither he wander'd, to what desolate lands,

Hiding his anguish from the eyes of men.
Then Wolfram groan'd, and clasp'd his hands, and cried
"Merciful God!" and fell upon his knees
In purpose as of prayer — but, suddenly,
About the gate the crowd moved, and a cry
Went up for space, when, rising, he beheld
Four maids who on a pallet bore the form
Of wan Elizabeth. The whisper grew
That she had met the pilgrims, and had learn'd
Tannhäuser's fate, and fall'n beside the way.
And Wolfram, in the ghastly torchlight, saw
The white face of the Princess turn'd to his,
And for a space their eyes met; then she raised
One hand towards Heaven, and smiled as who should say,
"O friend, I journey unto God; farewell!"
But he could answer nothing; for his eyes
Were blinded by his tears, and through his tears
Dimly, as in a dream, he saw her borne
Up the broad granite steps that wind within
The palace; and his inner eye, entranced,
Saw in a vision four great Angels stand,
Expectant of her spirit, at the foot
Of flights of blinding brilliancy of stairs
Innumerable, that through the riven skies
Scaled to the City of the Saints of God.
Then, when thick night fell on his soul, and all
The vision fled, he solitary stood
A crazéd man within the castle-court;
Whence issuing, with wild eyes and wandering gait
He through the darkness, groaning, pass'd away.

All that lone night, along the haunted hills,
By dizzy brinks of mountain precipices,
He fleeted, aimless as an unused wind
That wastes itself about a wilderness.
Sometimes from low-brow'd caves, and hollow croft
Under the hanging woods, there came and went

A voice of wail upon the midnight air,
As of a lost soul mourning; and the voice
Was still the voice of his remember'd friend.
Sometimes (so fancy mock'd the fears she bred!)
He heard along the lone and eery land
Low demon laughters; and a sullen strain
Of horror swell'd upon the breeze; and sounds
Of wizard dance, with shawm and timbrel, flew
Ever betwixt waste air and wandering cloud
O'er pathless peaks. Then, in the distance toll'd,
Or seem'd to toll, a knell: the breezes dropp'd·
And, in the sudden pause, that passing bell
With ghostly summons bade him back return
To where, till dawn, a shade among the shades
Of Wartburg, watching one lone tower, he saw
A light that waned with all his earthly hopes.
The calm Dawn came and from the eastern cliff,
Athwart the glistening slopes and cold green copse,
Call'd to him, careless of a grief not hers;
But he, from all her babbling birds, and all
Her vexing sunlight, with a weary heart
Drew close the darkness of the glens and glades
About him, flying through the forest deeps.
And day and night, dim eve and dewy dawn,
Three times returning, went uncared for by;
And thrice the double twilights rose and fell
About a land where nothing seem'd the same,
At eve or dawn, as in the time gone by.
But, when the fourth day like a stranger slipp'd
To his unhonour'd grave, God's Angel pass'd
Across the threshold of the Landgrave's hall,
And in his bosom bore to endless peace
The weary spirit of Elizabeth.
Then, in that hour when Death with gentle hand
Had droop'd the quiet eyelids o'er the eyes
That Wolfram loved, to Wolfram's heart there came
A calmness like the calmness of a grave
Wall'd safe from all the noisy walks of men

In some green place of peace where daisies grow.
His tears fell in the twilight with the dews,
Soft as the dews that with the twilight fell,
When, over scarr'd and weather-wounded walls,
Sharp-jaggéd mountain cones, and tangled quicks,
Eve's spirit, settling, laid the land to sleep
In skyey trance. Nor yet less soft to fuse
Memory with hope, and earth with heaven, to him,
Athwart the harsher anguish of that day,
There stole with tears the tender human sense
Of heavenly mercy. Through that milder mood,
Like waifs that float to shore when storms are spent,
Flow'd to his heart old memories of his friend,
O'erwoven with the weed of other griefs,
Of other griefs for her that grieved no more —
And of that time when, like a blazing star
That moves and mounts between the Lyre and Crown,
Tannhäuser shone; ere sin came, and with sin
Sorrow. And now if yet Tannhäuser lived
None knew: and if he lived, what hope in life?
And if he lived no more, what rest in death?
But every way the dreadful doom of sin.

Thus, musing much on all the mystery
Of life, and death, and love that will not die,
He wander'd forth, incurious of the way;
Which took the wont of other days, and wound
Along the valley. Now the nodding star
Of even, and the deep the dewy hour
Held all the sleeping circle of the hills;
Nor any cloud the stainless heavens obscured,
Save where, o'er Hörsel folded in the frown
Of all his wicked woods, a fleecy fringe
Of vapour veil'd the slowly sinking moon.
There, in the shade, the stillness, o'er his harp
Leaning, of love, and life, and death he sang
A song to which from all her aëry caves
The mountain echo murmur'd in her sleep.

But, as the last strain of his solemn song
Died off among the solitary stars,
There came in answer from the folded hills
A note of human woe. He turn'd, he look'd
That way the sound came o'er the lonely air;
And, seeing, yet believed not that he saw,
But, nearer moving, saw indeed hard-by,
Dark in the darkness of a neighbouring hill,
Lying among the splinter'd stones and stubs
Flat in the fern, with limbs diffused as one
That, having fallen, cares to rise no more,
A pilgrim; all his weeds of pilgrimage
Hanging and torn, his sandals stain'd with blood
Of bruiséd feet, and, broken in his hand,
His wreathéd staff.
And Wolfram wistfully
Look'd in his face, and knew it not. "Alas!
Not him," he murmur'd, "not my friend!" And then,
"What art thou, pilgrim? whence thy way? how fall'n
In this wild glen? at this lone hour abroad
When only Grief is stirring?" Unto whom
That other, where he lay in the long grass,
Not rising, but with petulant gesture, "Hence!
Whate'er I am, it skills not. Thee I know
Full well, Sir Wolfram of the Willow-brook,
The Well-belovéd Singer!"
Like a dart
From a friend's hand that voice thro' Wolfram went:
or memory over all the ravaged form
Wherefrom it issued, wandering, fail'd to find
The man she mourn'd; but Wolfram, to the voice
No stranger, started smit with pain, as all
The past on those sharp tones came back to break
His heart with hopeless knowledge. And he cried,
"Alas, my brother!" Such a change, so drear,

In all so unlike all that once he was
Show'd the lost knight Tannhäuser, where he lay
Fallen across the split and morsell'd crags
Like a dismantled ruin. And Wolfram said,
"O lost! how comest thou, unabsolved, once more
Among these valleys visited by death,
And shadow'd with the shadow of thy sin?"
Whereto in scorn Tannhäuser, "Be at rest
O fearful in thy righteousness! not thee,
Nor grace of thine, I seek."
Speaking, he rose
The spectre of a beauty waned away;
And, like a hollow echo of himself
Mocking his own last words, he murmur'd, "Seek!
Alas! what seek I here, or anywhere?
Whose way of life is like the crumbled stair
That winds and winds about a ruin'd tower,
And leads no-whither!"

But Wolfram cried, "Yet turn!
For, as I live, I will not leave thee thus.
My life shall be about thee, and my voice
Lure scared Hope back to find a resting-place
Even in the jaws of Death. I do adjure thee,
By all that friendship yet may claim, declare
That, even though unabsolved, not uncontrite,
Thy soul no more hath lapsed into the snare
Of that disastrous sorcery. Bid me hail,
Seen through the darkness of thy desolation,
Some light of purer purpose; since I deem
Not void of purpose hast thou sought these paths
That range among the places of the past;
And I will make defeat of Grief with such
True fellowship of tears as shall disarm
Her right hand of its scorpions; nor in vain
My prayers with thine shall batter at the gates
Of Mercy, through all antagonisms of fate
Forcing sharp inlet to her throne in Heaven."

Whereat Tannhäuser, turning tearless eyes
On Wolfram, murmur'd mournfully, "If tears
Fiery as those from fallen seraphs distill'd,
Or centuries of prayers for pardon sigh'd
Sad, as of souls in purgatorial glooms,
Might soften condemnation, or restore
To her, whom most on earth I have offended,
The holy freight of all her innocent hopes
Wreck'd in this ruin'd venture, I would weep
Salt oceans from these eyes. But I no more
May drain the deluge from my heart, no more
On any breath of sigh or prayer rebuild
The rainbow of discovenanted Hope.
Thou, therefore, Wolfram — for her face, when mine
Is dark forever, thine eyes may still behold —
Tell her, if thou unblamed may'st speak of one
Sign'd cross by the curse of God and cancell'd out,
How, at the last, though in remorse of all
That makes allegiance void and valueless,
To me has come, with knowledge of my loss,
Fealty to that pure passion, once betray'd,
Wherewith I loved, and love her."

There his voice,
Even as a wave that, touching on the shore
To which it travell'd, is shiver'd and diffused,
Sank, scatter'd into spray of wasteful sighs,
And back dissolved into the deeper grief.

To whom, Wolfram, "Oh answer by the faith
In which mankind are kindred, art thou not
From Rome, unhappiest?" "From Rome? ah me!"
He mutter'd, "Rome is far off, very far,
And weary is the way!" But undeterr'd
Wolfram renew'd, "And hast thou not beheld
The face of Christ's High Vicar?" And again,

"Pass on," he mutter'd, "what is that to thee?"
Whereto, with sorrowful voice, Wolfram, "O all,
And all in all to me that love my friend!"
"My friend!" Tannhäuser laugh'd a bitter laugh
Then sadlier said, "What thou wouldst know, once known,
Will cause thee to recall that wasted word
And cancel all the kindness in thy thoughts;
Yet shalt thou learn my misery, and learn
The man so changed, whom once thou calledst 'friend,'
That unto him the memory of himself
Is as a stranger." Then, with eyes that swam
True sorrow, Wolfram stretch'd his arms and sought
To clasp Tannhäuser to him: but the other
Waved him away, and with a shout that sprang
Fierce with self-scorn from misery's deepest depth,
"Avaunt!" he cried, "the ground whereon I tread,
Is ground accurst!
"Yet stand not so far off
But what thine ears, if yet they will, may take
The tale thy lips from mine have sought to learn;
Then, sign thyself, and peaceful go thy ways."
And Wolfram, for the grief that choked his voice,
Could only murmur "Speak!" But for a while
Tannhäuser to sad silence gave his heart;
Then fetch'd back some far thought, sighing, and said:

"O Wolfram, by the love of lovelier days
Believe I am not so far fallen away
From all I was while we might yet be friends,
But what these words, haply my last, are true:
True as my heart's deep woe what time I felt
Cold on my brow tears wept, and wept in vain,
For me, among the scorn of alter'd friends,

Parting that day for Rome. Remember this:
That when, in the after years to which I pass
A by-word, and a mockery, and no more,
Thou, honour'd still by honourable men,
Shalt hear my name dishonour'd, thou may'st say,
'Greatly he grieved for that great sin he sinn'd.

"Ever, as up the windy alpine way,
We halting oft by cloudy convent doors,
My fellow pilgrims warm'd themselves within,
And ate and drank, and slept their sleep, all night
I, fasting, slept not; but in ice and snow
Wept, aye remembering her that wept for me,
And loath'd the sin within me. When at length
Our way lay under garden terraces
Strewn with their dropping blossoms, thick with scents,
Among the towers and towns of Italy,
Whose sumptuous airs along them, like the ghosts
Of their old gods, went sighing, I nor look'd
Nor linger'd, but with bandaged eyeballs prest,
Impatient, to the city of the shrine
Of my desired salvation. There by night
We enter'd. There, all night, forlorn I lay
Bruised, broken, bleeding, all my garments torn,
And all my spirit stricken with remorse,
Prostrate beneath the great cathedral stairs.
So the dawn found me. From a hundred spires
A hundred silvery chimes rang joy: but I
Lay folded in the shadow of my shame,
Darkening the daylight from me in the dust.
Then came a sound of solemn music flowing
To where I crouch'd; voices and trampling feet:
And, girt by all his crimson cardinals,
In all his pomp the sovran Pontiff stood
Before me in the centre of my hopes;
Which trembled round him into glorious shapes,

Golden, as clouds that ring the risen sun.
And all the people, all the pilgrims, fell
Low at his sacred feet, confess'd their sins,
And, pardon'd, rose with psalms of jubilee
And confident glad faces.
"Then I sprang
To where he paused above me; with wild hands
Clutch'd at the skirts I could not reach; and sank
Shiveringly back; crying, 'O holy, and high,
And terrible, that hast the keys of heaven!
Thou that dost bind and dost unloose, from me,
For Mary's sake, and the sweet Saints, unbind
The grievous burthen of the curse I bear.'
And when he question'd, and I told him all
The sin that smoulder'd in my blood, how bred,
And all the strangeness of it, then his face
Was as the Judgment Angel's; and I hid
My own; and, hidden from his eyes, I heard:

"'Hast thou within the nets of Satan lain?
Hast thou thy soul to her perdition pledged?
Hast thou thy lip to Hell's Enchantress lent,
To drain damnation from her reeking cup?
Then know that sooner from the wither'd staff
That in my hand I hold green leaves shall spring,
Than from the brand in hell-fire scorch'd rebloom
The blossoms of salvation.'
"The voice ceased,
And, with it all things from my sense. I waked
I know not when, but all the place was dark:
Above me, and about me, and within
Darkness: and from that hour by moon or sun
Darkness unutterable as of death
Where'er I walk. But death himself is near!
Oh, might I once more see her, unseen; unheard,
Hear her once more; or know that she forgives
Whom Heaven forgives not, nor his own lost
peace;
I think that even among the nether fires

And those dark fields of Doom to which I pass,
Some blessing yet would haunt me."
Sorrowfully
He rose among the tumbled rocks and lean'd
Against the dark. As one that many a year,
Sunder'd by savage seas unsociable
From kin and country, in a desert isle
Dwelling till half dishumaniz'd, beholds
Haply, one eve, a far-off sail go by,
That brings old thoughts of home across his heart;
And still the man who thinks—"They are all gone,
Or changed, that loved me once, and I myself
No more the same"—watches the dwindling speck
With weary eyes, nor shouts, nor waves a hand;
But after, when the night is left alone,
A sadness falls upon him, and he feels
More solitary in his solitudes,
And tears come starting fast; so, tearful, stood
Tannhäuser, whilst his melancholy thoughts,
From following up far-off a waning hope,
Back to himself came, one by one, more sad
Because of sadness troubled.
Yet not long
He rested thus; but murmur'd, "Now, farewell.
I go to hide me darkly in the groves
That she was wont to haunt; where some sweet
chance
Haply may yield me sight of her, and I
May stoop, she pass'd away, to kiss the ground
Made sacred by her passage ere I die."
But him departing Wolfram held, "Vain! vain
Thy footstep sways with fever, and thy mind
Wavers within thy restless eyes. Lie here,
O unrejected, in my arms, and rest!"

Now o'er the cumbrous hills began to creep
A thin and watery light: a whisper went
Vague through the vast and dusky-volum'd woods
And, uncompanion'd, from a drowsy copse

Hard-by a solitary chirp came cold
While, spent with inmost trouble, Tannhäuser lean'd
His wan cheek pillow'd upon Wolfram's breast,
Calm, as in death, with placid lids down lock'd.
And Wolfram pray'd within his heart, "Ah, God!
Let him not die, not yet, not thus, with all
The sin upon his spirit!" But while he pray'd
Tannhäuser raised delirious looks, and sigh'd,
"Hearest thou not the happy songs they sing me?
Seëst thou not the lovely floating forms?
O fair, and fairer far than fancy fashion'd!
O sweet the sweetness of the songs they sing!
For thee, . . . they sing *. . . the goddess waits: for thee*
With braided blooms the balmy couch is strewn,
And loosed for thee . . . they sing *. . . the golden zone.*
Fragrant for thee the lighted spices fume
With streaming incense sweet, and sweet for thee
The scatter'd rose, the myrtle crown, the cup,
The nectar-cup for thee! . . . they sing. *Return,*
Though late, too long desired, . . . I hear them sing,
Delay no more delights too long delay'd:
Turn to thy rest; . . . they sing *. . . the married doves*
Murmur; the Fays soft-sparkling tapers tend;
The odours burn the purple bowers among;
And Love for thee, and Beauty, waits! . . . they sing."

'Ah me! ah madman!" Wolfram cried, "yet cram
Thy cheated ears, nor chase with credulous heart
The fair dissembling of that dream. For thee
Not roses now, but thorns; nor myrtle wreath,
But cypress rather and the graveyard flower
Befitting saddest brows; nor nectar pour'd,
But prayers and tears! For thee in yonder skies

An Angel strives with Sin and Death; for thee
Yet pleads a spirit purer than thine own:
For she is gone! gone to the breast of God!
Thy Guardian Angel, while she walk'd the earth,
Thine intercessionary Saint while now
For thee she sues about the Throne of Thrones,
Beyond the stars, our star, Elizabeth!"

Then Wolfram felt the shatter'd frame that lean'd
Across his breast with sudden spasms convulsed.
"Dead! is she dead?" Tannhäuser murmur'd,
"dead!
Gone to the grave, so young! murder'd—by me!
Dead—and by my great sin! O Wolfram, turn
Thy face from mine. I am a dying man!"
And Wolfram answer'd, "Dying? ah, not thus!
Yet make one sign thou dost repent the past,
One word, but one! to say thou hast abhorr'd
That false she-devil that, with her damnéd charms,
Hath wrought this ruin; and I, though all the
world
Roar out against thee, ay! though fiends of hell
Howl from the deeps, yet I, thy friend, even yet
Will cry them 'Peace!' and trust the hope I
hold
Against all desperate odds, and deem thee saved."
Whereto Tannhäuser, speaking faintly, "Friend,
The fiend that haunts in ruins through my heart
Will wander sometimes. In the nets I trip,
When most I fret the meshes. These spent shafts
Are of a sickly brain that shoots awry,
Aiming at something better. Bear with me.
I die: I pass I know not whither: yet know
That I die penitent. O Wolfram, pray,
Pray for my soul! I cannot pray myself.
I dare not hope: and yet I would not die
Without a hope, if any hope, though faint
And far beyond this darkness, yet may dwell
In the dear death of Him that died for all"

He whispering thus; far in the Aurorean East
The ruddy sun, uprising, sharply smote
A golden finger on the airy harps
By Morning hung within her leafy bowers;
And all about the budded dells, and woods
With sparkling-tassell'd tops, from birds and brooks
A hundred hallelujahs hail'd the light.
The whitethorn glisten'd from the wakening glen:
O'er golden gravel danced the dawning rills:
All the delighted leaves by copse and glade
Gamboll'd; and breezy bleatings came from flocks
Far off in pleasant pastures fed with dew.

But whilst, unconscious of the silent change
Thus stol'n around him, o'er the dying bard
Hung Wolfram, on the breeze there came a sound
Of mourning moving down the narrow glen;
And, looking up, he suddenly was ware
Of four white maidens, moving in the van
Of four black monks who bore upon her bier
The flower-strewn corpse of young Elizabeth.
And after these, from all the castled hills,
A multitude of lieges and of lords;
A multitude of men at arms, with all
Their morions hung with mourning; and in midst
His worn cheek channell'd with unwonted tears
The Landgrave, weeping for Elizabeth.
These, as the sad procession nearer wound,
And nearer, trampling bare the feathery weed
To where Sir Wolfram rested o'er his friend,
Tannhäuser caught upon his dying gaze;
And caught, perchance, upon the inward eye,
Far, far beyond the corpse, the bier, and far
Beyond the widening circle of the sun,
Some sequel of that vision Wolfram saw:
The crownéd Spirit by the Jasper Gates;
The four white Angels o'er the walls of Heaven

The shores where, tideless, sleep the seas of Time
Soft by the City of the Saints of God.

Forth, with the strength that lastly comes to break
All bonds, from Wolfram's folding arm he leapt,
Clamber'd the pebbly path, and, groaning, fell
Flat on the bier of love — his bourn at last!
Then, even then, while question question chased
About the ruffled circle of that grief,
And all was hubbub by the bier, a noise
Of shouts and hymns brake in across the hills,
That now o'erflow'd with hurrying feet; and came,
Dash'd to the hip with travel, and dew'd with haste,
A flying post, and in his hand he bore
A wither'd staff o'erflourish'd with green leaves;
Who, — follow'd by a crowd of youth and eld,
That sang to stun with sound the lark in heaven,
"A miracle! a miracle from Rome!
Glory to God that makes the bare bough green!" —
Sprang in the midst, and, hot for answer, ask'd
News of the Knight Tannhäuser.
Then a monk
Of those that, stoled in sable, bore the bier
Pointing, with sorrowful hand, "Behold the man!"
But straight the other, "Glory be to God!
This from the Vicar of the fold of Christ:
The wither'd staff hath flourish'd into leaves,
The brand shall bloom, though burn'd with fire, and thou
— Thy soul from sin be saved!" To whom, with tears
That flash'd from lowering lids, Wolfram replied:
"To him a swifter message, from a source

Mightier than whence thou comest, hath been
vouchsafed.
See these stark hands, blind eyes, and bloodless
lips,
This shatter'd remnant of a once fair form,
Late home of desolation, now the husk
And ruin'd chrysalis of a regal spirit
That up to heaven hath parted on the wing!
But thou, to Rome returning with hot speed,
Tell the high Vicar of the Fold of Christ
How that lost sheep his rescuing hand would
reach,
Although by thee unfound, is found indeed,
And in the Shepherd's bosom lies at peace."

And they that heard him lifted up the voice
And wept. But they that stood about the hills
Far off, not knowing, ceased not to cry out,
"Glory to God that makes the bare bough
green!"
Till Echo, from the inmost heart of all
That mellowing morn blown open like a rose
To round and ripen to the perfect noon,
Resounded, "Glory! glory!" and the rocks
From glen to glen rang, "Glory unto God!"

And so those twain, sever'd by Life and Sin,
By Love and Death united, in one grave
Slept. But Sir Wolfram pass'd into the wilds:
There, with long labour of his hands, he hew'd
A hermitage from out the hollow rock,
Wherein he dwelt, a solitary man.
There, many a year, at nightfall or at dawn,
The pilgrim paused, nor ever paused in vain,
For words of cheer along his weary way.
But once, upon a windy night, men heard
A noise of rustling wings, and at the dawn
They found the hermit parted to his peace.
The place is yet. The youngest pilgrim knows,

And loves it. Three gray rocks; and, over these,
A mountain ash that, mourning, bead by bead,
Drops her red rosary on a ruin'd cell.

So sang the Saxon Bard. And when he ceased,
The women's cheeks were wet with tears; but all
The broad-blown Barons roar'd applause, and flow'd
The jostling tankards prodigal of wine.

END OF VOL. I.

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